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THE LETTERS OF  
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY  
WORDSWORTH

The Later Years

1821-1850





THE LETTERS OF  
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY  
WORDSWORTH  
The Later Years

• Arranged and Edited by  
ERNEST DE SELINCOURT

VOLUME III  
1841-50

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An Asterisk indicates that the letter is here printed for the first time, a dagger that a part only has been previously printed.

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MS.

1378. *W. W. to John Wilson*

Rydal Mount Jan<sup>ry</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> '41.

Dear Mr Wilson,

I received the accompanying Vol:<sup>1</sup> from Mr Powell some little time ago to be forwarded to you, which would have been sooner done had not my Son Wm., who was to take it to Carlisle, been detained by the severe weather.

The attempt originated, I believe, in the Specimen I gave some years since, of the Prioresses Tale, and has no other object but to tempt the more modern Reader to recur to the original.

I hope that yourself and your family are well. My own, thank God are, and are all with me at present ; and join me in kindest remembrances. We are sorry to hear that you think of parting with Elleray. Ever

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.

1379. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount Ambleside Jan<sup>ry</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> 1841<sup>2</sup>

Dear Sir,

I have been much disturbed at being obliged to defer writing to you from day to day, in the hope that your Letter which upon the receipt of the Parcel was accidentally mislaid, would be found. It has not been so, to my great concern, and nothing remains for me but to thank you for it, though unseen, and for the valuable Work which you have sent me. As far as I can judge your Addresses to Communicants and the sermons must have greatly benefited those to whom they were delivered and cannot fail to do the same wherever they are read.

I need scarcely add that I sympathize with your domestic afflictions which no doubt contributed to enable you to write so feelingly. Believe me to be with sincere respect

Your obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> *The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, modernized, 1841.*

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, Jan. 13, v. Reed, p. 41.

JANUARY 1841

*MS. 1380. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[Jan. 17, 1841]

My dear Mr Moxon,

As the prevention of overflowing lines would increase the price, I am resolved to give it up. Upon reviewing the question of publishing the *Excursion* separately in double Column, I am inclined to defer it till the 6 Volumes are brought out in one, and then, but not before, I think it would be well to give the *Excursion* separately. The reason which makes me think thus, is that many who had first purchased the *Excursion*, were it to come out separately, and might wish to have the whole of the other Poems when they also should appear in double column, would find they could not gain their wish without paying *twice* for the *Excursion*, which would be a hardship; for it would never answer to sell the miscellaneous Poems separately from the *Excursion*.

What strikes me as best to be done is as follows, but I should like to hear your opinion. 1<sup>st</sup> To begin as soon as you think proper with printing the whole in double column; but so managing the paging of the *Excursion* as I said in a former Letter, that the same stereotype in every other respect would answer both for it, to be sold as a separate work, and as the concluding part of the Volume containing all the Poems. 2<sup>ndly</sup>, I would strike off immediately a certain number of the *Excursion*, to continue to be sold in its present shape, which many readers would prefer though twice the price at which the double column could be offered; for you must allow that a thin Volume like Mr Rogers's or Mr Campbell's, and the *Excursion* would be no more than the Latter, is a very disagreeable pamphlet shape. It is too thin to bind, and won't stand easily upon a shelf—

I have now given you my notions and I should be glad to hear your own opinion upon them, at your early convenience.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

My Son John was highly gratified with your present to his village Library. He left us yesterday

I have been reading the above to my Daughter. She differs

from me when I say that it would never answer to sell the miscellaneous Poems without the Excursion. What do you think of this change? Thus far you know the miscellaneous Poems have never been sold separate from the Excursion, though the Ex. has from them.

M(—)  
K(—)

1381. W. W. to John Peace

Rydal Mount, Jan. 19, 1841.

My dear Mr Peace,

It is an age since I heard from you, or of you. Probably I am a letter, or more than one, in your debt; but for many reasons I am a bad correspondent, as you know, and will, I doubt not, excuse. I have no special reason for writing at this moment of time, but I have long wished to thank *you* for the *Apology for Cathedrals*, which I have learned is from your pen. The little work does you great credit; it is full of that wisdom which the heart and imagination alone could adequately supply for such a subject, and is, moreover, very pleasingly diversified by styles of treatment all good in their kind. I need add no more than that I entirely concur in the views you take; but what avails it? the mischief is done, and they who have been most prominent in setting it on foot will have to repent of their narrow comprehension, which, however, is no satisfaction to us, who from the first foresaw the evil tendency of the measure.

Though I can make but little use of my eyes in writing, or reading, I have lately been reading Cowper's 'Task' aloud, and in so doing was tempted to look over the parallelisms, for which Mr Southey was, in his edition, indebted to you. Knowing how comprehensive your acquaintance with poetry is, I was rather surprised that you did not notice the identity of the thought, and accompanying illustrations of it, in a passage of Shenstone's 'Ode upon Rural Elegance', compared with one in 'The Task',<sup>1</sup> where Cowper speaks of the inextinguishable love of the country as manifested by the inhabitants of cities in their culture of plants and flowers, where the want of air, cleanliness, and light

<sup>1</sup> Book IV, 'It is a flame', &c., compared with Shenstone's 'Ode to the Duchess of Somerset', 'Her impulse nothing may restrain.'—W. W.

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is so unfavourable to their growth and beauty. The germ of the main thought is to be found in Horace:

Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas,  
Laudaturque domus longos quae prospicit agros.  
Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

Lib. i, *epist.* 10, v. 22.

Pray write to me soon. . . . Ever, my dear Friend,

Faithfully, your obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS.* 1382. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Feb<sup>y</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> [1841]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Mr Moxon,

I put off replying to your last letter for a reason which I will now tell you—You know that I expressed in a series of Sonnets my thoughts upon the punishment of Death,<sup>2</sup> they amount to 13. I do not like to publish them in a Newspaper, nor in any periodical publication, for with any of these I have carefully abstained from connecting myself. In consequence of this dislike it struck me, and feeling a strong objection to separate publication of these Sonnets, that it might answer to publish them in connection with a certain number of smaller pieces which I have in MSS. These I have been correcting, and in a few days they will be fairly transcribed—but the whole would not amount to more than about 80 or 90 pages—and we think, and you will probably concur with us in opinion, that it would be injurious to the sale of the 6 Vols: to venture upon such a Publication—therefore I have given it up—and have merely told you this long story to account for my not having written to you before. For the present I have resolved to give up the double column—and in a few days I will write again, about commencing another impression of the 6 Vols:—but I wish to look them over first.

Be so good as discharge for me the enclosed bill at Longmans at your convenience—with affec. regards to Mrs and Miss M. from Mrs W. my daughter and myself ever yours

W. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Jan. 26, v. *C.R.*, p. 422.

<sup>2</sup> They were first published in the *Quarterly Review* of Dec. 1841, in an article by Henry Taylor. v. subsequent letters.

FEBRUARY 1841

1383. *W. W. to the Sec. of the Western Literary Club*  
*MS.*

Rydal Mount Ambleside Feb<sup>ry</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 1841.

Sir,

I must have seemed unworthy of the honor, in such flattering terms proposed by the Western Literary Club, to my acceptance, if I had replied to your Letter instantly upon receipt of it.

After taking the subject into due consideration it appears that before coming to a decision I ought to know those particulars respecting the society with which you offer to make me acquainted, if I desire it. And may I ask, as the Society has already been in existence ten years if it be possessed of a Hall of Meeting and a Library, acquisitions which could not but tend to give it stability and ensure its permanence.

I have the honor to be

Sir

Your obedient Servant

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

1384. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount Feb<sup>ry</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> 1841

Dear Sir:

I have been indebted to you for several marks of attention of which I fear you will think from my silence that I have not been duly sensible. I have now to acknowledge your letter Feb<sup>ry</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> for which accept my thanks—also for the newspapers which from time to time you have been so kind as to send me. The Copyright Bill was lost for this session by the attractions of dinner, which proved stronger for its pledged supporters than its enemies. The vote of thanks to the Forces in Syria employed the House till seven, an ominous time for the Introduction of any but Party questions; so away flew our Friends, while the Warburtonian Phalanx,<sup>1</sup> men being generally firm and obstinate

<sup>1</sup> Henry Warburton (1784–1858), philosophical radical and an active politician. In April 1840 H. C. R. had written to W. of his 'really despicable tricks to defeat the Copyright Bill' (*v. C.R.*, p. 406). *v.* Letter to Gladstone, March 23, 1838.



## FEBRUARY 1841

in proportion to their narrowness of mind and ignorance, remained at its Post.

You are quite at liberty to make such use of my poems, as suits your present purpose, one which does you honor, and which I hope, if it does not promote the circulation of your paper, will I trust not tend to impede it. The Extracts which you have already given, both from Mr Rogers and myself, are well chosen.

Some time ago I received, I think from your neighborhood, a collection of Epitaphs upon Authors not long since dead—myself, by an odd mistake, included. The multitude of communications which reach me, especially since the reduction of postage<sup>1</sup> to a trifle, is so great that I have neither time nor eyesight to acknowledge the greatest part of them. If you happen to know and to see the Gentleman who was so obliging as to send me that sheet of Epitaphs, pray thank him on my part. And now dear sir good bye, and excuse this scrawl which would have been better penned if my hand had not been made unsteady by an hour or two hard work in my garden from which I have just come.

Believe dear sir your obliged

Wm. Wordsworth

*M(—)*

*1385. W. W. to C. W.*

Feb. 14. 1841.

My dear Brother

The good accounts which we receive from time to time of your progress towards perfect recovery from your late severe accident emboldens me to congratulate you in my own name, and the whole of my family. . . .

It remains now for us to join heartily, as we all do, in expressing a wish that, being convalescent, you would not be tempted to over-exert yourself. I need scarcely add, that we all unite with you and your sons, with Susan,<sup>2</sup> and your other relations, and all your friends, in fervent thanks to Almighty God for His goodness in preserving you.

<sup>1</sup> Penny postage was introduced in 1840.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of C. W. (junior), *née* Frere.

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As a brother I feel deeply ; and regarding your life as most valuable to the community, I the more rejoice in the prospect of your life being prolonged.

Believe me, my dear Brother,  
Most affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

K(—)            1386. *W. W. to Lord Mahon*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, March 3<sup>d</sup>, 1841.

My dear Lord Mahon,

Many thanks for your second letter and the extracts from Lord John Russell's to you. Public opinion having the power which it has at present and is likely to have, I think with you that there is no likelihood of an attempt being made to hold back from republication any valuable work whatever. Besides, Serjeant Talfourd's bill provided against that in a clause which, if there had been any defect in its construction, might without difficulty have been improved.

I replied briefly to the three objections which you will find in the enclosed extract from a letter Sir R. Peel was so obliging as to write to me, the only one I ever had from him on the subject ; but in an interview with which he honoured me last summer we had a pretty long conversation upon it, and it is remarkable that then he did not revert to any of those objections, but dwelt in general upon the evils of monopoly. In particular he deprecated the mischief which might arise from confining the circulation of improved discoveries in science—he instanced arithmetic—to the books through which they had been first made known. I must own I thought this rather an out-of-the-way apprehension, for how would it be done? . . .

No combination of booksellers could now be so blind or perverse as not to be aware that, education and a taste for reading

<sup>1</sup> Lord Philip Henry Stanhope (1805–75), Viscount Mahon (1816–55), historian, politician, and originator of the National Portrait Gallery. In 1841 he took up Talfourd's scheme for extending copyright, and in April 1842 introduced a bill to extend the period to 25 years after the author's death. Macaulay proposed as amendment 42 years or the author's lifetime, whichever should prove longer. A compromise was effected of 42 years or 7 years after the author's death, whichever should prove the longer.

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having spread so widely, and its being certain that they will spread more and more, their interest would be promoted less<sup>1</sup> by selling at a low price to multitudes than at a high one to a few; and there is, in this consideration, a sufficient answer to all the vague things that have been dinned into our ears on monopoly.

The observation you have made upon your present aim not precluding future improvements reconciles me to what I cannot but think an imperfect, though a prudent, measure.

In regard to posthumous works, which are often kept back that the author may bestow more labour upon them, and are therefore, if they be good, entitled to especial regard, I may be allowed to say that a boon of two years (if that be granted) in addition to twenty-eight, which the present law secures, is not an acquisition worth thinking about. Let us, however, be thankful for what we can get, and be assured, my dear Lord Mahon, that I am duly sensible of the obligations Literature is under to you for undertaking a bill which is sure to meet with vexatious opposition from many persons unworthy of the seats they hold in the House of Commons, and with but a lax support from many others, who may have no objections either to the principles or details of your measure. I have the honour to be,

Faithfully, your lordship's

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1387. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

March 4<sup>th</sup> [1841]

My dear Mr Moxon,

We were much grieved to hear of your affliction, which Mrs W. and I can more especially sympathize with from having ourselves lost two most promising children, the elder little more than six years of age.—We hope, as we wish and pray, that both the Mother and yourself may through God's mercy be enabled to bear the heavy loss with the resignation which is required of Christians. Mrs Wordsworth unites with me in sincere condolence—We hope that your other little ones are well.—

Miss Fenwick and my Daughter left us this morning together, for London, but Dora proceeds from the station to Mrs Gee's,

<sup>1</sup> less] So K, but we should expect 'more'.

MARCH 1841

Hendon, and has two other visits to pay in that neighbourhood, first to Dr Wordsworth at Harrow, and then to Mrs Hoare. Before Miss Fenwick and she leave London at the beginning of next month, Dora will be a few days, no doubt, in London, and will then make a point of calling upon you and Mrs Moxon. In the meanwhile if you should be inclined to take a ride you will find her at Hendon in the course of the next week, afterwards at Harrow. Miss Fenwick is for a fortnight at Mr Taylor's, 16 Blandford Square, London, and when you have a few minutes to spare, it might perhaps be agreeable to you to call upon her. She has been staying with us three months—

I have entrusted the looking over the six volumes to Mr Carter, who is much more able than myself to detect errors. He has been hindered by excessive pressure of office business, that has come upon us by the bye without remuneration from the reduction of duty and changes in the post office. But he will have his papers to send off in a couple of days, and then the printing may commence. By way of *secret* I must let you know, that I have just been copying out about 2,000 lines of miscellaneous Poems from MSS., some of which date so far back [as] 1793; and others from that time, at various periods, to the present day. If I could muster 1000 lines more, there would be enough for another volume to match pretty well in size with the rest, but this being not the case, I am rather averse to publication. You will hear more of this hereafter. Mrs W and I will not be in Town till the middle of May at the earliest.—and now with many and sincere good wishes farewell, ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1388. W. W. to B. R. Haydon

Rydal Mount March 4<sup>th</sup> 1841.

My dear Haydon,

I can now say *positively* that I shall not be in London till the third week of May at the earliest.—

I am much concerned by your sad account of poor Mrs Haydon. Pray God she may be better—ever faithfully

yours

Wm Wordsworth

MARCH 1841

*MS.*                    1389. *W. W. to Thos. Powell*

Monday morning, 10 o'clock [March 1841]

My dear Mr Powell,

It is not without considerable uneasiness that I have so long put off writing to you, but all my friends, and many strangers have been used in the same way, unavoidably so, on account of pressing engagements, and numerous interruptions. In fact I am preparing for an absence from home which probably will last three months, and I thought it right previous to my departure to revise several MSS written at different periods of my life; and which would have been utterly lost but for the attention I have been bestowing upon them. Besides, I am so pestered in consequence of the deluge of Letters and small pamphlets in prose and verse, and MSS, which the reduced postage has poured in upon me, that if I were to attend to one half of them I should really have no time for myself. Let me now say that I am glad to learn the Chaucer is doing so well,—I have scarcely had time to read more than one half of it, but I am much pleased with the execution in general. Mr Horne is particularly successful; but in my opinion he ought not to have meddled with the Reve's Tale; it is far too gross for the present age, and in consequence of the necessity of softening it down, the humour, such as it is, has evaporated. The Franklin's tale is as well done as need or can be.—I must tell you frankly, I have not found time yet to read your Nun's Priest's Tale—and here I must explain. The lengthening days now allow me some time to spare for reading, but before I had scarcely any; for, as perhaps you are aware, I have not eyes for reading at all by Candlelight; and as I never walk less than two hours a day, the short days have been by necessity very unproductive of reading to me. You will excuse the length at which I have gone into this subject, and pray make my apologies to Dr Smith for not having replied to the Letter he kindly addressed to me long ago. In the printed verses you sent me some time ago are several stanzas that pleased me much—I have this moment glanced my eye over them but of two that particularly touched me, I can only find one, it is

Know! those who find no peace on earth will find none in  
the grave—

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Mr Chapman's Verses give indications of a very poetical mind. He must much be deplored by all who knew him—are you aware that there are several lines word for word or nearly so from Verses of mine—the Author being probably altogether unconscious of it. This gave me pleasure as a p[roof] how familiar this interesting young M[an] must have been with my Poems. I am obliged to conclude, having to go fr[om] home for the day, to my great inconvenience

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Address: Thos Powell Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Leadenhall Street, London.

MS.            1390. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

Friday Even. [March 1841]

My dearest Friend,

I have just seen Donaldson who behaved very well (as he always does) about your Carriage. He said he would take it upon your terms, and make what he could of it; and added that with Mr Brown the Coachmaker of Kendal he had had considerable dealings, and he would try to make him take it, and if he could get more for it than you are prepared to accept so much the better, and the addition should be taken into your account. He will send for the Carriage to Lancaster, so you may be quite easy about it. When I consider how useful the Carriage has been to you, and how many happy hours you and I have spent in it together, I am sorry that it is not going into the hands of some one, who I could be sure would use it well, or I was going to say, at least treat it with respect.

A thousand thanks for your affectionate Letters. We are fearful that either you or Dearest Dora or both of you may catch that ugly influenza. We hope that the contents of the Letter forwarded from Paris are more favorable. The Marshalls of Coniston called at Rydal, I mean at the bottom of the hill (we did not see them), to look after Aubrey who has been unwell, and still is so. The weather here has been most glorious, as warm almost as June; yet two or three nights ago Windermere was

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skinned over with ice which could not have been but for the breathless calmness. Dearest Mary looks and is much better than when you left us, for myself I feel nervous and a good deal exhausted, because I cannot keep my poor brain quiet. I could sleep like a top all the afternoon, but in the night or rather morning after 4. o'clock I make poor work of it. Mary has transcribed all the Poems except the Sonnets and my work of correction is over. But I have not yet had courage to look at the Tragedy.<sup>1</sup>—I composed a sonnet on my walk home after I left you, and I have since written upwards of 100 Lines in blank Verse, the scene Italy;<sup>2</sup> about 50 more will I hope finish the Poem. Do my very very dear Friend take care of yourself; and urge Dora to do the same. I seem to think that I have said too much about my own nerves; what I feel is, a certain numbness, about my wrist and finger especially. Over exertion of mind is I know the cause; but I trust it will go off when my time of Holiday arrives. This is the second letter I have written this evening and I have another to be written, so with a thousand good wishes and kindest remembrances, I remain my most dear Friend

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

K.            1391. *W. W. to Alexander Dyce*

12 Bryanston Square,<sup>3</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> April (my birthday, 71) [1841]  
My dear Sir,

When you read the Excursion do not read the Quarto,—it is improved in the octavo edition,—but the quarto may have its value with you as a collector.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

W. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> *The Borderers*, written 1795–6, but not published till 1842.

<sup>2</sup> *Musings near Aquapendente*, v. Oxf. W., p. 352.

<sup>3</sup> So K., but W. was at Brinsop on April 7 of this year, v. *C.R.*, p. 431.

APRIL 1841

*M*(—)  
*K*(—)

1392. *W. W. to John Peace*

12 North Parade, Bath, April 19,<sup>1</sup> 1841.

My dear Mr Peace,

Here I am and have been since last Wednesday evening. I came down the Wye and passed through Bristol, but arriving there at the moment the railway train was about to set off, and being in the company of four ladies (Miss Fenwick, Mrs Wordsworth, and my daughter, and niece), I had not a moment to spare, so could not call on you, my good friend, which I truly regretted. Pray spare an hour or two to come here, and then we can fix a day when, along with my daughter, I can visit Bristol, see you, Mr Cottle, and Mr Wade.<sup>2</sup> . . . All unite in kindest regards.

Ever yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

1393. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

12 North Parade, Bath, 19<sup>th</sup> April [1841]

My dear Mr Moxon,

Mr Robinson has just arrived here ; from what passed between him and you, and also between Dora and you, concerning the delay in bringing out the new Edition of my Poems, I am fearful of something having gone wrong.—It cannot be less than six weeks since Mr Carter sent off the few corrections which he found to be necessary, with a request from me that the edition should be struck off as speedily as possible.—The Letter was addressed directly to Mr Bradbury. I hope it reached him duly, for I am certain it was sent off regularly. Should he unfortunately not have received it, pray let Mr Carter be written to instantly at Rydal, and I hope he will be able to furnish the Corrections. If they were duly received by Mr Bradbury and he has not gone to work immediately and regularly proceeded, he must have been greatly in fault. At all events be so good, as to do all in your power to make up for lost time,

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> For *W. W. to H. C. R.*, April 18, *v. C.R.*, p. 431.

<sup>2</sup> An old Bristol friend of Coleridge's, *v. E.L.*, p. 283-1.



APRIL 1841

*MS.*                    *1394. W. W. to Lord Monteagle*

Bath 12 North Parade [*endorsed* 20 April, 1841]

My dear Lord,

Nearly a week has elapsed since your marriage, and I have often in mind congratulated you and my dear Friend Mary Anne, upon your Union.—I now sit down to express to you both my sincere good wishes, and the firm assurance which my long knowledge of Lady Monteagle's excellent character gives me that there is every prospect of your being happy together to your hearts desire—

As it is probable that *I* shall in a few weeks be in Town with Mrs W— who joins with me in all that I feel upon this occasion, —I need say no more, than that it will give us both great pleasure, should [we] be fortunate enough to meet you there.

I have the honor to be,  
with kindest remembrances  
sincerely and faithfully  
your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. We left Aubrey improving decidedly, three weeks ago—

*M.*                    *1395. W. W. to C. W.*

[Early May 1841]

My dear Brother,

Your affectionate and generous kindness to your, I trust, deserving niece, has quite overpowered me and her mother, to whom I could not forbear communicating the contents of your letter.

*K(—)*                *1396. W. W. to John Peace*

Bath May 11, 1841

My dear Mr Peace,

This morning my dear daughter was married at St James's in this place. . . .

Tomorrow we leave Bath for Wells, and thence to the old haunts of Mr Coleridge and myself and dear sister, about Alfoxden. Adieu

W. W.

JUNE 1841

MS. 1397. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

[June (first week) 1841]<sup>1</sup>

My dearest Friend

I meant to write you a few lines at all events this morning, and I shall do it still more gladly now, as Mary having already written six Letters naturally is desirous of being a little while this morning with the sweet little 'toddling' orphan that we find under this scholastic and venerable roof.—Mary has not told you that Mr and Mrs Fisher<sup>2</sup> took us to old Sarum with which we were much delighted; and also with Wilton inside and out. But of these things in detail when we meet. The great interest to us at Salisbury was our Cousin's family. They are all in appearance and manner more or less striking, the younger Daughter beautiful, and Emmie would be very well looking if not handsome, were it not for her mouth and teeth which are ill set. She has, as you would expect, a fine capacious skull; her figure, however, like her Mother's, is inclined to be dumpy. But nothing can surpass her modest, her obedient, her affectionate and beautiful demeanour to everyone. You will be delighted to hear that her Parents have almost determined, as they strongly wish, that she should go with us from London to the North. The Father and Daughter of course both are set upon the visit taking place now, but the Mother would rather defer it to another year for considerations which more naturally suggest themselves to a female. The inspired creature, for so I must call her in a sense which *you* will thoroughly understand, is in perfect health and looks, more than usually strong, and is agile in her movements notwithstanding her figure. We had some more of her smaller Poems read, which are really wonderful, so that I will repeat what I have often said in your hearing, that she is the greatest Prodigy I ever read or heard of. If she goes to the North with us how bitterly shall we lament your absence and grieve if she is not allowed to stay till you join us.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, May 15, *v.* Reed, p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Wm. Fisher, Canon of Salisbury, and his wife Mary, the daughter of Canon Cookson of Windsor, W.'s uncle, with whom D. W. had lived at Forncett, *v.* E.L.

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This morning I have been a long walk round Winchester with Charles<sup>1</sup> and as the Sun was burning hot, I am doubly pleased with rest and coolness while writing to you.—Will you approve of my having thrown off both my breast plate and Leather waistcoat this morning; I hope no mischief will follow. Though I am perfectly well in health, I suffer so much inconvenience from a kind of eruption in my back and sides, brought on, I imagine, by the heat of the weather and so much stirring about that I hope to relieve myself by this change in my apparel, which I have long wished to effect. I did not however venture upon it without the precaution of putting on a second shirt, a light one, and this care I will take for a few days; and when I get to London I will ask Dr Ferguson about my diet. I could not withhold these little circumstances from you my most dear Friend, and I mention them without scruple as I am perfectly well and very strong, sleeping and eating as usual.

We have not yet seen the inside of Winchester Cathedral, when that is done I shall have made myself acquainted with every Cathedral Church in South Britain except Llandaff and St Davids.

I cannot conclude without a word upon our delightful tour together, and an expression of thanks and gratitude for all the happiness we have had in your dear Society. God grant us a happy meeting again. With love to your sister and kindest remembrances to Mr Popham, not forgetting your niece, I remain, dear Miss Fenwick your devoted Friend

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1398. W. W. to ?*

London 7 June 1841, 41 Upper Grosvenor St.

Sir

This moment I have received your Letter, and in reply to it feel compelled to say, that neither my situation in life, nor advanced age allow me to accept the high honor you offer me

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Charles Wordsworth, son of C. W. He was at the time a master at Winchester College—later he was Bishop of St. Andrews.

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of being proposed in case of a Dissolution,<sup>1</sup> to represent the Ayr District of Burghs in Parliament.

Regretting as I do this inability I cannot forbear to add that I shall ever retain a deep sense of the distinction conferred by your wishes and that of other Gentlemen to confide in me, for the reasons assigned in your Letter, a trust, at all times and especially at the present, so important.

I have the honour to be

respectfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1399. W. W. to Thomas Noon Talfourd*

Tuesday noon [June 1841]

7 Upper Spring Street Baker Street

My dear Sergeant Talfourd,

Here have I been since Wednesday night, and should have called on you before this time, but for a weakness left in a sprained knee.

You have probably heard that Lord Mahon is alarmed by Lord Brougham's intended opposition to the Copy right Bill in the House of Lords, which opposition Lord Mahon apprehends will have strong support. This is most vexatious. I hope you will be able to influence Lord Denman, and other Law Lords, to attend and support the interests of Literature upon this occasion. Tomorrow morning I breakfast with Mr Robinson, and will try to call before you stir out. ever faithfully

Your most obliged

Wm Wordsworth

Since the above was written I have seen Lord Brougham, upon the Copy right Bill—and am anxious to see you, could you call on me at Mr Robinson's where I breakfast.

<sup>1</sup> In May Sir Robert Peel carried a vote of want of confidence in the Government by one vote, in June Parliament was dissolved, and the new Parliament met in August. Lord Melbourne then resigned and Peel formed a ministry.

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MS. 1400. *W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Fulham Palace 29<sup>th</sup> June '41.

Your former Letter, my beloved Friend, was lost most unluckily, for it never reached us, and we could not but be anxious about you, though during your supposed silence we had a word or two of tidings about you from Mr Taylor.—We hope you have shaken off the ill effects of the change of weather; which since we came to London has however been very unpleasant. Excessive cold set in almost immediately upon our arrival, and since it has been very wet, so that a great deal of the Hay hereabouts is spoiled. Neither Mary nor I however have taken any harm; and the eruption upon my skin is quite gone. I may indeed say with a grateful heart that we are both quite well. I do not think that Dora looks any better, but she makes no complaint. Before her hurried and fatiguing departure from Rydal, Mr Q says she was very much improved in looks and strength, but I trust when she is settled she will mend again. Poor Rotha is dreadfully disfigured by her Rash, Mr Q. has something of the same appearance in his face, but he is well and seems very happy in his possession. Anna Ricketts whom we saw two or three days ago is looking wonderfully well. We had a hope that she would have obtained her Mother's consent to go with us to Rydal; but the obstacles proved insurmountable. I have seen very little of the Taylors. Through Mr T.'s kindness we procured tickets to attend the Ship Launch,<sup>1</sup> which delighted Mary very much. I was rather disappointed in the impression made by the mere Launch, but the spectacle of the vast crowd upon Land and Water was very striking. Of the persons whom we have seen in society I can give you no account, as I should not know where to begin or end. What would interest you most in this matter would, I think, be to tell you of the many acknowledgments of gratitude which I have received from your sex, and especially from the Young, of all ranks. As to places you probably know that we have been at Windsor; Mr Rogers and I also went to Hampton Court one day, but were unlucky, as it was the day of the week

<sup>1</sup> H.M.S. *Trafalgar*, launched at Woolwich on June 21. Some 30,000 people were present, including the Queen and Prince Consort.

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upon which the Palace is closed, so that we were not admissible. The garden, however, is fine, and I was much gratified by seeing it again. The last time I visited the same place was in company with Walter Scott, Mrs Lockhart etc. etc. Rogers was of the party, but Father and Daughter though so much younger are gone! Sadness and enjoyment, how they are mixed up in this mortal life of ours! Every day and every hour of the day my dear Friend do I think of you, and talk of you whenever and with whomsoever I can and dare. You must if possible be with us by the last week of September, that we may have you while the beauty of the Autumn is only beginning. The Fishers have determined that Emmie shall go with us, and I hope she will not depart before you come. This is a wretchedly dull Letter; but I really know not what to touch upon, among the multiplicity of topics; and what would it avail to tell you that at a large dinner table, or in such and such a throng I have seen or had a few minutes with such a Person or Personage. But O, my dear Friend, the hollowness of London society—but what an abuse of the term, and not only the hollowness but the tediousness especially among Dabblers in Literature—to me their talk, and their flattery above all, is insupportable. Heaven bless you, I do not say think of us, for that I know you do, but write to us as often as you can without tiring or hurting yourself. Tomorrow we go to Hampstead. The Bishop<sup>1</sup> and his family seem much pleased to see us. A young Lawyer Mrs B's Son by her former Husband is a great *Admirer* of mine, and is here on purpose to be with me. As I have written several Letters this morning I must bid you farewell with love to your dear Sister and kindest regards to Mr Popham, and your niece, ever and ever yours

W. W.

*MS.*                      1401. *W. W. to W. Milliken*

Hampstead Heath July 5<sup>th</sup> 1841.

Sir

I beg to give you notice that I do accept the no. of new shares offered me in the Australasian Bank. Being now resident for a

<sup>1</sup> C. J. Blomfield, an old acquaintance of the W.s, v. *E. L.*, p. 513.

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few days at Hampstead<sup>1</sup> I cannot fill up the above blank so as to specify the number of shares, but I take the whole number allowed me, according to what I hold.—

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS. 1402. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Harrow 10<sup>th</sup> July. '41

I steal a moment, my beloved Friend, to write you a few words, and tell you in part how I have been employed. On Wednesday last we came here from Hampstead. Sir Robert Peel attended the Speeches that day, and saw two prizes for Latin prose and Verse adjudged to his Son. I took that opportunity to request an interview with him upon the Copyright Bill, and accordingly it took place yesterday at his own House, Whitehall. I could not induce him to look favorably upon the Bill; in fact he was obviously afraid of being charged with favouring *monopoly*, if he gave it his support. He assigned some reasons for thinking that undeserving authors would profit by the privilege to the injury of the community. He acknowledged however both the justice and the expediency of giving the privilege to particular Persons, and expressed a hope that Parliament would aid in such a measure. I urged many and I think cogent objections to this scheme; combated his notion that any injury to the public would accrue from the quarters to which he had adverted, and gave many reasons for the belief that the literature of the Country would derive great benefit from the extension of the term, and that, though the number of Authors who might profit from it by means of works now existing was deplorably small, still we had just reasons for believing that the number would be increased to the benefit and honor of the nation and in the service of mankind at large. I made, however, little or no impression, none indeed to encourage hope that he would support that or a similar measure. My day's labour was not, however, thrown away, for I called on Mr Lockhart, reported to him what had passed, and succeeded in persuading him to write an Article for the Quarterly in support of

<sup>1</sup> With Mrs Hoare.

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the cause. Today I go to London, to dine with Mr Robinson, sleep at Mr Cookson's and return tomorrow. On Tuesday we depart for Coleorton. Emmie Fisher, it is at last determined, is to go with us for a longer stay than the Mother could at first bring herself to allow. Perhaps you have been told that we declined having her for so short a time as was before stipulated.

It is high time now my dear Friend to express a fear that you cannot read either this or any other of my scrawls. Pray tell me sincerely how this is. Dora however is going [to] write, and from her you will learn particulars much better than from me.— Only I must add, what I am sure you will be able to make out, that we talk about you perpetually notwithstanding the hurry in which we live, and for myself I can say from the bottom of my heart, that I long to receive you at our own door, and again let me say do come in the last week of September if you can, or at the very latest before the first of October is over; but the sooner the better. And now farewell, and every blessing attend you, my beloved Friend, and heart-sister, ever yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Kind remembrances to all about you.

*MS. 1403. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Rydal Mount Sat. 24<sup>th</sup> [July 1841]

Once more, dearest Friend, we have the pleasure of thinking of you, and wishing for you, at this sweet place, which we reached at two o'clock on Thursday morn. in our own little Phaeton, having sent Jane on by the Coach. We left Coleorton and Ashby de la Zouche on Wednesday at noon, proceeded in a double fly to Stafford which we reached at 7, and after a tedious waiting of 8 hours (none of us went to bed) we proceeded to Lancaster. All went well with every one but poor me, who had contrived last Sunday to pick up either a sprain of the hip, or something of Sciatic Rheumatism. I am better this morning, but I cannot stoop yet to put on my stockings. We found here Mrs Hutchinson and her daughter Sarah, both well; and my dear Sister and Joanna looking better than when we left them.



Our stay at Coleorton, where we received your welcome Letter, was very agreeable. Nothing could surpass the kindness of our friends. We have brought away two pleasing pictures given us by Sir George B. which look very well in our little drawing room mixed with the others which we have from the same pencil. Sir G. B. was so good as to say to me, that in case of my dying before Mrs W., the annuity of 100£, as long as he lived, should be paid to her.

The place is beautiful. How I should like you to see it. The winter garden however has not been treated altogether as I wished.<sup>1</sup> An aviary has been introduced by the late Lady Beaumont, which takes up room that could not be spared, shuts out of view the ornamental masonry of the high terrace wall, and is altogether out of character with the place. The ever-greens also have been far too much thinned.—One of the days when we were staying with the Merewethers we drove to a part of Charnwood forest where they are erecting a monastery for Trappists. The situation is chosen with admirable judgement, a plain almost surrounded with wild rocks, not lofty but irregularly broken, and in one quarter is an opening to a most extensive prospect of cultivated country. The building is austere and massy, and when the whole shall be completed, the chapel is not yet begun, the effect will be most striking in the midst of that solitude. Several monks were at work in the adjoining Hayfields, working most industriously in their grey woollen gowns, one with his cowl up, and others, Lay brethren I believe, clothed in black. Some were mowing most lustily, and others as busy raking. The whole of this place and the sloping hillsides will ere long be reclaimed by these laborious creatures. We learned that Lord Shrewsbury takes great interest in this society, and, as well as other Romanist Grandees, has visited several times, and no doubt they all have given it the support of their money. Where are these things to stop, is a question which any one who has reflected upon the constitution of the Romish Church will naturally put to himself with such objects before him, and not without some apprehensions of mischief. Perhaps

<sup>1</sup> W. had planned the winter garden during his stay at Coleorton in the winter of 1806-7, *v. M.Y.*, pp. 76, 80, 90-8, &c.

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alarm may be needless, but surely it is too late in the day for such Institutions to be of much service, in England at least. The whole appearance had in my eyes something of the nature of a dream, and it has often haunted me since—I wish you had been with us.

I have been so often interrupted by Callers that I must be obliged to cut this Letter short. The enclosed paper is sent merely on account of the latter part which is marked. It has struck me that possibly you might have a few Books to spare for so good a purpose. When you have read it pray direct it to the Rev<sup>d</sup> Francis Merewether, Coleorton Rectory, Ashby de la Zouche. Mrs Wilson, as we learn from the Hamiltons this afternoon, has given up her house near Bowness.<sup>1</sup>—The Belles are not here—Mrs Roughsedge has been poorly indeed and looks miserably, I am told, for I have not yet seen her. To save the Post I must here conclude, with a thousand affectionate good wishes, ever my beloved Friend most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

I have not time to read over this scrawl, so you must make the best you can of it, miserable thing as it is.

MS.            1404. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

Aug. 5 [1841]

I was interrupted in my last Letter, and now, my beloved Friend, I sit down with pleasure to talk to you for a short time. And first let me tell you that two large *packages* (do I spell right) arrived for you yesterday; and were most welcome as anything is which looks like an additional tie to us and this place, or neighbourhood. They are deposited in the granary, which is both dry and secure. But let me ask how your foot is; I have been anxious about it, for I was hurt formerly in the same way, some years ago. The nail of my great Toe blackened, and came off in consequence, and the fresh nail as it pushed off the old one grew into the side of the Toe, and for want of taking care an inflammation ensued which was troublesome and disabled me

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter to John Wilson, Jan. 11, 1841.

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for some weeks. If anything of this kind should occur in your case the only way of proceeding is to pare the nail very thin, and put cotton in so as to raise it above the irritated flesh. By carefully managing this I got well; but I hope that by this time the effects of your injury may either have disappeared or been abated. Pray let us know.

It was neither rheumatism nor sciatica with which I was troubled, but only the effect of a straining of the muscles from too much exercise, and imprudently climbing styles and gates, without due consideration of my age, and only looking at my natural lightness of body and activity. The pain, which, when I stooped or rose inconsiderately from my chair etc, was very acute, gradually went away and has for some days wholly disappeared. But it has taught me that I must yield to the invisible changes which Time makes in one's constitution.

You probably know that Sarah Crackanthorpe came over to Rydal upon Emmie Fisher's account. Today which by the bye is very wet she takes her over Kirkstone to Mr. Askew's at Patterdale, whence they proceed to Newbiggen. E. will not I think return till ten days are over; she grieves a good deal at this, having been so happy here; but I have no doubt of her enjoying herself with her kind relations on the other side of the Hills. She is of a sweet temper and loving disposition, as is apparent to every one, even the servants. I have endeavoured to recommend and inculcate the merging of the Genius in the Woman, as much as she can. It is obvious that though most amiably disposed to love the qualities of heart and mind that are loveable in others, she attaches, as is natural for one so gifted, too much importance to intellect and literature, and leans too much towards those who, she thinks, are distinguished in that way.—In knowledge of the world she is a mere child of 5 years, her mother having kept her so exclusively to herself and family. She is moreover utterly helpless in all that relates to dressing herself or taking care of her things. This is very foolish on the part of her Mother. The Girl's spirit, diligence, and enthusiasm in any thing that she undertakes are most striking, but so active is her imagination, and so prompt are her sensibilities, that one cannot but be apprehensive about her future

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welfare. In the first place we are sure that she would be apt to fall in love with any youth who could talk to her about Poetry &c. with the appearance of sympathy. Her own Imagination would at once invest him with all that was necessary to make the very thing she wished for, out of but an ordinary Person. But I am called off, as they are going to an early dinner before setting off. We also are to make this afternoon for Mr Hamilton's where we shall pass the night—farewell dearest Friend, heaven bless you again and again, ever yours

W. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1405. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount Ambleside August 6<sup>th</sup> 1841.

My dear Mr Moxon,

I have directed Mr Champion a blind Poet of Chichester to apply to you, for the payment for a small Vol: of his Poems<sup>1</sup> to which I am a Subscriber, this I have taken the liberty of doing as the best or rather the only way I could hit upon for getting out of his Debt. Be so good as to place the amount in my Bill.

I was a good deal disappointed in finding that in the Parcel of Poems sent down before me, there were no separate copies of the Excursion. It has been a good deal called for at Ambleside, but none were to be had. Be so good as to send down a dozen Excursions, and 8 copies of the Six Volumes which also, I find, are in demand here. As the Season is now pretty far advanced, you will be so good as to despatch the parcel immediately, directed to Mrs Nicholson, Bookseller, Ambleside—

We are all well, hoping the same of you. I remain with kindest regards to Mrs M. and your Sister and Brother

my dear Mr Moxon

faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

Are we to see you in [ ? ]

<sup>1</sup> *The Triumph of Music, with other Poems*, by The Blind Bard of Cicestria, Chichester, 1841. W.'s name is printed at the end among the subscribers, and his copy, with his autograph, is in the British Museum: most of the pages are still uncut.

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K(—)

1406. W. W. to C. W.

Rydal Mount Aug. 11<sup>th</sup>, 1841.

My dear Brother,

I send you with the last corrections an Epitaph which I have just written for poor Owen Lloyd.<sup>1</sup> His brother Edward forwarded for my perusal some verses which he had composed with a view to that object; but he expressed a wish that I would compose something myself. Not approving Edward's lines altogether, though the sentiments were sufficiently appropriate, I sent him what I now forward to you, or rather the substance of it, for something has been added, and some change of expression introduced. I hope you will approve of it. I find no fault with it myself, the circumstances considered, except that it is too long for an Epitaph, but this was inevitable if the memorial was to be as conspicuous as the subject required, at least according to the light in which it offered itself to my mind.

Yesterday I had a very interesting visit from a person you must once have known well, Mr Le Grice.<sup>2</sup> He spoke with much feeling of you, and with much modesty, and unaffected humility, of his own academic course and character in contrast with yours. He left us, enclosed in a little pamphlet, a speech of his upon Cottage Gardens, three or four copies of a sonnet (his own writing), of which you are the subject. As you may not have seen the verses I send them. We were agreeably surprised by the sight of them after he was gone; for when he put the little pamphlet into my hands he had made no mention of them. He sat nine years in the same class with Coleridge, and by his side, having the joint use with Coleridge of certain dictionaries and books of reference, according to the custom of the school by which they were assigned to the scholars in pairs. He told us several anecdotes of Coleridge, of whose life, since they appeared together at Christ's Hospital till Coleridge left College abruptly, he must have known more than any one else possibly could. I have heard Coleridge speak of him hundreds and hundreds

<sup>1</sup> Son of Charles Lloyd, and curate of Langdale. For the poem, *Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmorland*, v. Oxf. W., p. 577.

<sup>2</sup> v. *M.Y.*, p. 134. For Le Grice's account of his visit, v. his Letter to H. C. R.—*C.R.*, p. 441.

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of times. Le Grice told me he had just been to visit Satterthwaite's<sup>1</sup> grave, and that he would have gone fifty miles out of his way for that purpose. I was much pleased with this burst of feeling as evinced by one who, according to his own account of himself, had in youth abandoned himself far too much to careless levity; and this coincides with what Coleridge used to say of him. He is now, and perhaps has long been, serious and thoughtful in conversation; and I assure you I have not for a long time had a visitor in whom I was so much interested.

Le Grice told us also many particulars of Charles Lamb's boyhood. He remembered also having once heard you deliver a charge before a religious society to certain missionaries, which impressed him more, both by the matter and manner, than any charge that he had ever heard delivered. I suppose it was spoken before the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. . . .

Your most affectionate brother,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1407. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

[Mid-August 1841]

We are most sorry dearest Friend to hear of your serious illness, and earnestly wish that you were again with us; though our household is at present in poor plight. Mrs Hutchinson is but very little better; and poor Jane is bent double almost with the rheumatism. Sarah however is decidedly better, and Jane we trust will soon be quite well. My poor sister has been made very uneasy by the hot weather added to that huge fire which she insists upon keeping. Mary and I are quite well except occasionally when we are tired out with the company which at this season flocks in upon us.

Your news of Mrs Villiers was very acceptable and pray offer to her our cordial congratulations and best wishes.

You say you hope you shall see us at Coniston before you go to Rydal. I did not like that sentence at all—after so long an absence I cannot bear the thought of seeing you for the first time in this Country in any house but ours, unless you had one

<sup>1</sup> C. W.'s 'most intimate friend at school and college', *v. M.Y.*, p. 461.

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of your own to come to. How do you propose to go to Coniston, I mean by what road, that we are not to see you first. Pray tell me this. I have another rather delicate point to touch. We fear Anna Ricketts would be dull in our house as we shall have no companion for her but our antient selves—Mrs H. will probably be gone. We, therefore, would prefer her staying with you at Coniston if it could be managed. Had Emmie Fisher been here it would be very different. I am writing by candle light so I must bid my dear friend, Farewell

W. Wordsworth

*MS.*      1408. *W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Monday 30<sup>th</sup> [Aug. 1841]

I sit down to write you a few words, my beloved Friend, Mary being very much and somewhat painfully engaged. In the first place Jane, of whose attack of fever you have probably heard, and which has kept her in bed a fortnight and 3 days is still in a state that requires perpetual attention; and next, little Sara is in the midst of a much worse access of the same complaint from which she was suffering when you saw her at Tintern. Her poor Mother<sup>1</sup> is afflicted beyond measure, and has prepared her mind to part with her; though I do not myself apprehend her death at present. Her Mother however says that she is held just in the same way, and more threateningly, than for some time her departed Sister was. Nothing can be more admirable than the Mother's behaviour—she is a Woman of ten thousand. I wish you could witness her fortitude, her resignation, her activity and resolution, and the air even of chearfulness which she often keeps up for all our sakes. God bless her! She has been sorely tried for many a long year.—Poor little Sara is much worse this morning—otherwise my Mary and her Mother<sup>1</sup> would have gone to Ambleside.

But enough—How fortunate it is that we have Anne with us—and that my poor dear Sister is no worse, so that as we only see a little Tea-company the family, and our little establishment are equal to their duties. Emmie grows upon us. She is a sweet affectionate Creature—she is learning to knit, which she takes

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mrs Thomas Hutchinson, née Mary Monkhouse.

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to with admirable perseverance. I have said little or nothing to her about literature, being so much more anxious to impress her with the paramount importance of womanly virtues, and acquiring those Domestic habits which may make (her?) useful in a station however humble. Her Mother, I fear, has more worldly ambition than I wish her Daughter to partake; who is, I believe, at present entirely free from it. She has attached herself much to Mrs Hutchinson, who has everything which Emmie would be most likely to want hereafter. Do you know that Jane Arnold is engaged to one of the masters of Rugby School. He may be a very good young man and a clever one, but a more unattractive youth (but he is not like a youth) I never saw. Well, Love sees everything through his own eyes and you know that love grows out of opportunity, in my mind indeed more than out of anything else.—I wish I could send you any pleasant news, but it is scarce; in small matters I must tell you that we hear that the Wishing Gate is destroyed, which put me upon writing a Poem<sup>1</sup> which will go to Dora tomorrow with a request that a transcript may be made of it for you—then, what is far worse, John Green, son of our late Butcher, is building a huge tall box of a house (right in the centre of the vale of Grasmere as you cross it) to the utter destruction of the primitive rustic beauty of the whole, as touchingly described by the Poet Gray in his journal written 70 years ago. This has hurt me more than, considering what human life is, it ought to have done. Pray remember us most kindly to Miss Master, you know what a favorite she is with us. I say nothing about public affairs. Mary is very anxious that my office should be procured for Wm, an anxiety which I share to a certain extent, and for the same cause—a fear that from the state of his health, and a want of versatility in his mind, and of quickness, he would not be fit for the only employment which might be offered to him if any is to be offered, or is procurable. I have said nothing about my longing desire to have you under our roof—which I trust will be as near the end of the month as possible—ever yours most faithfully and affectionately

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> v. Oxf. W., p. 223.



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*MS. 1409. W. W. to Edward and Dora Quillinan*

Sunday Morn, [Aug.-Sept., 1841]

My dear Mr Quillinan,

Many thanks for your Extract; but Miss Hoare must have forgotten one half of my request, which was that she would transcribe the passage from the same Book, where Sir Isaac is reported to have expressed his wonder that the Lord Pembroke of that day could have spent so much time money and pains in collecting Stone-dolls, the great Philosopher meaning the celebrated collection of statues and other marbles which are [at] Wilton House. This coupled with his evasion of the question about Poetry, and putting the answer into the mouth of Barrow makes it very probable that he would have been no very competent judge in any department of imaginative literature. Those very words of his I still desire to possess if they could be found without much trouble.

We are going on but poorly in this House; Jane is still very unwell—this morning she has had an attack of Bile, has thrown up her medicine and is hot with an increase of fever. So that her illness must be long and tedious in the most favorable view that can be taken of [it.] We have not yet seen Mr Fell to-day—but his report will [be] given you before this letter goes to the Post. Then poor Sara, is, dear Dora, just as she was when you saw her at Tintern Abbey, weeping or sleeping three parts of the day. Her mother says, I am glad to tell you, that she is better this morning. Her illness has to do with deranged Bile; and I own when I look at her slender form, and think of her departed sister, I am much alarmed, I do not mean for the immediate result, but for [the] further malady which may carry her off. Her Mother's behaviour under these trials is most beautiful and she is in truth a Woman, as her Brother is a Man, of ten thousand.—I am not much daunted by that ugly extract from the American paper; but still I fear that the Mississippis are a bad concern. An American gentleman who was here the other day told me that he had read much upon that subject, and had found it asserted that if taxes were imposed by the Mississippi Legislature for the payment of the interest on these Bonds, many of

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the people composing the State would fly off into some other. What infatuation to trust money to the good faith of such communities. Poor dear Aunt Sara, I often think of what would have been her state of mind with her little fortune in such a condition. There is a little tract of Dr Channing's reprinted at Bristol and sold for two pence; it might perhaps interest you on account of the manner in which your father is spoken of in it. It is entitled 'The Present Age'.—I quite agree with you about Miss Sedgewick's Book—such productions add to my dislike of Literary Ladies—indeed make me almost detest the name. By the bye—we have in our possession an odd thing—the sheet of that same publication which Mr Kenyon caused to be cancelled on account of the manner in which he is flattered therein. We shall keep it as a curiosity. I don't think it quite correct in the Moxons circulating those things as they do, as waste Paper. Our's came with a parcel of Excursions we had from their shop. Mr Fell has just been here—he says that we must go on cautiously, and resume the suspended medicine—Mr Fell is going and this letter with him. I will write again to-morrow and send the poem.

W. W.

K(—)                    *1410. W. W. to John Peace*

Rydal Mount, Sept. 4, 1841.

My dear Peace,

. . . We made a very agreeable tour in Devonshire, going by Exeter to Plymouth, and returning along the coast by Salisbury and Winchester to London. In London and its neighbourhood we stayed not quite a month. During this tour we visited my old haunts, at and about Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, and at Coleorton, where we stayed several days. These were farewell visits for life, and, of course, not a little interesting. . . .

Ever faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

MS.                    *1411. W. W. to Mr Horsfield*

Rydal Sept<sup>br</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> 1841

Sir

The applications made to me for Autographs have long been so numerous as to compel my declining to answer them, and this

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must be my excuse for not having before complied with your request

I remain

with thanks for the verses you sent though regretting you should have cause to write in so sad a strain

Yours truly

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

1412. *W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

*Haydon.*

Lowther, 28 Sept<sup>br</sup>, '41.

My dear Haydon<sup>1</sup>

Your Letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> was duly received, and ought to have had an earlier [answer], especially on account of the notice of your Son, and the request that I would give him a Letter [of]<sup>2</sup> advice. To tell you the truth I knew not how to set about it, any farther than concerned the expression of the interest I take in him, and my sincere and earnest wishes for his welfare. Upon an occasion like this it seems so difficult to say any thing which would not look like preaching, particularly is it difficult to a Son of yours, who I know must have been religiously brought up, and duly impressed with moral principles. His thoughts also must have been directed by you to his profession[al] obligations, and those sentiments must have been fostered in him which will be likely to lead to his being an honour to his profession.—I will not however dismiss the subject from my thoughts, though I feel at present without courage to undertake what you propose.

I was at Devonport for three days last summer, along with Mrs Wordsworth and a dear Friend of ours. I wish our visit had happened at the same time as yours. We were much pleased with the surrounding objects of Art and Nature, and passed a delightful afternoon at Mount Edgecumb. The three Towns, the Surrounding hills, the shipping, Forts and the water combine beautifully. There is however one great want, a cathedral, or

<sup>1</sup> Haydon: *written* Letter.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Letter advice. B. R. H. had written from Devonport on Sept. 11, whither he had taken his son Frederick, W.'s godson, to join his ship in the Navy, adding in a p.s. 'A letter of advice might do good to a dear Boy'.

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at least a majestic Church, which ought to be planted upon some rising ground, so as to preside over the whole, and thus remind the Beholder of the dependence of all human Power, whether by sea or land, upon Divine Providence. We were also at Exeter, and made a careful tour along the coast as far as Charmouth, thence to Salisbury, Southampton, and Winchester which last place I had never seen before.

Your account of your feelings upon revisiting your native place<sup>1</sup> was extremely interesting, and I thank you for the details you give of your early studies in the art to which your works have done much honor. With the best wishes for your future welfare and prosperity, I remain my dear Haydon, faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

You do not mention Mrs Haydon; may I venture to hope that her health is something better.—

*Address:* B. R. Haydon Esq. Burwood-place, Connaught-Street, London.

*MS.* 1413. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount 2 Oct<sup>r</sup> [1841]

Dear Mr Moxon,

It is quite impossible that the 8 Sonnets of which Lady Blessington<sup>2</sup> speaks, can be of my writing—the subject is one that I have not touched for many years. I am however truly glad to learn that such Sonnets are in course of production, promise myself much pleasure in reading them, as I hope, and am pretty sure they will fall in my way. I *did* send to Mr Robinson a few Sonnets in MS. in which I gave vent to my feelings upon the servitude under which Italy was languishing,<sup>3</sup> and these he told me he had lost—so that they may possibly see the light at some time or other without my consent.

<sup>1</sup> B. R. H. was a native of Plymouth.

<sup>2</sup> Marguerite, Countess of Blessington (1789–1849), authoress and a famous centre of social life, the friend of Byron, Count d'Orsay, and Landor. In 1834 she edited the *Book of Beauty*.

<sup>3</sup> *Memorials of a Tour in Italy*, 1837, Nos. 7, 11, 25, 26. Oxf. W., pp. 359, 360, 366, 367.

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As I am upon the matter of Sonnets, let me recur to the 13 or 14 which I wrote some time ago, upon the subject of Capital Punishment. What would be the expense of printing, say 100 Copies? to be dispersed among my friends, or Persons of Consideration in Parliament or elsewhere. This question is asked because I am afraid of printing anything that is composed with care in Newspapers. To gratify Haydon I wrote lately a sonnet upon his Picture of Wellington, etc., and placed it at his disposal, either to publish when and where he liked, or to circulate in MS. It was published accordingly, but with so many gross typographical blunders that I am resolved nothing of mine shall make its first appearance in that way again. By the bye have you any copies of the Excursion as sold separately. It has been a good deal enquired after, and Mr Troughton the bookseller here recommends that they should be put up in a more tasty manner somewhat [? than] the Poems—particularly as the book is sold for a shilling more than the others.

I have no more to say at present, but the expression of regret that we have not seen you here—On Monday next Mrs W. and I leave home for 10 days, therefore if you still intend to favor us you must defer your visit till after that time

Very sincerely d<sup>r</sup> Moxon

Yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.

1414. W. W. to Henry Taylor

K(—)

Wednesday, [3<sup>d</sup> Nov., 1841.]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Mr Taylor,

Will you be so kind as to substitute for the 3<sup>d</sup> line of the sonnet<sup>2</sup> beginning

Not to the object specially designed  
this verse

Bear this prime truth in constant memory,  
reading so for

Good to promote or curb depravity.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Oct. 1841, v. C.R., p. 447.

<sup>2</sup> v. Oxf. W., p. 518.

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This alteration arises out of a wish to avoid repetition which to a *certain degree* was inevitable in treating the subject as I have done with a desire that each Sonnet should be without *absolute* or logical dependence on the one preceding it.

Thanks for your statistical paper; but allow me to say statistics both on this and on almost every other truly important subject are much less respected by me than they appear to be in your judgement. Here is a paper showing that Capital Punishments are much diminished, but not throwing (as how could it?) a single ray of light on the cause. May not that be mainly, not that there is less occasion for them, but that notions of a feeble and narrow-minded humanity, and spurious Christianity, have spread so as to prevent prosecutions, or have influenced judges in their charges, for instance, Judge Maule<sup>1</sup> in more cases than one, and juries in their verdicts.

Ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 1415. W. W. to Edward Moxon  
K(—)

[Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 1841]

My dear Mr Moxon,

It is long since I heard from you. I hope you and yours are all well—Since now, in consequence of hearing from H. Coleridge, that owing to the wretched state of the Book trade you decline publishing a Vol: of Poems of his which he has ready for the press—perhaps the same consideration might disincline you to publish one of my own, smaller as to Contents a good deal than any of the six, but which in the printing might be spread out so as to shelf with them in size. If you are afraid of meddling with it, or think it better to wait, pray let me know. Tell me also what progress you are making with the sale of the last Edition. I learn from several quarters, that we have given ground for complaint by suppressing in the last Edition the Sonnets in the Appendix. I am sorry we did it; as I proposed to print those

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Maule (1788–1856), educated at Trinity College, Cambridge—a judge famed for his ironical humour.

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Sonnets (which had not been widely circulated) in the proposed new Vol.; I thought there would be no harm in their being kept back till these came out.

Mr Aubrey de Vere is very much interested in the Publication of a Selection from my Poems, but materially different in the choice from Mr Hine's.<sup>1</sup> He has furnished me with a list according to his own choice.

Mr Robinson is coming down to us at Christmas. Could you contrive to join us during some part of the month that he will stay?

Mrs W. unites with me in kind regards to yourself, Mrs M and your Sister,

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

M.            1416. W. W. to C. W. (*Junior*)

Rydal Nov. 5. 1841

My dear Christopher,

Your father left us yesterday, having been just a week under our roof. The weather was favourable, and he seemed to enjoy himself much. His muscular strength, as proved by the walks we took together, is great. One day we were nearly four hours on foot, without resting, and he did not appear in the least fatigued.

He was anxious to see Charles. He will reach Winchester this afternoon, I hope without injury

Yours etc.

W. W.

MS.            1417. W. W. to Henry Taylor  
K.

Rydal Mt: Nov. 8, [1841].<sup>2</sup>

My dear Mr Taylor,

You and Mr Lockhart have been very kind in taking so much trouble about the Sonnets. I have altered them as well as I could to meet your wishes and trust that you will find them

<sup>1</sup> v. p. 555.

<sup>2</sup> Misdated by K., 1833.

improved, as I am sure they are where I have adopted your own words.

As to double rhymes, I quite agree with Mr L, that in the case disapproved by him, their effect is weak, and I believe will generally prove so in a Couplet at the close of a Sonnet. But having written so many I do not scruple, but rather like to employ them occasionally, tho' I have done it much less in proportion than my great Masters, especially Milton, who has two out of his 18 with double rhymes.

I am sure it will be a great advantage to these pieces to be presented to the public with your comments in the Quarterly Review, as you propose—but I must return to your suggestions. Where I have a large amount of Sonnets in series I have not been unwilling to start sometimes with a logical connection of a 'Yet' or a 'But'. Here, however, as the series is not long, I wished that each Sonnet should stand independent of such formal tie; and therefore, tho' with some loss, I have not followed your alteration, 'Yet not alone, nor chiefly'. Besides, and this by-the-by, 'Not alone' is less neat than 'solely', or 'only' rather.

Mr Elliot,<sup>1</sup> even if he should be disturbed by the clamour of the public Press against him—will find abundant compensation in your zealous and judicious opposition to it—and I have little doubt that his explanation will justify the most favourable of your presumptions in his behalf—he must rejoice in your kindness, and that of his other friends and his relatives.

You and Mrs Taylor will be grieved to hear that dear Miss Fenwick is suffering from one of her severe colds—not unlike that which she had in London. She has kept her room to-day and we have cause to hope she may be better tomorrow. We attribute this mischief, though she will scarcely allow it, to her going in an open carriage with Annie Ricketts to Kendal—on

<sup>1</sup> Charles Elliot (1801-75), Minister plenipotentiary in China, had taken Hongkong, invested Canton, and was about to proceed to Peking, when he was recalled for disobedience to instructions and superseded by Sir H. Pottinger. He was violently attacked in the House of Commons and in the Press, especially in *John Bull*. H. T. prepared a digest of his despatches with connecting comments, which brought over the Duke of Wellington and many others to the view that the Government owed him a great debt of gratitude. H. T., later, celebrated him in an Ode, entitled *Heroism in the Shade*.



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a sunny bright day, which closed with a frosty dampness before she reached home. We regret exceedingly that she has parted with her own carriage. We hope soon to hear thro' Mrs Taylor of our afflicted friends at Brighton. We think it better for us not yet to break in upon them. With our united kindest remembrances,

ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth

*MS.* 1418. *W. W. to Henry Taylor*  
*K.*

Rydal. Friday morning in haste for the post.

[p.m. Nov. 19. 1841]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Mr Taylor,

Nothing but the importance of the subject can, I feel, justify me in troubling you again. The additional Sonnet sent the other day had only just been written. It is wrongly placed and would stand much better immediately after the third. I could wish it also to be altered thus towards the conclusion.

The strife  
of individual will, to elevate  
The grovelling mind, the craving to recall  
And fortify etc.<sup>2</sup>

Read in what could stand as the ninth<sup>3</sup>

Fit retribution by the moral code  
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace  
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
She plants etc.

I am strongly inclined to think that for many reasons it would be better to leave these Sonnets untouched in your Review, but I leave the matter to your own judgement.

Ever faithfully yours,

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* H. Taylor Esq, 16 Blandford Square, Dorset Square.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated by K., 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Sonnet ix in the final order, v. Oxf. W., p. 519.

<sup>3</sup> Sonnet viii in the final order.

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*MS. 1419. W. W. to J. G. Lockhart*

Lowther, Penrith [Nov. 1841]

My dear Mr Lockhart,

Your Letter reached me just as I was setting off for this place so that I cannot reply to it as I wish and mean to do hereafter. I rejoice to hear that you purpose to treat the Question of the Copyright Bill in the Quarterly. My hopes are sanguine that your Article will be eminently serviceable to the cause. Your knowledge ability zeal and the vehicle you have at command, will I am strongly persuaded, bring over many who have either paid little attention to the subject, or entertained inconsiderate prejudices upon it.

Till I return home I cannot meet your wishes in respect to books and tracts, and in truth I possess only Talfourd's Pamphlet containing his speeches, or detail of the proceedings, and several of the Petitions that were presented to Parliament praying for Extension, that pamphlet and one in favour of perpetual Copyright and another entitled *Areopagitica*, I believe by my Nephew, the Master of Harrow. There is to be in print a report of legal Argument upon both sides of the question of the Bible Monopoly, which was contested in the Courts. I have never read it, but it was mentioned to me the other day and I think it would be well worth your while to procure it. Upon this point in fact of [? monopoly] the whole question turns. I could perceive that it was this which frightened Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding he had read that able comment upon Macaulay's Speech in the Examiner; which see by all means, as well as the Speech itself, shallow as it is and even absurd.—I am afraid I have not any MSS. of value upon the subject—indeed I am pretty sure I have not.

Could you convince your Readers, which I trust you will be able to do, that the objections to monopoly in general do not apply in this case, but on the contrary that the privilege would and must make Books be sold cheaper the Battle would be gained, our opponents would fly. And as to the danger of Books being suppressed, upon which Macaulay dwelt at length, that argument is easily disposed of, and the instances that he gives,

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particularly the case of Richardson, it might be shewn, have no force in them. At all events if you desire it I could procure accurately all that relates to Richardson's Heirs etc. But perhaps it is not worth while to enter into such details, as the obligations on that score would be met at once, by a clause in the Bill being so carefully drawn up as to make suppression for any length of time impossible.

Though I have nothing perhaps further to say upon the general subject which has not been better said already by others, I will write again when I go home. In the meanwhile with many thanks for your very kind letter I remain my dear Sir, with high respect, faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1420. D. W. and W. W. to Dora Quillinan*

[Nov. 1841]

*D. W. writes*

My dearest Dora I know not what to write Here I am in the room where dear Aunt Sara died. Strangely I have struggled; but now am better. I hope to see your Father from Lowther today. God bless you and your Husband and dear Mother

Your affect<sup>e</sup>

D. W.

*W. W. writes*

Moxon tells me that only 250 Copies of my last thousand have been sold, including those sent to Rydal. This is poor encouragement to print the Vol: I have been about making ready. M. has declined printing Hartley's Vol: of poems on account of the wretched state of the Book Trade, and the heavy stock he has on hand.—One of the causes I think of bad sale is the inundation of low priced editions of old Publications. In these there must be much Fraud for I see Bruce's Travels, a Book in many large Volumes, advertized at sixpence. This of course must be mutilated but the advertisement does not say a word of abridgement.

My Sonnets on Capital punishment 14 in number are about to be printed in the Quarterly Review by Mr Taylor, along with a general reviewal of my poems in that form. Perhaps this may

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give some stimulus to the six Volumes which as Moxon says they sadly want.

Miss Fenwick seems a good deal better this evening and hopes to be downstairs tomorrow. Your Mother bids me ask whether you cannot take good mutton Broth—do try that and every other nourishing thing but first in very small quantities. You remember what our Guide at Spa told us how he had saved his life, on their Retreat from Russia, by abstaining altogether from solid Food for 17 days. I am not recommending anything like this to you, but it points out that you are right in treating in degree your weak stomach after the same fashion.

Miss F. had a Letter today from Mrs Taylor, giving as comfortable account of the Brighton family as could be expected. Cordelia and Mary Anne, Mrs Taylor says, are looking well in London. Your mother has written to Mrs Pollard, to no-one else. It would be well taken if you were to write to [ ? ] by this time we suppose at Brighton. Again farewell your loving Father  
W. W.

*MS. 1421. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

[p.m. Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1841]<sup>1</sup>

My very very dear Friend,

You will have heard of my movements from dearest Mary, to whom I wrote a short note. I was detained three hours at Keswick, two and half of which I spent walking by the Lake side to and from Friar's Crag with magnificent views towards Lodore, which however I could not see for mist, and into Borrowdale. The luminous and dark vapours which were ever changing their shapes and their consistency round Castle crag and the other pointed hills thereabouts were most impressive in their appearance. So that I enjoyed myself wishing very much for my dearest Friends to partake of my pleasure. During that walk I added a Stanza to the Vallombrosa Poem<sup>2</sup> which I send

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Nov. 1841, *v. C.R.*, p. 448.

<sup>2</sup> W. sent 4 stanzas of the Poem, 1, 2, 4, and 5: which was the one now added it is impossible to say. Stanza 3 must have been written still later. The text varies little from the published version, the chief difference being in l. 6, House for Cell, and in l. 40, Source from which for Fountain whence.

you, hoping that you may puzzle out the words which I penned in my bedroom this morning, and which were shockingly blotted by the first penful of ink taken for the writing of this Letter. Pray excuse its ugly appearance which I know you would much rather see than think that I should have taken the trouble to write it twice over.

Lord Lonsdale is wonderfully recruited—wonderfully for a man of 84 years, after a pulse of 120 for ten days.

I am most anxious to hear how you are and also I should be delighted if I could be told that my poor dear Sister were somewhat easier. Give my love to her and accept also an abundance yourself. It was my strong wish to be home on Saturday ; but as Lord Lonsdale's health was going on so well Lady Frederick expressed an earnest wish that I should remain till Monday. On that day you may expect me, and on the same James must meet me at Patterdale if the horse be not otherwise engaged, and well enough for the journey. Be so kind as to let Mr Carter know how long I propose staying here, so that he will be able to calculate up to what time Letters may be forwarded hither.

I must say a word to you, my dear Friend, about my Grandchildren ; they are really a fine cluster. Your Willy,<sup>1</sup> for so I will call him notwithstanding his ill behaviour when last among us at Rydal, has a character and expression in his face which is quite touching. I think he grows handsomer, and there is both intellect and sentiment in his features and countenance to which no one could be indifferent. Jane is much more pleasing and handsomer also, except for her teeth, than she was. Indeed, except for her carriage she is I think the most improved in appearance of any of them, and was towards me very affectionate. I came away you will be sure with great regret. John drove me over to Plumbland where I saw that excellent man Mr Bush, his wife and several of his children. They seemed to like the place much and I hope will stay there. Mr B. was in his Cassock having been doing the duty—it was a Saints day, St Andrew's, and he always has service on those days which is not ill attended. The place in summer must be rather pretty there being some groves of [ ? ], some good Land, an old Church

<sup>1</sup> Miss F.'s godchild, v. p. 774.

in the interior of which is an Arch of exceeding beauty, so much so that a print of it ought to have a place in the County History. —It is old, I think, but I am not learned in these matters, as the Conquest—perhaps prior to it, but enough of this. The best news I have of myself is my having done I trust with that most troublesome prefatory Poem;<sup>1</sup> never was I so hampered with anything, the chief difficulty rising out of the simultaneous actions of both the Bird and the Poet being engaged in singing and the word 'while' not being manageable for both—that having done this to my own mind and Mary's and having improved, I cannot but think, the little I now send, I trust I shall not write another line while I am here. And if I have strength of mind to keep to this resolution you will, I hope, my dearest Friend, see me return in an amended state of body, for this continual teasing and minute Labour has hurt my side or heart a good deal. Luncheon is coming in, so I must break off with a thousand wishes. Dearest Mary, I hope you will be with Miss Fenwick on Saturday. Farewell ever yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Miss Fenwick, Rydal Mount, Ambleside.

*MS. 1422. W. W. to Dora Quillinan*

Tuesday. Dec 7<sup>th</sup> [1841] Lowther Castle.

My dear Dora,

I start at 12 o'clock for Patterdale, where I hope James has been waiting since yesterday with the Carriage. My intention was to have left this place yesterday, but it rained till 12 o'clock and with a high wind, and I did not like to expose Lord L's Horses and Servant to such severe weather, besides they were very urgent that I should stay. I wrote yesterday to Wm begging him to come over if he could so as to be here before 12—the time of my departure—I left the Letter for the Coachman at Hackthorp to receive a shilling if he delivered it that night at Carlisle, either but I fear he has not done so, or Wm has been

<sup>1</sup> *Prelude prefixed to the Volume entitled 'Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years', Oxf. W., p. 537. But he had not 'done with' it, if we can trust the date March 26, 1842, which he appended to it on publication.*

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out of the way, for it is now more than half past 12 and he is not arrived.

I have been think[ing] of you almost constantly since we left home yesterday week; with much anxiety, to learn that you have a return of your distressing and, as to its tendency, alarming complaint.

Therefore do take, my dear Child, every possible care and act up to every wise resolution. I was much grieved to have only one day for Brigham, but it was my duty to come here as invited. Lord Lonsdale, I am happy to say, is gathering strength daily; and I hope will be able to set off for the South next week, which we are all anxious about, least severe weather should set in. The Autumn has been delightfully mild; in fact most charming weather. To-day it is most beautiful; and through a veil of tall leafless trees I have a prospect of silver and sunny clouds as pleasing as one could wish to look at. I am anxious to be at home for many reasons, one that I wish for quiet and repose, as I have exhausted myself a good deal of late, in disentangling a composition or two in which I have been engaged from awkwardnesses that annoyed me much. On the other side, if I have time, I will transcribe a piece<sup>1</sup> of which two Stanzas were composed since I left home. I hope it will please you. Give my love to Mr Quillinan and the Girls and kind remembrances to Mrs Gee.

Ever my dear child, your most affectionate Father

W. W.

*MS. 1423. W. W. to Thomas Powell*

Rydal Mount. Dec<sup>r</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> [1841]

My dear Mr Powell

I should have sent Back the sheet by return of Post, but I wanted to acknowledge the receipt of the Books and Stilton which you kindly announce, but the package has not yet come to hand.—

I have also for the like reason deferred thanking you for the Number of the Monthly Chronicle, sent I presume on account of

<sup>1</sup> At close of letter W. has copied the first two stanzas and Mrs W. the last three of *At Vallombrosa*, as Oxf. W., p. 364.

the Poems it contains from your pen, especially the one you have done me the honor of addressing to me. They all have the characteristic merits of your writing; but I should like to have an opportunity of noting *vivâ voce* some of the faults, as I take them to be, of style.

Your account of your Brother gives me great concern indeed. I hope your fears may be more than the case would suggest to one less interested or who have less love for the invalid than you and Mrs Powell must have—

I made a remark or two on Mr Horne because of the Prologue. I have since looked at the text and am confirmed in the opinion I expressed. I forget whether I mentioned my objection to the line in the description of the Sergeant at Law.

Who too oft had gossipp'd long in the Church Porch<sup>1</sup>—

The sense is here quite mistaken—the meaning is he had been frequent at consultations in the Parvis, the name of the places often in Churches, where Lawyers met for such purposes—ever faithfully

Yours  
W. W.

MS. 1424. W. W. to Edward Moxon  
K(—)

Dec<sup>r</sup> 24 [1841]

My dear Mr Moxon,

The first words I have to say must be an expression of indignation at hearing that you were charged the enormous sum of £85 for corrections in carrying the 6 vols: through the Press. I know not what check Publishers have upon Printers, and what is the course of practice as to charging for alterations. But sure I am, that, in common justice, things ought not to go on in the way you have been treated; for I affirm, upon the strength of my own memory, and upon a much better authority, that of Mr Carter, my clerk, through whose hands passed every sheet of the 6 vols, excepting a very few of the *first* vol.—that of the alterations, very much the greatest part were caused by the inattention of the Printer to *directions precisely given*, or to their gross blunders. It was, I own, a case that required particular attention, because the whole vol: of the 'Yarrow Re-

<sup>1</sup> *Prologue to the C. T.* 310. That often hadde been at the parvyys.



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visited' was interwoven with the poems previously collected, and the arrangement was, for good reasons, in several instances altered; but the directions given by Mr C. and myself were precise and distinct accordingly, and it is the first duty of a Printer to *attend* to such directions. I am sorry to say there was a like carelessness shown in carrying the vol: of Sonnets through the Press.

The mention of this vol: reminds me of a little difficulty in respect to the proposed Ed. in *one* volume which I will here state. The Vol: of Sonnets contains 13 Sons: that were then first added. I should not like to have them reprinted in the proposed new Ed: as it would give that Ed: an advantage over the one in 6 vols., which might be injurious to its sale; and if the Sonnets were not reprinted it could not be said that either one or other were a complete Ed: of my Works.

I will here add, by the bye, that, being prompted to take leave of Italy in verse, I wrote lately six Sonnets upon that suggestion, and have added 11 others that partly rose out of the farewell.—I should like these 30 sonnets some time or other to be printed in the *same* class, as they were all composed during the current year.

We must now come to the main point. From the experience which I have personally had of your liberality and what I know to the honor of your character, I have not the least doubt that the terms which you offer are the best that you can afford—the state of the Public mind being what it is in respect to poetical literature—but then it becomes me seriously to consider whether the pecuniary advantage to myself would at all compensate the certain check which such an Ed: would give to the sale of the previous one—and whether it might not altogether put a stop to it—in which case, the Stereotype would be entirely lost, and very much trouble incurred without any recompense. If you are decidedly of a contrary opinion pray write to me and specify your reasons. If these should not prove satisfactory to me we will defer any further consideration of the subject till I come to London, which, if all goes well, I propose to do by the first of May at the latest.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* Edward Moxon Esq, Dover Street.

K(—) 1425. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

[? 1841]<sup>1</sup>

We have read your verses<sup>2</sup> with much pleasure; they want neither eye nor feeling, and are upon the whole—which is saying a great deal—worthy of the subject. But the expression is here and there faulty, as I am pretty sure you must be yourself aware.

'Piles' ought to be *pile*, but 'aisles', a necessary word, has caused a sacrifice to rhyme. 'Ecstatic' is a word not too strong perhaps, though referring to stone, considered apart from the human heart; but coupled with it thus, it strikes me as being so.

To 'conscious pillars' I should have preferred an epithet addressed to the sight, and appropriate to architecture. I should like *chequered* better than 'mottled', which is a word almost always used in an unfavourable or mean sense, as 'mottled with measles', 'mottled soap', etc.

'By her *sculpture*' seems too strong a word for the touch of the moon; and 'flecked', as far as I am acquainted with the word, applies to spots on the surface having reference to shade or colour, and not to incision.

The primary sense—that most frequently used—of the word 'anatomy', being the art or act of dissection, causes some obscurity or confusion when joined with the phrase of what he was; which might be avoided—though perhaps with some loss of force—if it was not for the confusion, by altering the passage thus:—

His grim anatomy,  
So fall the rays *shed by the moon*,  
That in their silent strife,

or *from the clear moon*.

A better epithet might be found than '*swelling* with richness bland'. You must be well aware that this is the worst line in the poem. All the rest is beautiful in feeling, as it is faultless in expression. . . .

<sup>1</sup> So dated by K.

<sup>2</sup> *Poems*, by Edward Quillinan, were published by Moxon, London, in 1853. The verses here referred to are entitled *Interior of Canterbury Cathedral, as seen by Moonlight, September 30, 1841*. They were evidently altered, partly according to the suggestions of this letter of Wordsworth's, before they were sent to press.—K.

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MS.  
K(—)

1426. *W. W. to Joshua Stanger*

January 16, 1842.

My dear Sir,

I take it very kindly that you should have thought of me and my family in your distress and am especially obliged as your letter gave us the first intimation of the decease of your lamented brother<sup>1</sup> which we should otherwise have abruptly learned from a newspaper of the same day.

We also feel indebted to you for having entered into these painful details of the long-continued malady which in spite of medical efforts and the affectionate attentions of his beloved sister<sup>2</sup> and yourself carried him in the noontide of life to his grave. This removal has naturally thrown my mind back as far as to Dr Calvert's grandfather and his father and sister, the former of whom was as you know among my intimate friends and his Uncle Raisley whom I have so much cause to remember with gratitude for his testamentary remembrance of me, when the greatest part of our patrimony was kept back from us by injustice. It may be satisfactory to your wife for me to declare upon this melancholy occasion that my friend's bequest enabled me to devote myself to literary pursuits, independent of any necessity to look at pecuniary emoluments, so that my talents such as they might be were free to take their natural course. Your brothers Raisley and William were both so well known to me and I have so many reasons to respect them that I cannot forbear saying that my sympathy with this last bereavement is deepened by the remembrance that they both have been taken from you. Let it not be supposed, however, that either myself or any of my family are insensible to the source of consolation to which you so affectingly point, a consolation which we know and feel will through the goodness of God embrace them all. Accept our thanks for the lines by Mr Sterling to be inscribed upon your brother's tombstone. They are a very appropriate tribute, and the last couplet is excellent.

Owing to a return of inflammation in the eyes caused by im-

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Brother-in-law, Dr John Calvert.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Joshua Stanger.

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prudently walking in the cold frosty air after sunset I have been obliged to employ my daughter's pen. She has been passing her Christmas with us, and we shall lose her on Tuesday if the snow which is here lying very heavy permit her to go. William is also here and both well, and John left us on Friday not without anxiety on our part as the scarletina is in his house and 7 out of his 9 children<sup>1</sup> have had it. Two of the servants and a governess just returned from a visit to Liverpool have taken the infection. All but Jane seem to have got through it well. With her it has left a tendency to low nervous fever. Every one including my dear sister join me in heartfelt condolence and wishes and prayers that you may both support this affliction as becomes true Christians faithfull under all trials.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS.*

*1427. W. W. to R. P. Graves*

Sat. Morning 17<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> [1842]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Mr Graves,

Your Letter was indeed most acceptable; and we all sincerely and cordially congratulate you and your Relatives upon your convalescence.

Understanding as we do that your illness was aggravated by undertaking more duty in the earlier stages of it than you were equal to, we earnestly entreat that you would be more cautious hereafter, as a Relapse might otherwise come on, and that might prove serious indeed and not improbably dangerous.

Many thanks for your Sonnet both on account of the affectionate sentiments it so well expresses, as for the proof it gave that you were going on well.

Pray do not on any account be hasty to visit us. It is our

<sup>1</sup> What W. means here is uncertain, for John W. had six children not nine. He is probably thinking of the household, not the family, and including the two servants and the governess. In Letter 1484 he got the number of children right.

<sup>2</sup> So endorsed, but in 1842 Jan. 17 was a Monday. But W.'s days of the week are often inaccurate.

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duty as it is our inclination to look after you, which in the earlier part of next week we intend to do, if our Horse be sufficiently recovered from the cold and cough which he at present has.

I was sorry to learn that your Brother had suffered in health from his journey. I thought him looking but thin and poorly, when he was so kind as to come and see us. We should be glad to hear that your Sisters continue to go on well, and that your Mother keeps in good health.

Ever with best wishes in which Mrs W. and my Daughter unite affectionately, faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Rev. R. P. Graves, Bowness.

*MS. 1428. W. W. to J. G. Lockhart*

Rydal Mount Jan<sup>y</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> [1842]

My dear Mr Lockhart

I have been a long time in your debt which you will be so kind as to excuse—for I have had a return of inflammation in my eyes brought on by an imprudent walk on a frosty night, and I am still obliged to employ Mrs W.'s pen. We condole with you most sincerely upon the death of Mr Charles Scott, who must be regretted by all his friends, and whose loss will be long and deeply felt by yourself and your Children. When we read of his death in the Newspapers we also thought much of the Misses Alexander who had taken, as we witnessed, so lively an interest about him immediately previous to his departure.

Many thanks for your Article in the Review, which was kindly sent me by Mr Murray. It treats several points of the subject to perfection, and I do trust it will benefit the cause—tho' if you had not been interfered with some deficiencies might have been supplied. The matter I hope will be again brought before Parliament the ensuing Session, tho' to my no little surprize I have heard that Serg<sup>t</sup> Talfourd thinks it had better be deferred. If you can point out any way in which I can be useful, command me.

Sir R. Inglis tells me, thro' a letter to Mr H. C. Robinson, who has been spending his Christmas at Rydal—that he will tell me

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when any thing should be settled—from which I infer there is no intention of its being dropped this Session.

I cannot conclude without thanking you also for Mr Taylor's Article upon my Sonnets and shall be glad to think that the original ones which you have admitted have done no discredit to the Review.

Your children would be interested I hope in being told that we often think of them with the best of good wishes.

Believe me to be my dear Mr Lockhart

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*                    1429. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

18<sup>th</sup> January 1842

My dear Mr Moxon,

Your account of the depressed state of the book-trade makes me almost indifferent about publishing the volume which I was preparing. I nevertheless went on making corrections, and getting it transcribed by my kind friends and inmates. It is now quite ready for the Press,—and I'll give you a slight sketch of its Contents. 1<sup>st</sup> a Poem of 75 Spenserian stanzas, 23 of which have already been published, in the former Ed<sup>n</sup>, under the title of 'The Female Vagrant'. The whole poem was written in the years 1793–1794; but the yet unpublished Parts have been carefully revised. Next come 3 or 4 Elegiac Poems, 2 of them upon visiting the Grave of Burns—next an Epistle of 340 lines addressed to Sir G. Beaumont in 1811—then other Miscellaneous Poems written about and after that Period. Several others of much more recent date, down to the present time (that is, since the 'Yarrow Rev<sup>d</sup>'). The 12 Sonnets of the Appendix to be reprinted, with other miscellaneous ones—with the penal<sup>1</sup> 14.—Nearly 800 lines of 'Memorials of my Italian Tour'—the 2 versions of Chaucer, printed by Mr Powell—and lastly a Tragedy, written in my 25<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> year, and which has lain by me till now. The whole will, if printed, one Son. in a page,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Sonnets on the Punishment of Death (Oxf. W., p. 517).

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and only 2 Spenserian stanzas—at that rate make a volume fully as thick, I think, as the thickest of the six.

And now for the mode of proceeding. I must tell you at once, I would not on any account print less than 2 thousand, and am extremely averse to striking off less than 3 thousand—because I do not think it advisable to stereotype, these poems being designed to be interspersed in some future Ed. of the whole—perhaps in double columns.

Your allusion to the 'Yarrow Revisited'—which, as you say, was an edition of only 1500 copies—does not bear upon the case, as you will instantly perceive, when you recollect how many thousand copies of my Poems have been sold since that publication—and also turn your thoughts to the consequent probability that a proportionate number of those Persons who possess the 6 Volumes will complete their set by purchasing this intended volume. In future editions 'The Female Vagrant' will, of course, be omitted as a separate piece—but the reprinting of it here is indispensable.

Let me hear from you at your early convenience upon what terms you will undertake the work—bearing in mind that I am in no wise anxious about it, now that my own labour is brought to an end.

You will be seeing Mr Robinson in a few days, he and Mr Quillinan left us this morning. With our united good wishes to Mrs M, your Sister and yourself, believe me

ever yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1430. W. W. to Edward Moxon

Febr'y 3<sup>rd</sup> [1842]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I am very sorry indeed to learn that your connection with me at least considered in its direct bearings has been so unprofitable to you. On your statement I have only one remark to make, which is, that, if my memory does not fail me, I should only have suffered *negatively* by the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ed: of the Yarrow not meeting with a sale. Of course I would not have broken my connec-

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tion with the Longmans without relieving them of that Ed.; but if another Copy had not been sold the terms of my agreement were such that I should have suffered no positive *loss*. Your trade at present seems a very bad one for you, and for myself I can with truth say, that the labour which from [the] first I have bestowed on the forth-coming volume is not likely to earn for me the wages of 2/- a day. Take that, ye Men of the Trade, and make the best of it. I wish you may be right in charging the book so high—but I submit—regretting only as I sincerely do, that I ever took the trouble I have done in preparing the book for the Press at this time.

More MSS will be sent to the Printer by this day's post and he shall regularly be supplied beforehand—so that he shall have no pretext for delay from that [ ? ] and I beg you would strenuously urge him to be as quick as possible so that we may not lose, as we did last year to my great disappointment, the whole of the spring season, and no small part of the summer.

Believe me to be with our joint regards to Mrs M. and your Sister

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

M. 1431. W. W. to John Peace  
K(—)

Rydal Mount, Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1842

My dear Sir,

I was truly pleased with the receipt of the letter which you were put upon writing by the perusal of my *Penal Sonnets* in the 'Quarterly Review'. Being much engaged at present, I might have deferred making my acknowledgments for this and other favors (particularly your 'Descant') if I had not had a special occasion for addressing you at this moment. A Bristol lady has kindly undertaken to be the bearer of the walking stick which I spoke to you of some time since. It was cut from a holly-tree planted in our garden by my own hand.

Your *Descant* amused me, but I must protest against your system, which would discard punctuation to the extent you propose. It would, I think, destroy the harmony of blank verse



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when skillfully written. What would become of the pauses at the third syllable, followed by an *and*, or any such word, without the rest which a comma, when consistent with the sense, calls upon the reader to make, and which being made, he starts with the weak syllable that follows, as from the beginning of a verse? I am sure Milton would have supported me in this opinion. Thomson wrote his blank verse before his ear was formed as it was when he wrote the 'Castle of Indolence', and some of his short rhyme poems. It was, therefore, rather hard in you to select him as an instance of punctuation abused.

I am glad that you concur in my view on the *Punishment of Death*. An outcry, as I expected, has been raised against me by weak-minded humanitarians. What do you think of one person having opened a battery of nineteen fourteen-pounders upon me, i.e. nineteen sonnets, in which he gives himself credit for having blown me and my system to atoms? Another sonneteer has had a solitary shot at me from Ireland.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

ms. 1432. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

March 1<sup>st</sup> 1842

My dear Quillinan,

Your letter to Miss Fenwick moved me much on many accounts. But my motive for writing this short letter is merely to assure you of our sympathy in your vexations and distresses, and still more, very much more, to assure you that you need have no anxiety respecting judgment which we are likely to form of your character on these sad proceedings. We have all an entire confidence in your integrity from the first to the last, in your connection with the Brydges family,<sup>1</sup> and the Barrett

<sup>1</sup> In 1826 E. Q. had become entangled in the shady business concerns of the Brydges family, and through careless confidence was the participant in a fraudulent transaction by which they cleared some £15,000 (*v. The Literary Life of Sir G. B.* by Mary K. Woodworth, 1935). The matter was not cleared up till 1842, and W. wrote this letter just before Q. came up for trial. The result of the trial is thus recorded in H. C. R.'s Diary: 'I was glad to read in *The Times* a declaration from the Vice Chancellor that he believed Mr Q. was free from all intention to commit any fraud, but he is made liable with some 4 or 5 others to make up the difference between

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property, and furthermore are but too well aware of the generous sacrifices which you have made for them who have proved to be so unworthy of them. The confidence you reposed in them, however chargeable it may be with want of discretion, affords itself a strong presumption of your being incapable of joining in any dishonourable transaction. As I have confidence that you will regulate your mind as becomes you, I have nothing to add but the expression of a wish that the business may be speedily brought to a close, with as little injustice as is possible under the untoward circumstances which the wicked arts of the adverse party have produced.

Believe me, my dear Q, affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1433. W. W. to Sir William Gomm*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount March 10<sup>th</sup> 2 [18]42.

My dear Sir William,

Your very kind Letter of August 22<sup>nd</sup> is now lying before me. The intelligence it conveyed was mournful, and made me very anxious on your own and Lady Gomm's account; I should of course have replied to it immediately but the Newspapers at that time announced your instant return to England; and I thought my Letter would be sure of reaching you earlier if I waited till your arrival. Accordingly I did so; but most unfortunately whatever might have been said upon this subject afterwards never came to my knowledge; nor had I the means of knowing till two or three days ago where you actually were. To account for this I must tell you that the state of my eyes, which however, thank God, is not worse than usual, prevents me from ever looking into the Newspapers by Candlelight, and I can seldom turn to them in winter time by day. But enough of this, as I am confident that you must have imputed my Silence to any thing rather than a due sense of your kind attention. £22,000 and £7,000, besides costs, which will be a sad dead weight lying on him and prevent his doing anything for his wife.' It was, of course, E. Q.'s financial straits, and the fact that this trial was hanging over him, that had been W.'s chief reason for opposing his marriage with Dora.

<sup>1</sup> v. note, p. 985.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, March 1, v. Reed, p. 62.

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tion, or of the importance of the matter upon which your Letter mainly turned. Let me now, late as it is, perhaps, congratulate you and Lady Gomm having escaped the disease by which so many of your friends, and some of such high Character, as well as such numbers of the Men under your care, have been laid low: Mrs W joins me in the expression of this congratulation, and in a hope that Lady Gomm and you have returned in unimpaired health. We have both weathered the winter stoutly, though latterly a good deal over exerted in preparing and carrying through the Press a new Vol of Miscellaneous Poems of which some were written so far back as 1793, and several others within these last 4 or 5 years, up almost to yesterday.—

I hope that you were able to succeed in your humane, and other-wise laudable endeavour to induce Government to sanction the establishment which you had set on foot for a mountain station for the Troops. Your character of your Friend Colonel Ellis interested me greatly and no one could have read it without deploring his loss.

I condole with you upon the dismal news which we have just receive[d] from India.<sup>1</sup> Such a disastrous event could scarcely have happened without great error in judgement, somewhere; and perhaps other faults meriting severe blame. It is however no use to make such remarks now, unless as far as public expression of such an opinion may be of avail if justly founded, to prevent the like in future. The determination to die rather than submit to dishonour is noble and such as we have a right to expect from the British Soldier. May you my dear Sir Wm. and those under your command, never be reduced to the alternative that these poor Men appear to have been subject to, I mean under such circumstances; for all Soldiers worthy of the name must ever have the principle before their eyes.

Believe me with the kindest remembrances to yourself and Lady Gomm in which Mrs Wordsworth cordially unites

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> In the last months of 1841 there had been a general revolt of the Afghans, a British force was annihilated in the Khyber Pass, and Sir William Macnaghten treacherously murdered whilst treating for peace.

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MS. 1434. W. W. to Edward Moxon  
K(—)<sup>1</sup>

March 23, 1842

Dear Mr Moxon,

The task of Printing will be over instantly. Tomorrow I expect the last of it and heartily glad am I to be done. If I had foreseen the minute Labour which I have had to undergo in correcting these Poems, I never should have gone to Press with them at all. I actually detest Publication, and all that belongs to it; and if these Poems do not benefit some minds here and there, I shall reproach myself for playing the Fool at my time of life in such a way.

I have had much to commend in<sup>2</sup> the care and attention of Messrs Bradbury & Evans; and pray tell them so from me if you should happen to see them.

The Book will upon the whole, be found, I trust, correctly printed. But owing to some neglect of mine, perhaps originating in the bad state of my eyes, there are no less than four errors<sup>3</sup> in three successive Pages. They occur,

In the beginning of the first of the Italian Poems as follows

Page 97 'lowering' for 'towering'

98 page—from such comforts as are there read 'thine'

page 99<sup>th</sup>—with wakeful eyes could *spare* or wish to *spare* it  
—read in both cases *share*

Now I very much wish that in every copy these errors as they stand so near each other should be corrected in *printed* Letters with a Pen. It would be little trouble, and they are errors of an odious kind for they leave something like sense. Tell me whether this had better be done before or after the Books are put up in boards. At all events done it must be.—I will send you in a post or two the names of the Persons in and about London, to whom I wish Copies to be sent from myself. But I have particularly to request that no Copies be sent to any Reviewer or Editor of Magazines or Periodicals whatever. I shall send one myself to Mr Lockhart as a token of private Friendship, but not as editor

<sup>1</sup> K. misdates 1843.

<sup>2</sup> in: *written* by

<sup>3</sup> In *Musings near Aquapendente*, ll. 8, 21, 55, 56.

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of the 'Quarterly Review'. I make no exception in this matter whatever. Faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Kind regards to Mrs Moxon and your Sister, in which Mrs W. joins.

*MS.* 1435. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount [March 27, 1842]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I have nothing to do with the book but to correct the press of one additional note, which I expect today, and I write this merely to beg that you would give me an assurance that the 4 errors of the Press, pointed out in the 3 first Pages of the first of the poems upon Italy have been, or will be corrected according to the directions given in my former letters. A slip of errata would not answer, because those things, when found in the book, are scarcely ever attended to, but in fact the paper is seldom bound up with the volume, and I cannot bear the idea that these Poems should start with 4 bits of nonsense—the worse, because not one in twenty would find it out—but the twenty-first, who did find it out, would say, 'What stuff does Mr Wordsworth write!' You will perhaps have thought that I was splenetic, in insisting upon this volume not being sent to the Reviews.—It is a thing which I exceedingly dislike, as done, seemingly, to propitiate.

If any work comes from an Author of distinction, they will be sure to get hold of it, if they think it would serve their publication so to do; and if they be inclined to speak well of it, either from its own merits or their good opinion of the Author in general, sending the book is superfluous; and if they are hostile, it would only gratify the Editor's or Reviewer's vanity, and set an edge upon his malice. These are secrets of human nature which my turn for dramatic writing (early put aside) taught me—or rather that turn took its rise from the knowledge of this kind with which observation had furnished me.

Mrs W. protests against all this, and says if I am to write in such a strain I had better take the pen in to my own hand. Good-bye.

faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

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*MS. 1436. M. W. and W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[April 1<sup>st</sup> 1842]

My dear Mr Moxon

Mr W. requests you will desire the Printers to send down the sheets, following upon those we have, which reach to the 224<sup>th</sup> page, as they are struck off—to complete the Copy, which will serve us to make notes upon, instead of using a fresh one.

Be kind enough to add Mr Boxall's name to the list to whom the Author wishes a Copy to be sent. And pray if dear Miss Lamb is in a state to receive pleasure from the attention do not let her be forgotten. Mr W. bids me add that he regrets you have nothing more favorable to hold out than that the book is likely to have a 'very *fair*' sale—cold comfort he says for him who has wasted so much health and strength in minute correction which nobody will either thank him for, nor care any thing about, and which wasted health and strength (I now write from his dictation, observe) might in part have been recovered if the profits of the volume could have left him free in conscience to take a recreative trip to Paris or elsewhere! such stuff my good husband compels me to write—

(Again from his dictation) There is in the end a wretched Author of the name of Cornish who has published a 'National Poem, The Thames',<sup>1</sup> and he has been dunning me for praise of it—2 copies of it are probably in your possession to be sent down—a third he has sent me direct through the post and in it I find my name down as a Sub. for 2 copies. If money for these be demanded pray refuse payment—for when he broached the matter to me he asked *my* 'acceptance' of two copies and for which in common civility I was obliged to thank him, tho' I would much rather have been without the favour. Now, if such Copies *are* in your possession, if you can, without rudeness, return them, pray do, with a message, saying that as Mr W. has received *one copy*, he cannot feel himself justified in retaining the other two.

Pray tell me what you think is the main cause of the great falling off in the sale of books—The young men in the Univer-

<sup>1</sup> *The Thames, a descriptive Poem*, by T. H. Cornish, Pickering, 1842.

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sities cannot be supposed to be straitened much in their allowance, yet I find that scarcely any books are sold them. Dr Arnold told me that his lads seemed to care for nothing but Bozzy's next No.,<sup>1</sup> and the Classics suffered accordingly—Can that Man's public and others of the like kind materially affect the question—I am quite in the dark

Yours etc

Wm Wordsworth.

MS. 1437. W. W. to Thomas Powell

Rydal Sat. 2<sup>nd</sup> April '42.

My dear Mr Powell:

I deferred noticing your Vol: of Poems till I could find time, with daylight, to read it. I have now done so, and can sincerely say with great pleasure. The thoughts and sentiments I find myself in sympathy with, every where I think, except page 315. Napoleon, or Buonaparte as I being an old man am accustomed to call him, was throughout the whole course of his life, and not less so when at St. Helena, a false creature faithless in every object as long as he had power to the opportunity which the course of things under divine providence, gave him for doing good to mankind. He was essentially a [? mean] spirit to the last. I think I mentioned to you long ago that I found your workmanship as a Poet not equal to the beauty and grandeur of your thoughts and feelings. I still am of the same opinion notwithstanding the pleasure the perusal of your Vol. has given me; and how here to assist you I do not know. I can only then reflect that your bard has gratified me much. The divine History of the Earth, The invocation to the Earth etc etc are all in a high strain of thought and feeling, and other pieces are [?] for appropriate tenderness.

I have directed Mr Moxon to send a copy of my forthcoming Vol. to you. I am heartily glad to get it off my hands; for being desirous to get it through the proof before easter, I worked in-

<sup>1</sup> Dickens's *Sketches by Boz* had appeared in 1836, and since that time *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge* successively in monthly parts. In 1842 his *American Notes* were appearing.

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temperately at the correction of such lines as I thought required [?] study and did my health a good deal of harm by an unnatural condensing of labour which if it had been spread over a longer time might not have happened. I hope you may find something that will interest you. With kindest remembrance in which Mrs Wordsworth unites and sincere regards for Mrs Powell.

W. Wordsworth

K(—)            1438. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

April 3, 1842.

My dear Mr Moxon,

I see no reason for changing my mind about sending to the Reviews. My friend and present neighbour, Mr Faber (who has just published a volume with Rivington), tells me that he has not sent his work to the Reviewers, nor is it his habit to do so, though well aware that a favourable review—in the *Quarterly*, for instance—helps sale very considerably. I cannot tolerate the idea of courting the favour (or seeming to do so) of any critical tribunal in this country, the House of Commons not excepted. . . . I suppose by this time my volume is out. You need not fear its not being noticed enough, whether for praise or censure.

Ever sincerely yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.            1439. *W. W. to Dora Quillinan*

K(—)

April 7, 1842.

My dear Daughter,

I cannot suffer the morning of my Birthday to pass without telling you that my heart is full of you and all that concerns you.

Yesterday was lovely, and this morning is not less so. God grant that we may all have like sunshine in our hearts so long as we remain in this transient world.

It is about half-past nine; two hours hence we go to pay a condoling visit to poor Fanny. Mr Carter, James, and I all



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attended the funeral on Monday ; it was a beautiful afternoon, the light of the declining sun glowing upon Fairfield, as described in *The Excursion* at Dawson's funeral.<sup>1</sup> The Psalm sung before raising the Coffin from its station before the door, and afterwards as the procession moved between the trees, was most touching. Mr Greenwood was there and told me the name (which I forget) of the Composer, who lived two hundred years ago. The music was worthy of the occasion and admirably given, the School-master, a very respectable man, leading the four or five voices ; upon these occasions the Women do not sing, and I think that is well judged, the sound being more grand and solemn, whatever it may lose in sweetness by the want of female tones. After the funeral we walked to the Fletchers<sup>2</sup>—the place very tempting—they are expected on Saturday.

I am pretty well, but far from having recovered the strength which I lost through several sleepless nights, the consequence of over and ill-timed exertion to get the volume out before Easter, in which attempt I failed.

I am glad you like the tragedy.<sup>3</sup> I was myself surprised to find the interest so kept up in the fourth and fifth Acts. Of the third I never doubted, and quite agree with you that Herbert's speech is much the finest thing in the drama ; I mean the most moving, or rather, the most in that style of the pathetic which one loves to dwell upon, though I acknowledge it is not so intensely dramatic as some parts of the fifth act especially.

As to the first, my only fear was that the *action* was too far advanced in it. I think the scene where the vagrant tells her false story has great merit ; it is thoroughly natural and yet not commonplace nature.

Some of the sentiments which the development of Oswald's character required will, I fear, be complained of as too depraved for anything but biographical writing.

With affectionate remembrances to your Husband and the Girls,

Ever yours,

W. W.

<sup>1</sup> Bk. VII, 875.

<sup>2</sup> at Lancrigg.

<sup>3</sup> *The Borderers*.

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MS. 1440. *W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

Rydal Mount Ambleside 8<sup>th</sup> April '42

Yesterday I entered my 73<sup>d</sup> year.

My dear Haydon

Thank you for your Address. It is a spirited thing, and judicious. I read it with much pleasure.—I particularly approve of what you say of Modern German Art. It was in course of Nature that in long-past times Men should paint as they painted whom the Germans of this day take for Models, affectedly, as I think, and in proportion feebly. Nevertheless, I must say that I think there is a touching and austere simplicity and beauty, with a corresponded dept[h] of expression, in many of the faces and persons of single figures in the Scripture pieces of Pietro Perugini and other painters both Italian and German of the elder Schools which Raphael with all his marvellous power failed to attain, or rather did not attempt, being inclined by classical influences to aim at some thing else.—

As to the comparative durability of Fresco and oil one thing is clear that in some situations, Fresco seems very perishable in others almost immortal. The deservedly celebrated Auroras of Guido, at Rome, seemed to my eye as fresh as yesterday; while other things in the same City had faded almost to perishing.

I wish heartily the project in which creditably to yourself [you] have taken so lively an interest, and in which you are fit by talents and labour to take a prominent part may succeed—

I have desired Moxon to send a Copy of my new Vol. to you.  
Ever faithfully yours

my dear Haydon

Wm Wordsworth

K(—) 1441. *W. W. to Thomas Noon Talfourd*

17<sup>th</sup> April [1842]

My dear Serjeant Talfourd,

You pay me far too great a compliment by the importance you attach to my being at home as an indispensable condition of your passing your vacation among our Lakes. My inclination

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last year was, and continues in this also, to visit [? Switzerland]<sup>1</sup> in the autumn, and to pass thence on to Italy with a view to completing my notice of that country which the cholera prevented when I was at Rome<sup>2</sup> with Robinson. . . . But there are still so many hindrances in the way that I cannot encourage the expectation of being able to get over them; so that I am at liberty to say that, for aught I can foresee, I shall be at Rydal the greatest part of the time you would have at your command. Nevertheless I cannot bind myself in the matter. I am dependent upon others in many ways; nor can I answer for what sort of inclination might spring up in me, or what necessities I might be under.

Be assured, however, your being in the country would be a strong inducement for my not yielding to a temptation to go from home. . . . Two houses are likely to be free at the time you mention. One is in the town, or rather village part of the town, of Ambleside, and is now occupied by my daughter and her husband, and his two daughters. . . .

Very sincerely, and with great esteem,

Your much obliged

W. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1442. W. W. to Mrs A. M. Woodford*

Rydal Mount April 19<sup>th</sup> '42.

Dear Madam,

I have just received The Elegant Vol. of the Book of Sonnets,<sup>3</sup> and beg you would accept my thanks for it, and my acknowledgement of the honor you have done me in dedicating it to me. As far as I am able to judge, the Selection seems such as will do you credit for taste and discrimination.

Believe me to remain

dear Madam

sincerely your

obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*Address: Mrs. A. M. Woodford, Cary Parade, Torquay.*

<sup>1</sup> Switzerland: Westmorland K., which is absurd.

<sup>2</sup> Rome: Homesworth K. [*sic*].

<sup>3</sup> *The Book of Sonnets*, edited by A. Montagu Woodford. London, 1841.

MAY 1842

MS. 1443. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

[Early May 1842]

My dearest Friend

At the request of Mary I forward this note to you that you may see what high company I keep.<sup>1</sup> Of our proceedings here Mary has told you up to this minute almost. At Breakfast I have just seen Mr and Mrs Taylor, both apparently very well. Mrs James, not at Breakfast, but a minute or two before, looking rather well, and then Capt<sup>n</sup> Elliot, but not his brother Frederick whose wife is something better, Sir Francis Doyle, and Mr Evens the American Minister; and lastly, for your information dear Miss Fenwick, Lady Harriet Baring. Upon my return to my great joy appeared Dr Ferguson, who had been most kindly sent by Mr Taylor. Mr Taylor told me this fact. A Son of Mr Perceval, the Prime Minister, applied to Sir R. Peel and was answered. That he, Sir R, could hold out no hopes. He had been 8 months in office, and had only one place above 100 per annum at his disposal, which he had given to his Brother in law. I do not therefore think I have any thing to hope for beyond surrendering my Off: in favour of Wm in case they will transfer it to him, and trusting to their doing something for me in the way of pension. Mrs Taylor invited me to stay sometime during her own absence with her Husband. Mr Taylor joined in the request; but being so near, I can easily see Mr Taylor without being his guest, and giving up the society of Mrs Hoare.

Mary's heart as well as mine is much lightened by having seen Dr Ferguson; she is delighted by his excellent countenance and kind manner. Dr F will see Dora again on Tuesday when he will breakfast with us.

Do not think my Head will be turned, when I tell you, that in addition to the invitation mentioned above I have had one from the President of the *Royal Society*, the Marquis of Northampton, to attend his Soirées—all very pretty, but I would give the whole and fifty times as much, to be free from the annoyance

<sup>1</sup> This letter begins on a sheet of paper containing an invitation to W. to dine with the Committee of the Literary Fund, the Prince Consort in the Chair.

MAY 1842

and disability, which my knee causes me. But dearest Miss F. I will live in hope notwithstanding 72 years and one month, and all they may urge against it.

At the exhibition I saw several things that pleased me, but there is a sad mediocrity upon the whole and nothing of *first* rate merit in all particulars. I cannot conclude dearest Miss Fenwick without thanks for your Letter which gave so agreeable an account of you both

ever most affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1444. W. W. to Lady Monteagle*

I hold the pen for my Husband [M. W.]

Rydal June 28<sup>th</sup> [1842]

Dear Lady Monteagle,

I feel much obliged to you for your letter, and also to Lord M. for the Copy-right bill as amended. I am rather slow and doubtful in ascertaining the language of Acts of Parliament, but say to L<sup>d</sup> M. that as far as I am able to see into the matter, the main clause, viz the 4<sup>th</sup>, seems to secure what was desirable, and upon the whole, the proposed Law will be a decided benefit to Authors; but I am sure that the time will come, and is not far distant, when the Legislature will be convinced, and act upon the conviction, that they who are so gifted as to produce works whether in Prose or Verse of lasting interest, sh<sup>d</sup> in their family and posterity be lastingly rewarded, out of the sale of their labours. For the sake of those who for such worthy motives have taken an interest in this tedious matter, I heartily wish that it may come to a speedy conclusion.

An inflammation in one of my eyes, which began in London, and was aggravated by my journey home, has compelled me to employ my Wife's pen which you will excuse. The attack will excite your sympathy as it has prevented me from enjoying the comfort and beauty of our Home to the degree that I should otherwise have done—but long and frequent trials of this kind have produced their natural and necessary effect—patience and resignation.

JUNE 1842

Mary and I have seen Mrs Arnold and others of her family. The afflicted Widow is able to talk about her Husband—it is a great comfort, and one might almost say a pleasure, as she now weeps abundantly, a relief that did not come at first. We trust that, if we are spared, our society will be of much benefit to her, and I have already set her mind at ease about the management of her grounds, which I shall have the greatest pleasure to undertake. Her poor Daughter, with whose heavy disappointment you are no doubt acquainted, supports herself as firmly, as under such trials could be expected—and all the children have but one wish, to comfort their Mother. Her own Sister is staying with her—and a widowed Sister of Dr Arnold, Mrs Ward, with her family who have lately resided at Rugby, are about to follow her Brother's Widow and his children with the intention of settling near them.

I regret to say we are to lose Miss Fenwick on Monday or Tuesday next. Anna Ricketts, who came down with us, we hope will remain a few weeks longer.

Your report is the last we have heard of your Father Mother and Aunts. We have got into a vein of West weather, tho' often bright and beautiful, which we hope may improve before our Friends arrive on the other side of Kirkstone.

With our united kindest regards and respects to L<sup>d</sup> Monteagle and love to yourself, believe me aff<sup>ly</sup> to be,

faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

Thanks many and great, for your kindness to Dora.

MS. 1445. W. W. to W. E. Gladstone<sup>1</sup>  
K(—)

Rydal Mount, June 28<sup>th</sup> [1842]

My dear Mr Gladstone,

I left London for the North last Thursday week, and have been waiting for something definitive before I could with propriety write to you. Upon quitting you after our last interview I called upon Lord Lonsdale, and put L<sup>d</sup> Monteagle's Paper into his hands; his Lordship was then inclined to forward it to Sir

<sup>1</sup> Attached to this letter is the note: 'Mr W. is in his 73<sup>rd</sup> year. His present available income is not more than £300 a year, including the annuity of £100 left him by the late Sir G. Beaumont.—W. E. G.'

JUNE 1842

R<sup>t</sup> Peel as soon as he should receive from me certain notices with which I wished it to be accompanied; these I could not accurately give till I came home. When I was about to forward them to L<sup>d</sup> L., I was informed from his Lordship that he had particular reasons for not moving in the matter for some little time, and expressed a hope that I should be satisfied with this decision. To this I replied that I submitted willingly to his judgment, and repeated what I had said to him in conversation, that I never wished Sir R<sup>t</sup> P. should be formally solicited to grant me a Gover<sup>t</sup> Pension, but merely that he should early be made acquainted with the fact, that the annual sacrifice which I had made, upon his kind compliance with my desire that the Office I held should be transferred to my Son, amounted to upwards of £400, being more than half of my Income. I was rather anxious that Sir R<sup>t</sup> should know this as early as could be done with propriety, because the sum appropriated for the recompense of Persons thought deserving is limited, and might altogether be forestalled—further, as I have reached my 73<sup>d</sup> year, there is not much time to lose, if I am thought worthy of being benefited.

Under these circumstances, dear Sir, I leave it to your judgment how to proceed, being fully assured that nothing will be done by you without the most delicate, well-weighed consideration of Persons and circumstances.

Pray give me a moment to say whether you would wish to have L<sup>d</sup> Monteagle's paper, which has been returned to me by L<sup>d</sup> L. A distressing inflammation in one of my eyes compels me to employ Mrs Wordsworth's pen which you will excuse. Pray present my compliments to Mrs Gladstone, and believe me my dear Sir, faithfully to be,

your much obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS.* 1446. *W. W. to W. E. Gladstone*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, July 11<sup>th</sup>, 42.

My dear Mr. Gladstone

With many thanks for your kind letter I now enclose Lord Monteagle's statement, which I deferred doing in the hope, a

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faint one, I confess, that I might hear thro' Lord Lonsdale, or otherwise, something relative to the matter in which you have been so good as to take an interest.

It is apparent from the newspapers that the sum appropriated to that class of Pensions has been exhausted during the course of last year, so that there is no surplus for the year ensuing; and this is, coupled with my advanced age, a strong reason why time should not be lost in reminding Sir Robert Peel of me. Nevertheless, after what has passed between Lord Lonsdale and myself, and which you are acquainted with, I do not like to resume the subject with his Lordship. If, therefore, an occasion should occur which you think favourable, I leave it to your judgment to do as you think best; trusting that I shall stand free of any charge of indelicacy to Lord L., if I wish also to profit by your friendly dispositions, as might be more likely to fall in your way from your relation to the present Govern<sup>t</sup>.

The movements of the Stamp Off: have been rather slow in respect to the transfer of the stamps under my charge, so that I cannot yet regard my Son as standing exactly in my late position; as soon as the Head Off: has authorized me to do this, I shall think it my duty to thank Sir Robert Peel for his compliance with my request, I having as yet only left a card at his house when in town.

The inflammation in my eye is a good deal abated, but I still am obliged to employ Mrs Wordsworth's pen. She joins me in kind respects to yourself and Mrs Gladstone; and believe me, my dear Sir,

faithfully, your much obliged

Wm. Wordsworth

MS. 1447. W. W. to S. Wilkinson<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount July 11. 1842

Dear Sir

I feel no difficulty in saying that you are at liberty to make such extracts from my writings as are suitable to the publica-

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the *Christian's Miscellany*, 2 vols., Leeds, 1842.



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tion of which you have sent me a specimen from the works of Mr Coleridge; tho' I think your proposal reasonable that I should see a copy before your selections appear.

As your work seems to consist much of Selection I think it proper to state to you, that you are mistaken in supposing you or any one has a '*legal right*' to publish at any length the works of any living Author, however long they may have been before the world (unless by express contracts with him to that effect). The Bill which has now the sanction of Parliament extends the term of the Author's right, under all circumstances, from 28 to 42 years—and allows (should the Author survive the 42 years) the term to continue to the end of his Life, and for 7 years after his demise.

It may not be amiss to mention that in a volume of my Poems, making the 7<sup>th</sup>, are three Sonnets entitled 'Aspects of Christianity in America' that are not unlikely to suit your purpose.<sup>1</sup>

I am, Sir, respectfully

Yours

W. Wordsworth

*MS.*            1448. *W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

July 28<sup>th</sup> [1842]<sup>2</sup>

... but to tell you dear friend of all the incidental occurrences and daily and hourly visitants that we have had and seemed to be in the midst of is beyond my patience to write and would tire you to read—all the comments upon the Rush-bearing carried on under Mr Faber's zeal for the Old Church, and Mr Harrison's generosity in supporting it in a grand scale—great wedding at Grasmere, and Miss Orrel the Bride, whose Brother is a mighty rich manufacturer, and she herself wondrous rich also, the Bridegroom a Banker. The whole Vale of Grasmere has been thinking of nothing but this Gala for many days. Every Girl had a new Frock and every boy a new Hat bound with blue ribbon, and you may judge of the feasting when you are told that Omnibuses, one of them with four Horses, came charged with

<sup>1</sup> v. Oxf. W., pp. 443-4.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, July 18, v. Reed, p. 74.

panniers full of meats and drinks from Lancaster or beyond ; two French Cooks superintended and the sound of cannon heard at different times of the day and at the close of the wedding until midnight proclaimed far and wide the rejoicing. How soon may this be turned into mourning for the principals and for no small portion of those who partook the festivity ! Have you my very dear Friend found out where Wm Wordsworth the Husband of Mary took up the Pen ?<sup>1</sup> She has told you that my eyes are well so far as relates to inflammation, it is so, but the eyelid has not fallen to its natural size, and the eye continues much weaker than is to be wished. You report Mr Taylor's opinion of light. Light and air are no doubt indispensable for the well being of the eyes, but then how difficult is it, nay it is impossible, to avoid mischief in courting the benefit. With regard [to this] I had an instance yester evening the effects of which I feel at this moment. Is it worth while to tell you that yesterday we had the two Archdeacons Wilberforce, their younger Br Henry I believe and [ ? ]'s wife and two other Ladies to tea. It would have been an odd rencontre if they had appeared when Mr Robinson<sup>2</sup> was under our roof.

A clergyman has been with us twice, a most ardent admirer of mine who lives at Babbacomb, and has come so far principally to see me. He spoke much of his mortification upon learning from the B<sup>p</sup> of Exeter that I had been in front of his cottage of which he has left me a drawing done by a friend—as a work of art it is of no value, but interesting to me as a memorial of the place and of the worthy Man who gave it. Mr Englehart (was he at Rydal before you left us) has given me a very good Drawing of the view from the door of the Summer House which I should like one day to have engraved, it is from the same point as Cordelia Marshall's but much better done ; he had been once an Artist by profession. This morning I conducted dear Anna to the point opposite the higher division of the high waterfall of Rydal, of which you must have heard me speak. I left her there

<sup>1</sup> W. W. began to write at the words 'Miss Orrel'—a long letter from M. W. precedes this, of which I have given a few sentences.

<sup>2</sup> The Wilberforces had just published a Life of their father, in which Clarkson had been unfairly treated. H. C. R. had written a strong defence of Clarkson.

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drawing. She has done some very pretty things in and about our Village which will be delightful Memorials to take away with her. Her visit has I sincerely believe been a most happy one. We have only to regret that the bright weather and being so much out of doors drawing has been over trying for her eyes—the lids of which are a little affected exactly in the same way as mine, the space beneath the under lid being swoln and feeling weak and somewhat painful, just as mine did and is apt to do. I wish we were as susceptible of the pleasure she gives by her music as by her pencil, though that we enjoy not a little. Mr Faber has been here several times, he is writing poetry at an immense rate, meaning to have a Volume out before his departure in Jan<sup>ry</sup> for the Continent. Mrs Fletcher appears to be doing as well as can be expected and Mrs Arnold feeds with delight upon the memory of her Husband. The Roughsedges have been on a sea coast Tour for some days at Rampside, Broughton etc. He continues very nervous and disturbed in his Head so that I, who am as you know too well in matters of health not a little of an alarmist, cannot help being uneasy about him, and I think his wife is the same.

Mr Reed's Letter is ominous, but Mr Jefferay a mercantile friend of Mr Robinson's in whose judgement he has the greatest confidence, and who has lived much in America says that if he had money at liberty he would lodge it with the State of Pennsylvania, not having a doubt that in no long course of time they will make good their engagements; because, says he, the Americans are a shrewd people and will soon learn that credit is power, and with Power comes Wealth, and that without keeping engagements credit cannot be maintained; so that you see leaving honesty out of the question he is nevertheless confident of a good result.

And now my dear Friend I should like to let loose my heart upon this scrap of Paper—but it is folly to think of it. Mary has already told you how deeply we love you and how ardently we long for your return, though for my own part I must say that encreasing years are I feel making me less and less of an interesting companion. Nothing however said or done to me for some time has in relation to myself given me so much pleasure

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as a casual word of Anna's that the expression of my face was ever varying. I had begun to fear that it had lately been much otherwise. Take care of yourself

ever faithfully and fervently yours

Wm Wordsworth

1449. *W. W. to George Washington Doane*<sup>1</sup>

*'The Dial', for July 1842.*

. . . The proceedings of some of the States in your country, in money concerns, and the shock which is given to the credit of the State of Pennsylvania, have caused much trouble under our roof, by the injury done to some of my most valuable connexions and friends. I am not personally and directly a sufferer; but my brother, if the State of Pennsylvania should fail to fulfil its engagements, would lose almost all the little savings of his long and generous life. My daughter, through the perfidy of the State of Mississippi, has forfeited a sum, though but small in itself, large for her means; a great portion of my most valued friends have to lament their misplaced confidence. Topics of this kind are not pleasant to dwell upon, but the more extensively the injury is made known, the more likely is it, that where any remains of integrity, honor, or even common humanity exist, efforts will be made to set and keep things right. . . .

*MS.*      1450. *W. W. to Dora Quillinan*

Wednesday morn. 17<sup>th</sup> Aug. '42

My dear Child,

I drank your health along with Mother's yesterday in remembrance of your birthdays. And I now send you a thousand good wishes for happy returns of the same. I also send you three sonnets written for the Ecclesiastical series, where they are wanted. Two of them, viz those upon the marriage ceremony and the funeral service were suggested as necessary by Mr Reed

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of New Jersey.

of Philadelphia, the other upon visiting the Sick, I added of my own accord.

Your dear Mother and I pair very well, and get on most happily together; it only grieves me some times to see after a pretty long walk how she suffers in her Back; not that in fact she does walks which a few years ago we should have called much. Since my eye has improved I seem to myself to be strengthening slowly; I can take so much more exercise, and it does not seem at all to hurt me. Yesterday I worked from half past eight in the morning till nearly one at watering some Hollies which we have transplanted, and in the hayfield—our second crop. This morning also I have been very busy strewing out along with James, Cook, and Jane.—I much like your project of going to the Isle of Man; if you can effect it; of course you will return by Rydal. Pray dont let Mr Quillinan print his Article upon the Vannes insurrection without being paid for it.—Mr Taylor got for his upon my Sonnets etc as much at least as paid for his Continental trip with his Wife. Your Mother will have told you of the Company we have had; we have ceased to ask any Body to dinner; but we have a great deal of '*tearing*'; Mr Humphrey, Sir Robert Peel's Son's Tutor and the pupil, along with another three times. I am truly glad to hear that your health is so much improved and trust that strength will come hereafter; though one cannot confide much in that hope, till you are placed where you can have some exercise and *much* fresh air out of doors. May that day not be distant! Your Mother and I had on Thursday a delightful drive to Lord Bradford's (St Catherines) and up to Captain Wilson's, and round by Troutbeck Chapel. Your dear Mother was charmed, so was I; but the scene was newer to her than to me.—I do not disapprove of John's trip; but I do deplore that he cannot put more energy into himself without such excitement. He has not fulfilled his promise to write to us from Southampton, nor have we heard at all from him except a short note dropped in passing. Will you be so kind as to forward the sonnets to Miss Fenwick. I have heard again a third letter from that good man Mr Reed; the contents more hopeful somewhat than I looked for. Some taxes are imposed with a view to discharge the State obligations, but

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the August interest will certainly be suspended. Remember me affectionately to Mr Quillinan and also to the Girls with the best of good wishes for poor Rotha. Your most affectionate Father

W. Wordsworth.

*MS.*                    *1451. W. W. to George Ticknor*

Rydal Mount Tuesday Morning [late summer 1842]

My dear Sir,

It will give me much pleasure to see you and Mrs Ticknor at any time this afternoon which may suit you, the sooner the better as the days are become short. If you reach Ambleside too late for Rydal this evening pray come over to morrow to breakfast; our hour is a little after eight, but don't mind that, we can easily suit your convenience.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* George Ticknor Esq., Salutation Hotel, Ambleside.

*MS.*                    *1452. W. W. to Thomas Powell*

[? summer<sup>1</sup> 1842]

My dear Mr Powell,

Your fine Cheddar Cheese and the six volumes of your Poems arrived punctually, and I thank you kindly for these tokens of your regard.—One of the Volumes I have already presented to an esteemed female Friend who will prize it as it deserves, and the chief part of the others I shall dispose of from time to time as a fitting occasion may offer.—I am truly sorry that the considerations you mention prevented you calling upon me; I rather thought that I was denied the pleasure of seeing you from your sense of your own engagements in business, otherwise I should have pressed you to come with us with much more earnestness. I regret the more that we [saw] so little of you, because I feel that I am too advanced in years to be free to encourage hope of renewing my visits to London. If that is

<sup>1</sup> Undated, but clearly written before Oct., when W. was granted a pension, *v.* Letter 1458.

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to be, my plan must be entirely changed, for the late hours of dinner so different from what I am accustomed to, and the long-protracted exertions of the day, brought on an inflammation in one of my eyes from which I have not yet entirely recovered.

I was induced to go to Town, wholly upon business the last time, in which however I succeeded. One of my objects was to procure the transfer of the office I have held for 29 years and a quarter to my youngest Son. This has been effected through the kindness of Sir Robert Peel much to my satisfaction, though my income is reduced thereby more than one half. The pension spoken of in the Newspapers, was a fiction of their own—

My sitting to Mr Lough was quite out of

[*cetera desunt*]

MS.

1453. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount Sep<sup>r</sup>. 6<sup>th</sup> [18]42<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir

The accompanying note addressed to Mr Thornton, will I trust put you in the way of seeing those letters of Charles 1<sup>st</sup> which I spoke of—he lives at Clapham, but is almost sure of being found at the Stamp Office every day between the hours of 11 and 3. So that you had best call there.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have been called upon by an American Gentleman who embarks for his own Country, he was kind enough to take charge of two letters, which I had intended to trouble you with. If you have not already written to Mr Ticknor upon the matter of the Boston petition, pray spare yourself that trouble—for what passed between us upon that subject, having been confirmed by this Gentleman, I am fully persuaded, that the petition was got up by Publishers and others of inferior consideration—so that the City of Boston cannot be fairly considered as dishonored by it.

I cannot forbear telling you that Mrs Hill, the daughter of Mr Southey whom you saw at my house looking so well and chearful—gave birth to a fine stout boy before 6 o'clock next morning. Both the Mother and Child are doing well.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, Sept. 4, v. Reed, p. 81.

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Allow me to say that I regret our interview was so short—  
and believe me dear Sir, with best wishes for your safe return  
to your native land, in which Mrs W. joins, sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1454. W. W. to S. Wilkinson*

Rydal Mount Sep<sup>r</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> [1842]

Dear Sir

Many thanks for your communication and the accompanying Letter. Your purpose seems judiciously fulfilled; only I have ventured upon the other leaf of this sheet to submit one or two remarks to your consideration which you will be so kind as to excuse. The whole I willingly leave to yourself.

Be assured that I deeply sympathize with you in what you have said upon the persecution which the Oxford Divines are undergoing; but happily little of it reached my ears among these mountains. I scarcely ever look into a periodical work except it be a daily newspaper. And Pamphlets I never see except such as are now and then sent me by their Authors. With none of the Tractarians have I a personal acquaintance, except Mr Keble be one; he is I am sure as meek and humble minded a christian as is anywhere to be found—Differing in one particular from you I rather think that I should better serve the cause we have in common, were I to abstain from what you recommend. It would seem to enroll me as a partisan; and the support which I might otherwise give to Catholic truth would, I fear, in numerous quarters, be impaired accordingly.—Highly approving your object, I most heartily wish your publication success. Believe me dear Sir with high respect

sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. I have just added 4 sonnets to the ecclesiastical series, upon the marriage ceremony, upon thanksgiving after childbirth, upon the visitation of the sick, and upon the funeral service. These were wanting to complete the notice of the English Liturgy. I have interwoven also, three others, tending



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to qualify or mitigate the condemnation which by conscience  
I am compelled to pass upon the abuses of the Roman See.

### Errata and Corrections

See the article headed Childhood—

‘And part far from them sweetest melodies’<sup>1</sup> dele and

Towards the close of the Ex. from the Abbey of S<sup>t</sup> Bees, is a  
line with which I have always been dissatisfied—

‘She in her own would merge the Eternal will’<sup>2</sup>

I should like it to be corrected thus

She sinks, Idolatress of formal skill,

In her own systems Gods eternal will

The Ex: that follows seems scarcely intelligible, so much being  
omitted and not having a more definite title than Imaginative  
Regrets—What do you say to substituting the lines towards the  
bottom of the 297 Page in the 8<sup>th</sup> Book of the Excursion.

‘of old

Our Ancestors etc<sup>3</sup>

Spiritual Attendance

The Soul\$ to purer worlds’<sup>4</sup>

dele s

Bruges

‘A deeper peace than in the desert\$ found’<sup>5</sup>

This line stands                      than *that* in deserts found

Than *that*, I feel to be prosaic, perhaps you have altered it on  
that account. In this case dele the s in deserts

Musings near Aquapendente

As she survives in union — — dele. r. ruin<sup>6</sup>  
and below, for ‘*suffer* religious faith’ read suffers

I am loth to object to any mode of circulating the Cumberland  
Beggar, as I believe that Poem has done much good. But your  
general object being what it is, it does not seem sufficiently  
appropriate—there is little I hope in my poetry that does not  
breathe more or less in a religious atmosphere; as these verses

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Talk*, l. 25 (Oxf. W., p. 488).

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 468, l. 159. W. did not finally adopt the reading here  
suggested.

<sup>3</sup> *Exc.* viii. 185 (Oxf. W., p. 877).

<sup>4</sup> *Apology*, l. 12 (Oxf. W., p. 423).

<sup>5</sup> Oxf. W., p. 334.

<sup>6</sup> Oxf. W., p. 357, l. 293; r. ruin = *read* ruin.

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certainly do, but if you were to take as wide a range as this Ex: leads to, one scarcely sees why it should be selected in preference to many others. Would you object to substitute for it the beginning of the 6<sup>th</sup> Book of the Excursion—or an Ex: from the close of the preceding one, as having a more strict connection with your title.

*MS.*            1455. *W. W. to W. E. Gladstone*

Rydal Mount Sept 29<sup>th</sup> 42

My dear Mr Gladstone,

I do not write to thank for your kind services, though duly sensible of them, but in fulfilment of an intention put off from an unwillingness to obtrude my regret upon you at a time when so many inquiries would be made, and so much concern expressed upon the occasion of your late accident,<sup>1</sup> so I call it, depending upon the authority of the Newspapers—I may now congratulate you I hope upon all *danger* at least being passed away, and that such inconvenience as you have to suffer, will neither cause you pain, nor interfere with your usefulness. God grant that it may be so.

Believe me, with kind regards to Mrs Gladstone  
faithfully your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*            1456. *W. W. to S. Wilkinson*

Rydal Mount, Oct. 1. 1842

Dear Sir,

As October is come, I fear I am too late in directing your attention to an important error of the Press which I have this moment discovered in looking over your Extracts from my Poems. The Extract is headed

Antient Literature

The error 'shun' for 'skim'<sup>2</sup>

Upon looking over the Extract from the Cumberland Beggar,

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 13, when Gladstone was out shooting, the second barrel of his gun went off whilst he was reloading, and shattered the forefinger of his left hand.

<sup>2</sup> *Excursion*, iii. 135.

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I regret having stated any objection to it, as it was already in type. I find it is more in the Spirit of several of the things selected than I was aware of. Pray excuse my over-haste in passing the former judgement.

Yesterday I looked over your Extracts from my friend Mr Coleridge. They cannot but do good. Is the Circulation of your Miscellany extensive?

I remain, my dear Sir, with great respect  
sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth.

P.S. This Letter must be sent off immediately if I would save the Post, and unfortunately I cannot lay my hand upon your Letter, so that I am obliged to direct at random.

*Address:* The Editor of the Christian's Miscellany, Leeds.

*MS.*            1457. *W. W. to W. E. Gladstone*  
*K(—)*

Oct<sup>br</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>, 42.

My dear Mr Gladstone,

Allow me to thank you for your last communication. With your and Sir R. Peel's view of Lord Monteagle's proceeding I concur so far as that any wish to benefit me must have prevailed little in his mind compared with the desire of making room for himself by drawing so largely upon that fund for Sir John Newport. If I should not succeed in obtaining what you have so kindly endeavoured to assist in procuring for me, I must be content; and should the pension come, it would be welcome both as a mark of public approbation and as preventing for the future the necessity of my looking more nearly to my expenditure than I have been accustomed to do. At all events I shall ever retain a grateful and most pleasing remembrance of your exertions to serve me upon this occasion; nor can I fail to be much gratified by the recollection of Sir Robert Peel's favorable opinion of my claims. I wish you had mentioned whether you suffer pain from your late accident and whether it causes you much inconvenience.—I hope not. Believe me, my dear Mr Gladstone,

faithfully, your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

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*MS.* 1458. *W. W. to W. E. Gladstone*  
*K.*

Rydal Mount, Oct. 17<sup>th</sup>, 42.

My dear Mr Gladstone,

I do not lose a moment in letting you know that Sir Robert Peel has made me an offer of a Pension of £300 per ann: for my life, and in terms which have above measure enhanced the satisfaction I feel upon the occasion.

I will not run the risk of offending you by a renewal of thanks for your good offices in bringing this about, but will content myself with breathing sincere and fervent good wishes for your welfare. Believe me, my dear Mr Gladstone,

faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS.* 1459. *W. W. to C. W.*

Rydal 17<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>br</sup> 1842

My dear Brother,

Sir Robert Peel in the most handsome terms has just made me an offer of a grant from the Civil List of 300£ per ann— for my life. You will be glad to hear this, above all as it leaves both Wm and me at ease respecting any insufficiency of my income.

I should have written more at length but we are just setting out upon a visit to Colonel and Mrs Howard at Levens, and I do not like to lose a Post. The Bishop of London told me that the Deanery of Peterborough was offered to you, was it so? I wish that dear Christopher might have the Regius Professorship of Divinity offered to him, as it would suit his health much better than does his present situation. Pray do you hear about the state of his health, we are anxious but do not like to enquire either of himself or his wife. Mary is well, dearest Sister continues much the same.

In great haste

ever affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

Pray correct in one of the Sonnets sent you, the one upon

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thanks after childbirth, thus, 'a glance of Mind cast upon this observance may renew'<sup>1</sup>

*MS.*      1460. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Levens 18<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> —42.

My dear Mr Quillinan

Mrs Wordsworth, not unauthorized, having mentioned that I proposed to write you a few lines after I had read Mr Taylor's<sup>2</sup> play, I sit down with that intention. And first let me say that I did not look into your reviewal of it till I had read the two acts to which such observations of yours, as we have seen, refer. In all that you condemn I entirely concur, and approve of the reverence with which your disapprobation is expressed; as I am pretty sure that it arose out of your personal relations to the author, and from an unwillingness to hurt Miss Fenwick's feelings. Of the impression which the whole play has made upon my mind, with much pain, I must tell you, that I regret that it was ever written. It shews great command of language, however, and in the versification there is much skill, though, owing to the want of trochaic endings in the lines, it is very often rather fit for didactic or epic poetry than the dramatic. [In] the play also are some particular passages that are very happy, but they are rather incidental than a part of the action, and throughout the whole there are striking manifestations of talent; but alas it is talent prostrated or thrown away. The subject is most unfortunately chosen, and it is still more unfortunately treated, in fact, it has betrayed the Author. Religion he has truly said in his preface is a source which will naturally be looked to by one who would deal with the profound feelings of the human heart and the worthiest aspirations of the Soul. Something to this effect he has said; but it is not such religion as this play is conversant with. A dispute between Regulars and Seculars if conducted with ten times Mr Taylor's knowledge of the question would but little affect the Reader or Spectator in these days, and as it is managed by him it is wholly uninteresting. You care for

<sup>1</sup> *Oxf. W.*, p. 447.

<sup>2</sup> *Edwin the Fair* (published 1842).

neither side; you have neither wish nor anxiety about them. And as to Dunstan the hero he is a piece of incongruity, nay of impossibility throughout. His mode of proceeding as you mention is taken from reports of dealings ascribed to him by his enemies; and these wretched tricks and devices are wholly incompatible with that compass and even grandeur of mind with which Mr Taylor has endeavoured to endow him; I say endeavoured for nothing can be more vague and obscure than the speeches put into Dunstan's mouth where he gives vent to his notions of a spiritual and everlasting Church. On my judgement such meanness as he works by cannot coexist with elevation of mind; or if it be possible, we may confidently affirm that the character is utterly unfit for dramatic exhibition. That scene of the mimic cross is unendurably profane in itself, and still more if possible is the Author to be condemned, for making the Almighty a party to his own dishonour by representing him (Dunstan does it) as sanctioning such mechanical expedients by his own practice. In all these feelings Mrs Wordsworth more than shares; and again I say that I deeply lament that Mr Taylor should have produced such a work. Of other faults there is abundance; the love-concerns are mere excrescences; and there are far too many of them, though Lyulf's account of his own passion is the gem of the Play. Wolstan and his daughter, a wanton Lyar and Impostor [        ?        ] are both excrescences, though Wolstan's speech about the voice of the wind is very pretty, and in fact the most poetical thing in the play; but enough. How Mr Taylor could think that with a story so uninteresting, people would take the trouble of learning who was who, in such a mob of *dramatis Personae*, I should be at a loss to conceive were I not aware that Shakespeare has seduced him into the practice—but alas, alas!

You would be delighted with the news of my Pension—the Letter<sup>1</sup> of Sir Robert was a masterpiece, you shall see it some time or other. Dearest Dora, this Letter if you think worth while to read it is for you also.

What a blessing was your escape from that horrible fire. Love to all. ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> v. M. II. 388.

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1461. *W. W. to Ellen Ricketts*

*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

Rydal Mount 22 Oct., 1842

Your neckcloth will be put to proof on Monday; for on that day we shall cross Kirkstone on our road to Mr Marshall's and to Carlisle in an open carriage. How lucky should we be as we propose staying a week with our son in Carlisle, if Anna should pass through during our stay there. . . . Let us also avail ourselves of this letter to thank Mrs Ricketts for her elegant present of the marble inkstand. . . . Dear Miss Fenwick reached Rydal in good health. . . . Mrs W. is now at work with the 4<sup>th</sup> Vol. of *Madame D'Arblay*<sup>1</sup>—I had read a good deal of it before and liked it better than the preceding ones. Her vanity is provoking, but when one has got over that, there is a great deal of interest to be found in it, . . .

*MS.*<sup>2</sup>  
*K.*

1462. *W. W. to Elizabeth Barrett*

Rydal Mount Oct. 26 —42

Dear Miss Barrett,

Through our common friend Mr Haydon I have received a Sonnet which his portrait of me suggested—

I should have thanked you sooner for that effusion of a feeling towards myself with which I am much gratified, but I have been absent from home and much occupied.

The conception of your Sonnet is in full accordance with the Painter's intended work, and the expression vigorous; yet the word 'ebb' though I do not myself object to it, nor wish to have it altered, will I fear prove obscure to nine readers out of ten.

'A vision free

And noble, Haydon, hath thine Art released,'<sup>3</sup>

Owing to the want of inflections in our language the construction here is obscure. Would it not be better<sup>4</sup> thus?—I was going

<sup>1</sup> *The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay* (Frances Burney), 1778–1840, ed. Charlotte Barrett, appeared in 1842.

<sup>2</sup> From a copy of the original in the hand of Sarianne Browning, communicated to me by Mr Maurice Buxton-Forman.

<sup>3</sup> released (S. B.); achieved (K.).

<sup>4</sup> better (K.); a little (S. B.).

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to write a small change in the order of the words, but I find it would not remove the objection. The verse as I take it, would be somewhat clearer thus, if you could tolerate the redundant syllable

By a vision free

And noble, Haydon, is thine Art released<sup>1</sup> —

I had the gratification of receiving a good while ago, two copies of a volume of your writing, which I have read with much pleasure, and beg that the thanks which I charged a Friend to offer may be repeated to you now.<sup>2</sup>

It grieved me much to hear from Mr Kenyon that your health is so much deranged. But for that cause I should have presumed to call upon you when I was in London last Spring.

With every good wish I remain dear Miss Barrett

Your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1463. W. W. to Edward Moxon  
K(—)

Brigham, Cockermouth Nov 8<sup>th</sup> [1842]

Rydal Mount, Friday

(Appended to a letter from John W.)

My dear Mr Moxon,

Before the sheet is struck off containing the Sonnets and the Latin translations I wish it to be sent down to me, for revision—it shall be sent back immediately and the work may then be published and the sooner the better;—I have been from here some time. Has H. C. sent the [remains] of his work. I hope so, as I have had a promising assurance from his Friend. [The] day before yesterday I saw Mr Southey: he is better but still sadly shaken. I have recommended to Mrs Southey that Dr Southey should have an interview with you to consult as to what is best to be done, for your joint interests and welfare. In my judgement it would do harm to Mr Southey's health for him to undertake any task work whatsoever, as nothing but absolute rest can

<sup>1</sup> released (S. B.); achieved (K.).

The published version reads:

A noble vision free

Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist.

<sup>2</sup> to you now (K.); by you (S. B.).



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bring him about. I am sorry, very sorry for your entanglement, as I see no probability of his being able to finish the work in time for your purpose, and I expect Southey will indeed have to give it up; you will then be obliged to look out for some one else—a most unfortunate necessity but a necessity I am sure it is. Mrs Southey was convinced it would be very injurious to her Husband to propose to him to put what he had already done into other hands; I think the same, for he has partly unfounded hopes of being able soon to resume his Labours; but what is the fact—he sits down to write a common Letter, proceeds in the old way for a few lines, and then his nerves fall into disorder, and his head becomes quite confused. Common humanity therefore requires that he should be kept from work as much as possible. If Charles Lamb, dear Man, had been [ ? ] how gladly would he have done the work for you. I would also have done it to the best of my power, but my eyes will not allow it.

ever faithfully and affectionately yours

W. Wordsworth

K(—)    *1464. W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge*

November 11, 1842.

. . . I was prepared by my daughter, Mrs Quillinan, who is now with us, for the sad tidings your letter conveys. Your brother<sup>1</sup> will be a great loss to his profession, to the world, to his relatives and friends, and, above all, to his dear and excellent wife. In this hour we all feel most deeply for her, and indeed for you and his other near connections. Towards Sara I have much of the tenderness of a father, having had her so near us and so long under our eye while she was growing up, and afterwards when her circumstances brought her by necessity habitually to our thought. God will support her, for a more excellent creature is not to be found. Your poor brother! I grieve indeed for his bodily sufferings, and pray that his patience may be equal to the bearing of them, and that he may be empowered sometimes to thank the Supreme Disposer of Events for the suffering he has inflicted.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Nelson Coleridge. He had a long and painful illness, and died on Jan. 26, 1843.

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This Dr Arnold was enabled to do, but his trial was very short, though most severe while it lasted. Henry's is awfully prolonged. If it would be right to communicate to him our sympathy—and to say that he is in our prayers—let it be done, either through yourself, my dear friend, or in any other way you think best. . . .

*MS. 1465. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Monday m<sup>s</sup> Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> [1842]

My dear Mr Moxon,

Thanks for your cheque for £100 which was well-timed as the same post brought me a demand for £18—something for fees and stamps incident to my pension. I have not abandoned all thought of a 2 vol<sup>d</sup> Ed<sup>n</sup> but suspended the project till the 7 vols: now before the public are so near being sold out as to make it probable they would be so before the one vol. Ed. would be published. I cannot make up my mind to losing what would be lost to us by the cessation of sale of the 7 vols. wh. would take place upon issuing the one.

When you have sufficient reason for thinking that all the copies on hand would be disposed of in regular course of sale before the one vol: could be carried thro' the press, pray let me know, telling me at the same time the number of copies on hand both of the 6 vols and the one last published.

Your fellow Traveller's<sup>1</sup> health was much improved by his excursion. We expect him here in a few days—his family are all now in pretty good health.

With kind remembrances to yourself, Mrs Moxon and your Sister in wh. Mrs Wordsworth and Mrs Quillinan unite

I remain my dear Mr Moxon

Faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

I wish you had mentioned your children about whom we are all much interested.

Pray remember us all very affect<sup>l</sup>y to Miss Lamb when you see her.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. John W.

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*MS.*                    1466. *W. W. to W. W. (jun.)*

Rydal Mount Monday morning [? Nov. 1842]

My dear Wm

By no means let that fright of a Picture be exhibited. You know the circumstances under which it was done, viz. good-natured compliance with the understood wishes of Mrs Curwen. We expect the Quillinans by Wednesday morning coach

Your affectionate Father

Wm Wordsworth

I hope I may get Isabella off to P. on Monday 6<sup>th</sup>. I shall go with her—so it will suit for your returning with James and me—I will wait for you at Plumbland. M. W.

*MS.*                    1467. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> 1842

Sir,

I am sorry to be under the necessity of confirming the unfavorable report of Mr Southey's health.—His disease in the opinion of his physicians is a softening of the brain thro' which the mind has failed and the body along with it so that for neither is there the least hope of recovery. His friends under these distressing circumstances are comforted by a belief that he suffers little or no pain.

I am Sir

Y<sup>r</sup> ob<sup>t</sup> Servant

Wm Wordsworth.

*M(—)*                    1468. *W. W. to John Peace*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, Dec. 12, 1842.

My dear Mr Peace,

. . . Poor Mr Wade! From his own modest merits, his long connection with Mr Coleridge, and my early Bristol remembrances, he was to me an interesting person. His desire to have my address must have risen, I think, from a wish to communicate with me upon the subject of Mr Allston's valuable portrait

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of Coleridge. Pray tell me what has, or is likely to, become of it.<sup>1</sup> I care comparatively little about the matter, provided due care has been taken for its preservation, and in his native country. It would be a sad pity if the late owner's intention of sending it to America be fulfilled. It is the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure; and it is, in fact, most happily executed, as every one who has a distinct remembrance of what C. was at that time must with delight acknowledge, and would be glad to certify. . . .

Ever faithfully, your friend,

Wm. Wordsworth.

K(—)      1469. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount, Dec. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1842.

. . . Pray send us down a dozen copies of the new edition, and, if you have them, the like number of the *Yarrow* done up as those last sent, there being a great demand for them in this neighbourhood. I received from Mr Quillinan your message this morning; the last part of the proofs was sent off before it arrived. . . . I have done all that can be done for you in Hartley's case, both directly, and through the medium of a common friend; but he now avoids us both, and tells every one who speaks on the subject to him that 'he is going to send off the last remainder of the copy next day', and this has been the case for the last month or six weeks. It is, therefore, evident that you must trust nothing to him in future. He cannot be relied on for unperformed work that is to be done in a limited time. This is a great pity, for both his genius and talents are admirable. As to poor dear Southey, there is [as] yet no improvement in him to warrant a confident hope that he ever will be able to complete any of his unfinished works. He is prepared, I understand, to give up the continuation of the *Admirals*,<sup>2</sup> and I trust will do the same in respect to his engagement with you. In this distressing affair I can do no more than I have done. When you see Mr

<sup>1</sup> It is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

<sup>2</sup> Southey wrote *The Lives of the Admirals, or, the Naval History of England*, in five volumes (1833-40).

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Rogers, do not fail to remember us affectionately to him. And if dear Miss Lamb be well enough, let her be reminded of us when you see her. . . .

*ms.*                    1470. *W. W. to John Hudson*<sup>1</sup>

Ash Wednesday, [March 1, 1843] Stamp Off. Carlisle

Dear Sir

I am sorry that unexpected engagements prevented me from keeping my promise of sending the Book on Tuesday. I am now at Carlisle but have brought the Book with me and have already looked over one half of it so that I do not think you will again be disappointed if I say that you may look for it in the course of three days at the latest. My principal difficulty is in making out your pencil writing; and every one in this House (Mrs Wordsworth included) is too busy to help me.

sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth.

I remain here till Tuesday next, I expect to be at Rydal before the end of next week.

*Address:* Mr Hudson, Bookseller, Kendal.

*K.*                    1471. *W. W. to C. W. (jun.)*

Rydal, March 22, 1843.

My dear Christopher,

The papers will have informed you, before you receive this, of poor dear Southey's decease. He died yesterday morning about nine o'clock. Some little time since he was seized with typhus fever, but he passed away without any outward signs of pain, as gently as possible. We are, of course, not without sadness upon the occasion, notwithstanding there has been, for years, cause why all who knew and loved him should wish for his deliverance. We have been reading, with very much pleasure, dear Charles's book<sup>2</sup> which he kindly sent us the other day.

My dear Christopher, your affectionate uncle and faithful friend,

W. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> The senior partner in the firm of Hudson & Nicholson, which published *W.'s Guide to the Lakes*.

<sup>2</sup> *Catechetical Questions*, 1842.

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1472. *W. W. to George Lewis Prentiss*

*Memoir of S. S. Prentiss*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, March 23, 1843.

My dear Sir

Your letter, which had for some time been rather anxiously looked for, reached me by yesterday's post. I sincerely thank you for it, and for the pains which you have so kindly taken upon the subject. Nor are we less indebted to your brother for his letter, and for his entering into particulars in the manner he has so considerately and fully done. I feel unwilling to trouble him with a letter, judging that my acknowledgments will be as acceptably conveyed through you. Pray let him know how much we are obliged to him; and say that, for many reasons, we shall be glad to hear from him again, as soon as anything materially affecting the question may occur. The personal interest which I attach to it is not [so much] on account of the sum of money that is at stake, as the condition of the proprietors, two of whom, a brother and sister of Mrs Wordsworth, are advanced in life, and one has a large family; and both, owing to various misfortunes, are in very narrow circumstances. The other owner is my only daughter, who is married to a gentleman that has been very unfortunate also. I repeat these particulars, mentioned, I remember, when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Rydal, because I should be very unwilling to give your brother and yourself so much trouble upon a slight occasion. Nothing remains for the suffering parties but patience and hope; for as to the proposal so kindly made of seeking redress through legal process, in which your brother offers his assistance, they have no funds for acting upon that; besides, they could not think of availing themselves of an offer which could not be carried into effect, even were it successful, without occupying your brother's time and thoughts in a way which they would feel unwarrantable. All that you both say respecting the depth and extent of

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of S. S. Prentiss*, edited by his Brother, 1855. Sergeaunt Smith Prentiss (1808-50), orator and congressman; he had strongly opposed the repudiation of the Union Bank Bonds of Mississippi. His brother, George Lewis P. (1810-1903), to whom this letter is addressed, was a clergyman and author. He had studied in Europe and visited W. W., Carlyle, and others.

the indignation excited in your country by this shameless dishonesty, we most readily believe; and upon that belief we rest our hopes that justice will be done. But in matters like this, time, as in the case of my relatives, is of infinite importance, and it is to be feared that the two individuals, for whose comfort payment is of the most consequence, may both be in their graves before it comes. Let but taxes, to amount however small, once be imposed exclusively for discharging these obligations, and that measure would be hailed as the dawn of a coming day; but until that is effected, the most sanguine must be subject to fits of despondency.

It gives me much pleasure to learn that you found your mother and sisters in such good health upon your return. What a joyful meeting must it have been after so long a separation. What you say of the nervous fever under which you have been suffering gives me great concern. Had it anything to do with the climate of your country, very different, perhaps, from what you had been accustomed to in Europe?

I cannot but wish that you had seen more of the *mother* country; it is our old English phrase, and I rather grieve to see that many of the present generation, fond of aping German modes of thinking and speech, use *father-land* instead. England is certainly the portion of Europe which is the most worthy of American regard, provided it be diligently and carefully noticed and studied.

I send (by way of slight return for your and your brother's kindness) to each of you the last verses from my pen.<sup>1</sup> They were written about three weeks ago, and a few copies struck off for circulation among my friends. I should not like them to be printed, even in America, for they would be sure of finding their way instantly back to England, before, perhaps, I disposed of my own little impression as I could wish. Since the lines were composed, I have heard that our Queen and Queen Dowager have both subscribed pretty largely for the erection of a

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 7, 1838, Grace Darling, daughter of the lighthouse-keeper on Longstone, one of Farne Islands on the coast of Northumberland, accompanied her father in a lifeboat to the wreck of the Forfarshire steamboat, and rescued the nine survivors. W.'s poem was printed privately at Carlisle in 1843, and published in his 1845 ed. (v. Oxf. W., p. 540).

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memorial to the memory of my heroine upon the spot where she lived and was so nobly distinguished. She is since dead. What a contrast, as you will see, does her behavior present to the inhumanity with which lately, upon the French coast, certain ship-wrecked English crews were treated.

Mrs Wordsworth joins me in kind remembrances, and we beg that our respects may be presented to your mother and sisters and believe me to remain,

Sincerely and gratefully, your much obliged,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1473. W. W. to Sir William Gomm*<sup>1</sup>

*M. K.*

Rydal Mount March 24<sup>th</sup> 43

My dear Sir William,

Nothing should have prevented my answering your kind Letter from the Cape long ago, but the want of matter that seemed worth sending so far, unless I confined myself to what you must be well assured of, my sincere esteem and regard for yourself and Lady Gomm; and the expression of good wishes for your health and happiness. I am still in the same difficulty, but cannot defer writing longer, least I should appear to myself unworthy of your Friendship, or respect.—You describe the beauties of Rio Janeiro in glowing colours, and your animated Picture was rendered still more agreeable to me, by the sight which I had enjoyed a little before, of a Panorama of the same scene, executed by a Friend of mine, who in his youth studied at the Academy with a view to practise painting as a Profession. He was a very promising young Artist, but having a Brother a Brazilian Merchant he changed his purpose and went to Rio where he resided many years, and made a little fortune which enabled him to purchase and build in Cumberland, where I saw his splendid Portrait of that magnificent region. What an intricacy of Waters, and what boldness and fantastic variety in the mountains! I suppose taking the Region as a whole it is scarcely any where surpassed. If the different quarters of the globe should ever become subject to one Empire, Rio ought to be the Metropolis, it is so favored in every respect, and so

<sup>1</sup> *Written by W. W. Gordon, and so in letter and address.*



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admirably placed for intercourse with all the countries of the Earth. Your approach to the Cape was under awful circumstances, and with those great Wrecks strewn along the Coast of the Bay. Lady Gomm's spirit and fortitude as described by you are worthy of all admiration, and, I am sure she will sympathize with the Verses I send, to commemorate a noble exploit of one of her Sex. The inhumanity with which the shipwrecked were lately treated upon the French Coast impelled me to place in contrast the conduct of an English Woman and her Parents under like circumstances, as it occurred some years ago. Almost immediately after I had composed my tribute to the Memory of *Grace Darling*, I learned that the Queen and Queen Dowager had both just subscribed towards the Erection of a monument to record her Heroism upon the spot that witnessed it.—

Of public news, I say nothing, as you will have every thing from quarters more worthy of attention. I hope all goes on to your satisfaction, mainly so at least, in your new Government; and that the disposition which you will have taken with you to benefit the people under your rule has not been, nor is likely to be, frustrated in any vexatious or painful degree.

Yesterday I went over to Keswick to attend the funeral of my excellent Friend Mr Southey. His Genius and abilities are well known to the World, and he was greatly valued for his generous disposition and moral excellence. His illness was long and afflicting—his mind almost extinguished years before the breath departed:—Mr Rogers I have not been in communication with since I saw you in London, but be assured I shall bear in memory your message to him, and deliver [it] if he and I live to meet again. And now my dear Sir Wm, repeating the united best good wishes of Mrs W and myself, for you and Lady Gomm, and for your safe return to your own Country, I remain in the hope of hearing from you again

most faithfully your  
much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

My Nephew is still in the Ionian Islands.

Address: Lieu. Gen. Sir Wm Gomm, Governor of the Mauritius,  
Mauritius.

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MS. 1474. W. W. to Edward Moxon

Dear Mr Moxon Wednesday morn March 29. [1848]<sup>1</sup>

We saw Mr Hill<sup>2</sup> on our return from Keswick yesterday, from him we find that Dr Southey had declined to act as his Br.'s Executor, so that his duties are devolved upon Cuth[bert] and we also understood that Mr Taylor was likely to throw as much of the literary labour upon Cuth. as was consistent with his duty to his departed friend. Mr Hill also said when the subject of your application was mentioned to him by Mrs W. that he had barely heard the name of Longman mentioned between Dr S. and his nephew. Now I shall to-day write to inform Cuth. of your wish, he goes to London in a few days to meet the Executors, where if you have not left London you may see him—and meanwhile you might if you thought proper see Dr Southey who returned to Town last Monday.

Perhaps this intelligence may prevent you coming down into the North: if so I shall be sorry both because if you could spare a few days, you might enjoy yourself, and we should be heartily glad to see you. We might also talk matters over, tho' I confess I am very indifferent about reprinting in any shape, while there is so little inclination to purchase.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1475. W. W. to Henry Taylor

My dear Mr Taylor, Rydal Mount March 31<sup>st</sup> [1848]

In considering the difficulty of the Editorship of the Papers, you ask what opportunities I have had of judging of Cuthbert's competence to undertake it. *Directly* I have had scarcely more than was afforded while he read to me in MSS his own Portion, which is not little, of the life of Dr Bell.<sup>3</sup> I have no hesitation in saying that I was satisfied with his work, but this gives but

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, March 27, *v. Reed*, p. 94.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Herbert Hill; he had married Bertha Southey, his cousin, in 1839.

<sup>3</sup> Dr Bell (*v. M.Y.*, p. 251) died in 1832, and left Southey £1,000 to write his life. Southey began the work in 1833, but did not complete it. It appeared in 1844, in 3 vols., of which the first only was by Southey.

slender ground for concluding that he is equal to the arduous office of determining what part of his Father's papers is fit for publication, and what ought to be held back—or destroyed. Mr Hill, who has seen much of C. has a high opinion of his talents, nor independently of that judgment can I doubt that he is a clever young man. But then his education has been altogether irregular, he is unpractised in Literature, and cannot possibly, were it from his youth merely, be competent to decide finally upon the merits of writings so numerous and various in their matter and style, as his Father's must be. He has inherited much of his Father's quickness, and possesses I am told a great deal of information, gathered up, I should think, in a desultory way. But on the whole I cannot entertain the opinion that justice to Southey's memory will be done, if the papers are not for the most part to be looked over by some one of more experience. And to do this, if they be numerous, as there is reason to believe they are, would require more time and labour than any but Cuthbert himself is likely to have to spare. And here, as appears to me, lies the main difficulty of the case; for as to Mrs Warter<sup>1</sup> however painful it may be to the Ex[ecut]ors, she is so much under the influence of her wrong-headed and stupid husband that she must be set aside. The Ex<sup>rs</sup> must take upon themselves this responsibility, and as to Mr and Mrs Hill and Kate I am sure that they would readily accede to any plan of proceeding that was approved by yourself and Dr Southey.

Mr Hill has *studied* literature in several of its branches much more carefully I believe than it is possible Cuth. can have done, and could he find time and did opportunity favour, for his uniting his endeavours with Cuthbert's, they might jointly put the papers into such a state that without any unwarrantable demand upon your own time and health you might pass a final judgment upon them with reference to publication. Taking all into consideration this method of managing the important concern seems the most feasible.<sup>2</sup> I have thus without reserve given you my opinion, formed upon careful consideration.

<sup>1</sup> Edith May Southey had married the Rev. J. W. Warter in 1834.

<sup>2</sup> After much delay the work was entrusted to Cuthbert Southey, who produced in 1849 *The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey*. It was published by Longman's.

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Excuse me if I here add a word upon a matter the decision of which is remote. In a letter I had from Moxon the other day, he begged that if I had any influence in the choice of a Publisher I would say a word on his behalf. The affair being of so delicate a nature, I confine myself to state this wish so communicated to me, for you will know that I have taken an interest in Moxon's welfare, as Mr Southey did, notwithstanding his long connection with Longman and other Publishers.

Ever most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. I have not said a word about S.'s Letters, being well assured that you will do all in your power to the right management of this piece of the business, which will be of no small difficulty and delicacy.

*M. G. K. 1476. W. W. to the Earl De La Warr*

Rydal Mount, Ambleside, April 1, 1843.

My Lord,

The recommendation made by your lordship to the Queen, and graciously approved by her Majesty, that the vacant office of poet laureate should be offered to me, affords me high gratification. Sincerely am I sensible of this honour; and let me be permitted to add that the being deemed worthy to succeed my lamented and revered friend, Mr Southey, enhances the pleasure I receive upon this occasion.

The appointment, I feel, however, imposes duties which, far advanced in life as I am, I cannot venture to undertake; and I must therefore beg leave to decline the acceptance of an offer, that I shall always remember with no unbecoming pride.

Her Majesty will not, I trust, disapprove of a determination forced upon me by reflections which it is impossible for me to set aside.

Deeply feeling the distinction conferred upon me, and grateful for the terms in which your lordship has made the communication, I have the honour to be,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

W. Wordsworth.

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1477. *W. W. to Lady Frederick Bentinck*  
*M. G. K.*

[April 1, 1848]

... The Lord Chamberlain, in terms the most honourable, has, with the Queen's approbation, offered me the vacant laureateship. Had I been several years younger I should have accepted the office with pride and pleasure; but on Friday I shall enter, God willing, my seventy-fourth year, and on account of so advanced an age I begged permission to decline it, not venturing to undertake its duties. For though, as you are aware, the formal task-work of New Year and Birthday Odes was abolished, when the appointment was given to Mr Southey, he still considered himself obliged in conscience to produce, and did produce, verses—some of very great merit—upon important public occasions. He failed to do so upon the Queen's Coronation, and I know that this omission caused him no little uneasiness. The same might happen to myself upon some important occasion, and I should be uneasy under the possibility; I hope, therefore, that neither you nor Lord Lonsdale, nor any of my friends, will blame me for what I have done.

I was slow to send copies of *Grace Darling* about, except to female friends, lest I should seem to attach too much importance to the production, though it was on a subject which interested the whole nation. But as the verses seem to have given general pleasure, I now venture to send the enclosed copies, one for Mr Colvill, and the other for my old friend Mr O'Callaghan, begging that you would present them at your own convenience. With the best of good wishes, and every kind and respectful remembrance to Lord Lonsdale, who we are happy to learn is doing so well, and also not forgetting Miss Thompson, I remain, dear Lady Frederick,

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

K(—)

1478. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount, April 1, 1848.

Dear Sir,

... As I advance in life I feel myself more and more incapable

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of doing justice to the attempts of young authors. The taste and judgment of an old man have too little of aptitude and flexibility for new things ; and I am thoroughly convinced that a young writer cannot do worse than lean upon a veteran. It was not my own habit to look out for such guidance. I trusted to myself, and to the principles of criticism which I drew from the practice of the great poets, and not from any observations made upon their works by professed censors. As you are so intimately acquainted with my poems, and as no change has taken place in my manner for the last forty-five years, you will not be at a loss to gather from them upon what principles I write, and what accordingly is likely to be my judgment of your own performances, either as to subject or style.

I remain, my dear sir,

Faithfully, your obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

*M. G. K. 1479. W. W. to the Earl De La Warr*

Rydal Mount, Ambleside, April 4, 1843.

My Lord,

Being assured by your lordship's letter and by one from Sir Robert Peel, both received this day, that the appointment to the laureateship is to be considered merely honorary, the apprehensions which at first compelled me to decline accepting the offer of that appointment are entirely removed.

Sir Robert Peel has also done me the honour of uniting his wish with that which your lordship has urged in a manner most gratifying to my feelings ; so that, under these circumstances—and sanctioned as the recommendation has been by her Majesty's gracious approval—it is with unalloyed pleasure that I accept this high distinction.

I have the honour to be, most gratefully,

Your lordship's obedient humble servant,

William Wordsworth.

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M. G. K.      1480. *W. W. to Sir Robert Peel*

Rydal Mount, Ambleside, April 4, 1843.

Dear Sir Robert,

Having since my first acquaintance with Horace borne in mind the charge which he tells us frequently thrilled his ear,

Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne  
Peccet ad extremum,<sup>1</sup>

I could not but be deterred from incurring responsibilities which I might not prove equal to at so late a period of life; but as my mind has been entirely set at ease by the very kind and most gratifying letter with which you have honoured me, and by a second communication from the Lord Chamberlain to the same effect, and in a like spirit, I have accepted with unqualified pleasure a distinction sanctioned by her Majesty, and which expresses, upon authority entitled to the highest respect, a sense of the national importance of poetic literature, and so favourable an opinion of the success with which it has been cultivated by one, who, after this additional mark of your esteem, cannot refrain from again assuring you how deeply sensible he is of the many and great obligations he owes to your goodness, and who has the honour to be, dear Sir Robert,

Most faithfully, your humble servant,

William Wordsworth.

MS.      1481. *W. W. to B. R. Haydon*  
*Haydon*(—)

[April 6, 1843]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Haydon,

Your Letter and the Print it announced I received on the same day. It is as you say an excellent Impression, and the whole effect a great improvement upon the first sketch, which I owe to your kindness.

With much pleasure I congratulate you upon having finished your Cartoons.<sup>3</sup> Let me thank you also for the sketch on the

<sup>1</sup> *Epistolæ*, I. i. 8, 9.

<sup>2</sup> For *W. W. to M. W.*, probably early April, *v. C. R.*, p. 485.

<sup>3</sup> The Cartoons, designed for Westminster Hall, were 'one from Milton (the Curse), and one from History, Edward the Black Prince bringing John

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back of your Letter. My verse days are almost over, as they well may be, for to morrow (God willing) I enter upon my 74<sup>th</sup> year, so that I can scarcely entertain the least hope of gratifying you by writing a Sonnet on either of the Works which you have just executed.

Lord Lansdown, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr Rogers are, I see by the Papers the Persons who are to decide upon the merits of the several Productions that may be offered. They have all proved how much they are interested in Works of Art, and their competence to decide, probably, is not inferior to that of any other Gentlemen [on] whom the charge might have devolved. So that I hope and trust, you will have no reason to be dissatisfied with their judgement.—

The Laureatship has just been offered to me. At first I declined it on account of my age, but afterwards it was so urgently pressed upon me, and in so flattering a manner, by the Lord Chamberlain, that I could not but alter my determination. I am to hold it as merely honorary.

I send you, or rather I beg Mrs Haydon's acceptance of, a Copy of a Little Poem<sup>1</sup> which I wrote two or three weeks ago, upon a subject which inter[es]ted the whole Nation at the time of the event.

Admiring your perseverance and firmness, and wishing you all success to which your skill and Genius entitle you

I remain my dear Haydon

ever sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. Since Railways were established advantage is taken to charge most extravagantly. Therefor to save either of us expense, when you favor me again as you have so often done before be so good as send the Parcel or Pacquage to Moxon from whom I am in the habit of receiving things without expense, as I could have done in this last case by a Friend, who is just going to London.

through London after Poictiers'. As early as 1812 B. R. H. had broached the idea of covering the walls of the H. of C. with frescoes, by British artists, and he was bitterly disappointed that in this competition his cartoons were rejected (*v. W.'s Letters to B. R. H. in the following July*), and the prize awarded to a pupil of La Roche.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *Grace Darling*.



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MS. 1482. *W. W. to Sir James McGrigor*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount 16<sup>th</sup> April—1843.

My dear Sir James,

Presuming upon your kindness so often experienced I do not scruple to enclose a part of a Letter just received from my Nephew, John Wordsworth. Be so good as to cast your eyes over it—It explains itself.

With every good wish and truly sensible of your kind offices

I have the honor to remain

dear Sir James,

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1483. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 27<sup>th</sup> April 43.

Dear Mr Moxon,

By yesterday's Post I received your Letter containing a Bill for 95-13-8 on account of my Poems lately published together with my private account—I am glad to hear that we have a prospect of seeing you soon, when we can talk matters over in a much more satisfactory way than we could treat them by Letter. Let us know, as soon as you can, when we may expect you, lest we should be from home. In regard to Mr Southey's MSS I should be most happy to serve you, were it in my power; but it is not likely that I shall be consulted. Dr Southey and Mr Taylor are the executors and in all probability the latter will have the management of the literary part. As he is in Town would there be any harm in your calling upon him yourself, and stating your wishes. Mr Rogers is on terms of Friendship with Mr Taylor and might assist in promoting your object, by a personal interview, without the formality of express interference which one is naturally delicate about. The well-known friendly disposition of Mr Southey to you as a Publisher, and the kindness which Mr Rogers has ever shewn you, which Mr Taylor must

<sup>1</sup> The surname of the addressee is not on the MS., but *v.* Letter of Oct. 29, 1839.

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be well aware of, would furnish sufficient grounds for his endeavouring to aid you upon this occasion—

I enclose for your *own perusal* a little poem I wrote two or three weeks ago.

You may have heard of your Friend W. W.'s late proceedings as to matrimony, he will be in Town early next month, solely with reference to this object;<sup>1</sup> so that he will scarcely be able to see so much of his old Friends, at this time, as He and They might wish.

Kindest remembrances to Mrs Moxon, and Sister and Brother, in which Mrs W. unites. How is Miss Lamb?

believe with great regard ever faithfully  
yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

*1484. W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton*  
*G. K.(—)*

April 1843

My dear Sir William,

The sight of your handwriting was very welcome, and not the less so because your sister had led me to expect a letter from you.

The Laureatship was offered to me in the most flattering terms, by the Lord Chamberlain, of course with the approbation of the Queen; but I declined it on account of my advanced age. I then received a second letter from his Lordship, urging my acceptance of it, and assuring me that it was intended merely as an honorary distinction for the past, without the smallest reference to any service to be attached to it. From Sir R. Peel I had also a letter to the same effect, and the substance and manner of both were such that if I had still rejected the offer, I should have been little at peace with my own mind.

Thank you for your translations. The longer poem<sup>2</sup> would

<sup>1</sup> In Feb. 1843 W. W. Junior had become engaged to Mary Monkhouse, daughter of Thomas M., an heiress with over £20,000: the engagement was broken off in April. In view of these facts W.'s statement here is a little difficult to understand.

<sup>2</sup> Referring to a translation by Sir W. R. H. of Schiller's *Die Ideale*, to which a stanza was added by Sir W.—(G).

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have given me more pain than pleasure, but for your addition, which sets all right.

The attack upon W. S. L.<sup>1</sup> to which you allude was written by my son-in-law; but without any sanction from me, much less encouragement; in fact I knew nothing about it or the preceding article of Landor, that had called it forth, till after Mr Q's had appeared. He knew very well that I should have disapproved of his condescending to notice anything that a man so deplorably tormented by ungovernable passion as that unhappy creature might eject. His character may be given in two or three words: a madman, a bad-man, yet a man of genius, as many a madman is. I have not eyesight to spare for Periodical Literature, so with exception of a newspaper now and then, I never look into anything of the kind, except some particular article may be recommended to me by a friend upon whose judgment I can rely.

You are quite at liberty to print when and where you like any verses you may do me the honour of writing upon, or addressing to, me.

Your godson, his sister, and four brothers, are all doing well. He is a very clever boy, and more than that, being of an original or rather peculiar structure of intellect, and his heart appears to be not inferior to his head, so that I trust he will as a man do you no discredit.

*MS. 1485. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[Early May 1848]

Dear Mr Moxon,

Excuse my troubling you with the Enclosed. It is, as you will find, from the second son of Mr Leigh Hunt,<sup>2</sup> and describes the Writer and his family, as in a state of bitter distress. I have known so many instances in which facts have been exaggerated by persons in need, and that from causes for which some allowance may be made, that I apprehend it is possible the like

<sup>1</sup> Landor's dialogue between Porson and Southey, attacking W., appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Dec. 1842. Quillinan's reply was printed there in the following April. It is reprinted in *C.R.*, pp. 852-66.

<sup>2</sup> John Hunt (1812-45).

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may have occurred here. If you could ascertain whether the Writer is actually in the condition that he describes I should be obliged to you if you would let him have *three Pounds* on my account. More I cannot spare, many of my own near kin being in very narrow circumstances, and demands being made upon me from numerous quarters, with which I have no connection, but as a public Man.

Be so good as to send directed for me half a dozen Copies of my 7 Volumes, through Whitaker's, to be forwarded in their next Kendal parcel to Hudson & Nicholson Booksellers, Kendal; your Porter having ascertained that Hudson & Nicholson continued to deal with Whitaker.

We are very sorry you did not come down at Easter as you promised, there is no likelihood of my being in London this season—

It was quite out of my power to apply to Lord Lowther as your Brother requested. I did not see him, but he has I know applications a hundred times more numerous than he can listen to, and this from Parties in Cumberland and West<sup>nd</sup> with whom he is *locally* connected. I am truly sorry that I cannot meet your Brother's wish in this affair for the reason mentioned, and because the Lowther family have conferred so many substantial favors on me and mine.—Besides my Son Wm tells me that the chances are small for any applicant, unconnected with the Post office Department, yet possibly he might through interest be introduced at the bottom or lowest step of the department. Nothing for its *own sake* worth accepting can be had but by those who have served for many years.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

K.      1486. W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge

Rydal Mount 15<sup>th</sup> May, 1843

My dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

Having learned from the newspapers that you have resumed your official duties, I do not scruple to break in upon you for a moment, though it be only to assure you of what you and Lady

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Coleridge must be well aware,—my sincere sympathy with you both in your late affliction. In this feeling Mrs Wordsworth deeply shares, and unites with me in prayer to the Father of Mercy that you may bear with resignation this, and the other losses of beloved kindred, to which by his will you have so recently in succession been subjected. Our excellent friend Mrs Arnold was so good as to show me a letter written to her by yourself immediately after your dear son had been taken from you. A blessed state of mind did these few words indicate; and I trust that, through the grace of God, you have been able to maintain it. May the rest of your children be preserved to each other and to their parents. I remain,

Yours most faithfully,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 1487. W. W. to John Critchley Prince<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Ambleside  
May 15<sup>th</sup> 1843

Mr Wordsworth thanks Mr Prince for his Tribute to the memory of Mr Southey, protesting only however, as he does *strongly* against the censure passed on his departed Friend towards the conclusion of the Poem, which censure he knows to be utterly undeserved and most unjust. Mr W. will with pleasure subscribe, as also his Friend Miss Fenwick, to Mr Prince's new poem, and thanks him for the offer of the preceding Vol—

MS. 1488. W. W. to Edward Moxon

[May 26, 1843]

Dear Mr Moxon,

I fear you have found it unpleasant and difficult to obtain the information about Leigh Hunt's son, which I hoped you might gain for my guidance.

<sup>1</sup> J. C. Prince (1808–66), born at Wigan, brought out his first volume, *Hours with the Muses* (1840), while he was still working in a factory. Encouraged by its success (by 1857 it had reached its 6th ed.), he went to Manchester where he kept a small shop, but lived chiefly by his pen. His poem *On the Death of Robert Southey, late Poet Laureate*, as published in his *Poetical Works* (1880), contains no censure; it was probably cut out as the result of W.'s protest.

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I have now [to] request another small favour. Sir William Martins of St James Palace, has written to suggest that some friend of mine should call at his Office there, to receive my appointment as Laureate. Will you be so kind as to render me this service. The Fees upon the occasion, he tells me, may be paid out of the Salary when it becomes due; as it [is] not likely that I shall be in Town at the time to receive the Salary myself, would you allow me to present you with a Power of Att<sup>y</sup>. to receive it when it becomes due. Perhaps by inquiring at Sir Wm.'s Office you could learn this, when you call for the Appointment

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

You need not forward the Appointment—but take care of it till we meet.

*MS. 1489. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 27 May 1843

Dear Mr Moxon,

Before I received yours yesterday I sent off a Letter in the Post for you, or I need not have troubled you with this—

I am sorry Leigh Hunt has got such a graceless Son—you have done quite well in letting him have no more than a Sovereign. People of this Class cannot be served effectually; assistance is thrown away upon them, and it is rather upon one's own account than theirs, that their requests are at all attended to. There is another sort of request very troublesome to which I have, I think, become still more liable since I was made Laureate—I mean Solicitations that I would subscribe to Volumes of Poems about to be published. Two of these I have had, within these last few days.

It is well that you only sent 4 sets of the 7 Volumes, they are to supply the Ambleside summer market, and neither of our Book-sellers is quite out; what you have sent will prove sufficient.

I dont mean to make any alteration in the Stereotype, so you may go to Press and proceed as rapidly as you like.

Would it not be well to regulate the number you strike off by

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the Copies of the 7<sup>th</sup> Vol. on hand—only not taking off quite so many, so that a few might be spared to be sold separately to those who having the 6 vols, may want the 7<sup>th</sup> to complete their set.

I am decidedly of Opinion [that the price] should be lowered—at least to 7 shillings, when sold along with the six—perhaps to 5/-.

By the bye the Poem of Grace Darling having been published, as it were without my knowledge, should be added—to the end of the 7<sup>th</sup> Vol.—as it has been much liked.

If you have any Copies of the Excursion send me 4 Copies by any opportunity that may occur. Thanks for your 2<sup>nd</sup> letter and for your readiness of meeting my wish respecting the Laureate's business.

The fees—as Sir Wm Martins mentioned amounting to £12-12 might be paid out of the first payment of the Salary as also the power of Att<sup>y</sup>. With Mrs W's kind regards joined to my own,  
believe me ever yours

W. Wordsworth.

May 28<sup>th</sup>

You are, we think, well [? out] of coming to the North, for my son John is in great affliction because of his Wife's illness.

*MS.*

*1490. W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1843.

My dear Sir,

I am very sorry that you have been at all anxious about the result of your application to Mr Elliot.<sup>1</sup> Immediately he wrote to me, and told me that the Letters in his possession should be forwarded, as requested, to Mr Taylor. He was quite earnest in this determination, and strongly expressed his regret that in compliance with the persecuting solicitations of certain American autograph-hunters, he had parted with several letters which he had received from Mr Southey. Mr Taylor, (who you will be sorry to hear is not in good health) has notwithstanding written in many directions to procure as much as could be got together of Mr Southey's correspondence; and to spare him trouble, which he is not equal to, I took upon me to address you upon

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Rev. Elliot of Brighton, the husband of Julia Marshall.

JUNE 1843

the subject ; otherwise Mr T. would in his character of Ex<sup>r</sup> have himself written to Mr Elliot though not acquainted with that Gentleman.

I have just turned to Mr Elliot's Letter and will transcribe part of his words—'I have still thirteen Letters of Mr S. which (with others if I can recover them) I will forward as requested in about a week.' So that my dear Sir we may both be easy upon the subject ; I must however repeat my regret, that it has occasioned you so much trouble.

I am truly sensible of the kindness of your expressions upon my appointment to the Laureateship, which I at first refused on account of my advanced age. But it was afterwards pressed upon me so strongly by the Lord Chamberlain, and by Sir Robert Peel himself, that I could not possibly persist in the refusal, and especially as her Majesty's name and approval were again referred to ; and I was assured that it was offered me solely in consideration of what I had already done in Literature, and without the least view to future exertion as connected with the honor. It has since gratified me to learn from many quarters, that the Appointment has given universal satisfaction ; and I need scarcely add that it has afforded me a melancholy pleasure to be thought worthy of succeeding my revered Friend. Believe me faithfully your obliged

Wm Wordsworth.

My Letters are all *scrawls*, therefore excuse this.

MS. 1491. W. W. to Alexander Dyce

Rydal Mount June 6<sup>th</sup> '43

Dear Mr Dyce,

A Friend of mine<sup>1</sup> wants to obtain, if possible, *more* copious information about the Institution of the Office of Poet Laureate in this Country, and the earliest Holders of the Office, than is to be got at in Selden, Wood, and those late writers who have echoed T. Warton's Notices from them. He would also be obliged to any one who would point out to him the sources of any thing *curious* or interesting relative to foreign Laureats ; and not to be found in the popular accounts of Petrarch, Tasso, and

<sup>1</sup> Quillinan, who wrote an essay on *The Laureates of England*, v. M, ii. 403.



JUNE 1843

Metastasio (was Skelton a *Court Laureate*, for Bernard<sup>1</sup> was Laureat to Henry 7 and 8). Knowing that you are not a man of leisure, I would by no means trouble you for more than short hints on the subject of these Queries.

A reply at your early convenience will much oblige dear Sir  
faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

I am curious about Skelton, and shall be truly glad to receive your Book. Mr Moxon can forward anything to me as arranged between us either in the Kendal Bookseller's weekly parcel, or by a private Friend as may happen. Pray mention how you are in health, and how your worldly affairs are turning out. I heard of those unpleasantnesses with great concern.

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Alex: Dyce, Gray's Inn, London.

K.      1492. W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge

Rydal Mount, June 27, 1843.

... In respect to Mr Southey's monument, it was not intended that it should interfere in the least with any testimony that might be paid to his memory at Westminster Abbey. But as he had chosen the vale of Keswick for his residence, and had lived there for forty years or upwards, some of the neighbouring gentry (with whom I conversed) were anxious to erect a tablet in the Church, to express their admiration for the life which he had led, and their veneration for his memory. It was accordingly intended, and I believe still is, that the subscriptions for this purpose should not extend beyond the surrounding district, which he had so long benefited and honoured by his presence. ... Agreeing altogether with you that monuments to the dead, even in the cases of eminent men, are more touching when connected with local remembrances, I could still wish that Sir R. Inglis and Mr Wynne would persist in the plan of having a memorial placed in Westminster Abbey. In addition to

<sup>1</sup> Bernard Andreas Tholosatis, a blind Augustinian friar who celebrated Henry VII and VIII in many Latin verses; and was granted an annuity of ten marks on Nov. 21, 1486 (*v. The Laureateship*, by E. K. Broadus.) W. probably owed his knowledge of Bernard to Warton's *History* (Section xxv).

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Southey's claim to be so commemorated for his genius and attainments, his known attachment to the Anglican Church, and the ability with which he supported it by his writings, and his having been educated in the neighbouring school of Westminster, give a special propriety to his being included amongst the illustrious dead who are called to remembrance in that beautiful and sacred edifice, though their remains have not been deposited there. . . .

*MS.*                    *1493. W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

Monday Eve<sup>ng</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> July—1843.

My dear Haydon,

I enclose you a Post Off-order for 5£ as requested, I could not do this sooner having been absent from home 4 days.—I am, believe me, truly sorry for your grievous disappointment,<sup>1</sup> and the more so because the numerous claims upon my income deprive me of the power of doing more than offering you and Mrs Haydon my sympathy, and the expression of my deep and sincere regret. Believe me

my dear Haydon

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*                    *1494. W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

Rydal Mount [? July 1843]

My dear Haydon,

You have kindly written to me several Letters which have remained unanswered, an omission which I trust you have excused. It gave me very great pleasure to hear that Mrs Haydon's health was restored, and I am happy to find this favorable account confirmed in your Last.

Your disappointment in the Cartoons vexed me not a little. But the best way of dealing with things of this kind in every concern of life, is, not to be busy in imputing the failures to faults in others, but rigorously to examine one's own doings, so as, if possible, to find out what is amiss there, and amend it for the future; and this is the best mode of avenging one's self upon detractors.

<sup>1</sup> *v.* p. 1160, note.

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I have had no communication with Mr Rogers upon this matter; and have heard very little about the Cartoons from any one else.—

The state of your affairs as you describe it is very discouraging; and I fear much that the Picture you are doing of me upon Helvellyn, as it is not done by commission, may disappoint you—Had it been summer-time, I think I could have procured a sketch of the view from some part of Helvellyn, but I have no means of doing it at present. Do you know Wm Westall, the Artist? He has made a great number of drawings from this Country some from the mountain tops one of which, viz. from the top of Saddleback I distinctly remember. You might hear of him probably at Murray's, at all events it would not be difficult to find him out; and I am sure he would be gratified by your application and give you all the assistance in his power. I have no other means of assisting you in this difficulty.—

Do you happen to know who engraved the head of Northcote, in Hazlitt's life of that Artist? Alston, the American painter lately deceased, thought it the best engraved modern head that he had seen.

We are sorry to hear of your Daughter's illness. With best wishes for yourself and Mrs Haydon, in which Mrs W. unites, I remain

dear Haydon

faithfully your's

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1495. W. W. to Edward Moxon

Wednesday morn. [July 22. 1843]

Dear Mr Moxon,

I have been rather puzzled about printing the *Female Vagrant*;<sup>1</sup> but upon the whole, I think it had better be done. So do Mr Quillinan and Mr Carter. But there is a great awkwardness in encouraging, by any means whatever, the Sale of 6

<sup>1</sup> *The Female Vagrant*, previously published separately, had been included in the 1842 volume as part of *Guilt and Sorrow*.

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volumes separate; for if that be done how are we to dispose of the 7<sup>th</sup>? Now the title page as it stands is

Poems by W. Wordsworth  
in six Volumes

How can this be got over? Would it not be better to attach a slip of Paper, to the back of the Title page announcing the 7<sup>th</sup> Volume so that the Purchasers of the sixth might be told that there is a seventh. I am quite at a loss as to what is best in this matter. If you were to cancel the present Title page announcing the Poems in six Volumes, that would not allow those 6 to be sold without the 7<sup>th</sup>. What think you of having a certain number of title pages struck off

Poems by W. Wordsworth  
in 7 Volumes

But manage it as you think only having in mind that what I most wish [is] to dispose of the 7<sup>th</sup> in conjunction with the six, but not to make that rule *absolute*.

Your Brother told Mr Quillinan that 7<sup>th</sup> Vol. was now sold separately at 14 shillings—there must be a mistake in charging me 1. 7. 11 per copy for the whole—I have always understood that the six volumes were charged me 1. 1. 6 and at that price I have let Mrs Nicholson have them. And Mr Quillinan told me that he had one of the 7<sup>th</sup> charged to him wholesale price under 5 shillings—the 7 volumes ought I think to be sold retail, at 35/- and wholesale accordingly. I hope you approve of this.

Pray tell me how many of the 7<sup>th</sup> are still in hand. Excuse this sad scrawl written in extreme haste.

ever dear Mr Moxon faithfully yours  
Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1496. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

2<sup>d</sup> Aug.<sup>t</sup> [1843]<sup>1</sup>

My dearest Friend,

I have wished to write you a short Letter for several days, but out of many little matters knew not what to select as most likely to interest you. The Letter I enclose is a copy which Mary was permitted to take from one of Mr Southey in the possession of

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, Aug. 2., v. Reed, p. 108.

a young Lady who was here the other day with her Father Dr Jennings of Hampstead. He will endeavour to procure others from the Wade Brown family, though, as I told him, they have probably been applied to already by the Southneys. I send you also a copy of Verses forwarded to me by their Author, an American, in a very interesting Letter written by him to inform me of the Death of Alstone the Painter;<sup>1</sup> of whom you have often heard me speak. The Letter shall also be sent you, for I think you will deem it well worthy of perusal. Within these two or three last weeks we have had a good number of strangers at the Mount; among others an American Dr Howe,<sup>2</sup> (the same who did such marvels with Laura Bridgeman, both deaf and blind) with his Wife and Sister. The Husband is an intelligent Man, and his Wife passes among the Americans as a bright Specimen of the best they produce in female Character. Mary and Dora, however, found her a most disagreeable person. As they were rising to depart I expressed regret to Dr Howe that his visit had been so short, as I should have been glad of his opinion upon Pennsylvania securities, upon which the Wife exclaimed to Mary and Dora; 'wherever we go we are *bored* with repudiation'; and then went on to talk upon the subject in the most offensive way. Her Husband spoke with the utmost consequence of the validity of the Bonds, and said he had not the smallest doubt that the obligations would all be discharged. Curiously enough Chauncey Hare Townsend was present that evening, and one of the Ladies being a Mesmerite, she no doubt thought herself very lucky to fall in with so eminent a Practitioner and so firm a Believer.<sup>3</sup>

Since Mary wrote to you her Sister has been thrown back by a

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter 1504 and note.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Grindley Howe (1801-76), doctor and philanthropist. As a young man he volunteered in the Greek struggle for independence; later he edited *The Commonwealth*, an anti-slavery journal. In 1829 he opened a school for the blind at Boston, and here, in 1837, he received Laura Dewy Bridgeman (1829-89) who from two years of age had been blind, deaf, and mute; he taught her to speak by signs, to write, and to become a skilled needlewoman. She remained in the Institution as a teacher and lived a happy and useful life. Howe's success in treating L. B. was held at the time to be little short of miraculous, and his report of it was translated into several languages. Whittier made Howe the subject of his poem *The Hero* (1853).

<sup>3</sup> C. H. T. had become an ardent Mesmerite, and in 1840 had written *Facts in Mesmerism*; in 1854 he wrote *Mesmerism proved True*.

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bilious attack. We saw Mr Bell, Isabella's medical attendant at Mr Branker's sale. He gave a favorable account of her; though I must own, that judging from his Physiognomy we did not think highly of his talents. Dr Davy, I grieve to say, having medically examined my Nephew John W., gives a less favorable account of the state of his lungs, than John had when examined in London by Dr Ferguson, so that I fear the disease is slowly gaining ground, and he certainly thinks so himself. It is a great pity for he is a very amiable young Man; and his poor Mother will be greatly troubled should she lose him, as indeed he would be much lamented by us all.

Last week I was every day at Mr Branker's Sale, but excepting old wine I bought little. One Print from Leonardo da Vinci, the Virgin and Saint Barbara and Catherine gazing upon the infant Jesus, I purchased, and I hope you will like it. The expression in the face charms me not a little—He is a favorite artist with me.

It is now high time to ask a question or two about yourself. Are you, and have you been pretty well? we half fear not, as we have been expecting a Letter. And how are Mr Taylor, and your other Friends? My invitation to the Queen's Ball of which perhaps you may have heard did not reach me, when on the Island, till it was too late for me to act upon it; otherwise I probably should have seen you before this time; which would have been sufficient compensation for a journey in itself anything but agreeable. We cannot yet fix when our Journey to Herefordshire is to be made. It will depend upon Isabella and Joanna's state of health. Need I add that I am most lovingly yours and long to see you again. You will find this but a dull Letter though such an one as it seemed fittest to write.

Ever yours

W. W.

*MS. 1497. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

17<sup>th</sup> August [1843]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Mr Moxon,

My nephew Dr C. Wordsworth will call upon you in a few days on his way to Rydal Mount—Will you put up six more copies

<sup>1</sup> The year is fixed by a statement in a letter of E. Q. to H. C. R. dated

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of the Excursion and any other thing that may be lying in Dover Street for me to be ready for him to bring down. I have desired him to call upon you with that view before he leaves Town. By the bye I see the 2<sup>d</sup> Ed. of the 'Yarrow revisited' *neatly got up with gilded leaves* etc, offered in one of our booksellers shops at Ambleside, for 3/6 only—How are you able to afford it at so low a price? We find them charged to us 3/7—Mrs Nicholson cannot contend with this.

We like the Sonnets thinking them pleasing compositions—We shall not be offended if you do not adopt any of our alterations.

We see nothing of Hartley—from which we fear you have not heard of him. If you see Mr Rogers tell him how happy we should be, if the North of England had any attractions for him this Autumn.

I have for the last 6 weeks been quite disabled by inflammation in one of my eyes. It is slowly improving. Very sincerely dear M. Yours

W. Wordsworth.

How is dear Miss Lamb—Kind remembrances to Mrs M. etc.—We hear Troughton gets his *Yarrows* from Longman's.

MS. 1498. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

Rydal, Wed. m<sup>s</sup> Aug [1843]

Your Letter (received yesterday) announcing that you were about to leave London for Bayborough gave us both very great pleasure, as holding out a pretty confident hope, that if *we* are at liberty to go southward we may all meet at Brinsop and return together to Westmorland, without any sacrifice of feeling on your part, which, as you will learn from my Letter, the fulfillment of my wishes seemed, when it was written, to require. In fact I apprehended that your stay with your London Friends would be so far prolonged as to render it impossible for us to meet in Herefordshire, without your deferring your visit to

July 7, 1843, that 'one of [W.'s] eyelids had some of the old inflammation on it yesterday'. Moreover, Moxon's *Sonnets* of 1830 and 1835 had just been reprinted in one volume.

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Somersetshire for another year;—now all *may* be reconciled, but that will depend still upon circumstances not the least in our power.

Have you been told that Mr Jackson requires us to pay 60£ per ann: for Rydal Mount, one third more than we have paid hitherto? I said I could not agree without laying the case before Lady Fleming.

The weather clearing up in the afternoon, we went yesterday to the Island<sup>1</sup> and drank tea there. Dora seemed pretty well, as were the rest.

This is written merely to tell you how happy I was made by the intelligence of your movements.

We hope that it is not bad health, but merely depression of spirits requiring change, that sends Dr Ferguson abroad for so long a period.

We shall not venture to recommend anything in Isabella's case, confining ourselves to the stating of facts. Your kind Letter will be forwarded to her. Mary wrote to her at length last night.

ever most affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1499. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Brinsop Court Sept<sup>br</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 43

The first word almost Mary said to me upon waking was, You will write to your 'Love' this morning; accordingly I sit down without standing in need of that additional motive, to tell you Beloved Friend, that we reached this place yesterday afternoon, having slept at Birmingham after leaving Stockton early in the morning. Many pages could be filled with an account of but a small part of our discomforts and unhappiness at Elton caused by the excitement and derangement of our Nephew's<sup>2</sup> mind. As

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Belle Isle on Windermere, where the Curwens had a house.

<sup>2</sup> George Hutchinson (1801–53), son of John H., M. W.'s eldest brother. G. H. took the arms and surname of Sutton, and lived at Elton, near Stockton, Durham. He is not to be confused with George H., son of Thomas H., mentioned in Letter 1500.



arranged between his Stockton medical attendant and myself I called upon Dr Belcomb at York, and he has already sent off a competent Keeper to confine him within his own House, till it shall please God to mitigate the disease of mind under which he is labouring. He was bent upon accompanying us to York, and we had no other resource but to steal away from Elton without his knowledge. What a storm would he be in when he discovered that we were gone; but Wm was there to assist the Family to manage him. Joanna was much shaken by his behaviour latterly but a most desirable lodging has been procured for her and we hope she will remove to it as soon as she has procured a maid servant to wait upon her. Though very weak she improved decidedly during our stay.

We spent six hours at York most agreeably, having had the good fortune to find everyone at home whom we wished to see. Mr Robinson's Brother was our Attendant round the City; Him we found with his Wife at the head of nine interesting Children, descending step by step below each other and the Mother expecting a tenth in a few days.

Upon her and her appearance and character I could dwell at length. She is very handsome with a countenance beautifully intelligent. Never did I see a Woman so near her confinement who gave such dignity to that condition, so lively, so active, so graceful. She is very accomplished, but how she came to take up with Mr H. R. I cannot comprehend. Women do strange things where wedlock is concerned. No doubt her Husband is an active and stirring Member of Society, and may for aught I know be what is called a good Husband, but in appearance certainly no more fit to be mated with her than Vulcan was with Venus.—

We attended service at the Minster, which is still under repair, so that only half of the building could be seen at once, and the Nave to great disadvantage. Mary and I were placed on opposite sides of the Quire; and about the middle of the service she saw a gentleman leading down from one of the stalls, and down the Aisle, a white-headed Old Man who with a tottering and trailing step accompanied him. She was struck with dismay, for seeing imperfectly she was convinced it was her husband who

was suffering from a sudden seizure. Judge of what she had to endure till that anthem was over and the rest of the service. She was so placed that she could not leave her seat without disturbing the officiating Minister and all those that sat in the same line of seats with herself. What a beautiful Relique is that Ruin at St Mary's Abbey, we were charmed with it, and also with the walk along the Walls.

We left a quarter past six, had to wait a full hour at Derby, and judge of our vexation, when upon reaching Birmingham at one, we found our large Leather trunk containing almost [all] our wearing apparel was missing. This would not have happened, if I, knowing well Jane's<sup>1</sup> great carefulness had not trusted it and three carpet bags to her vigilance. She however poor girl was only in fault in not ascertaining by its direction that the trunk which she saw put in along with the carpet bags was ours. It was of the same shape colour and size, and this with the promise of the attendant that he would take care of our luggage and put it all in its proper place deceived her. The trunk she saw put in with the Carpet Bags belonged to another person. Hereafter I will trust to nobody's eyes but my own. Of course we have taken every possible care; at every place giving directions for the lost portmanteau's being sent after us. We shall be very uneasy till we receive it; Mrs W. has no clothes to put on; her gowns, her shawls, her linnen, are all left behind, two new Coats of mine, my Waistcoat and all my best wearing apparel, including several things which would have been left at Rydal but on account of our proposed visits with you on our return. This afternoon I shall go to Hereford six miles off to make enquiries. This is a long story—but what has really been of so much concern to us I know cannot be indifferent to you. We found our friends here all well—I mean for them, and Elizabeth wonderfully improved in health.

And now let me say a word upon two points which in none of my letters I have touched upon but which I did not feel the less; I mean your goodness in offering to leave your Friends long before your visits were finished and to come to Rydal in the embarrassment which we [were] under. Then again we know that

<sup>1</sup> The Rydal Mount housemaid—a much-loved servant (*v. next two letters*).

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but for your love of us you would have gone with Mr Taylor abroad. Both these proofs of your friendship have sunk deep into our hearts. God bless you, best of Friends and most amiable of women. If I could write in seemly penmanship and legibly I would tell you a hundred little occurrences which it might in some degree please you to hear, but I am really shocked when I look at these misshapen characters and all this blotting, which no care of mine can prevent, for when my pen grows intolerable any attempts to mend it only make it worse.

The Hotel near the Station at Birmingham where you were so comfortable, had not a bed to spare when we arrived ; it was filled with strangers come to the Musical Festival. So we were obliged to put up with sorry accommodation in a neighbouring Tavern. From Worcester I was on the outside of the Coach and saw the beautiful country to great advantage, Malvern in particular. We meet with persons who know us or have seen our place of abode at Rydal everywhere. At Darlington we found in the mailtrain coach [    ?    ] a lady taking leave of a youth. By his Countenance I was sure he knew who I was. After the train began to move she burst into tears and sobbed involuntarily. As soon as I could venture to speak to her I found the youth she had just parted with was her son and that he was one of ten children. She had lived 20 years in Petersburg where her family had all been born, and she was about to return thither. I led her into this conversation with a hope of beguiling her grief and I succeeded wonderfully. I learned that she had been at the Lakes some three or four years ago, walked round the grounds of Rydal Mount, and had got a glimpse of me. She proved a very interesting person, intelligent, wellread and informed, with an animated countenance and conversation. She was anything but handsome but expression completely supplied that want, and the tones of her voice from long residence abroad had become more varied and musical than is common with English Ladies. Her sadness would return after we parted, but with much fervour she said, 'this will be a memorable day with me'. Farewell beloved Friend we rely on your joining us here.

W. W.

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MS. 1500. W. W. to W. W. (*jun.*)

Brinsop Tuesday [Oct. 17, 1843] forenoon.

My dear William,

I know not whether you have been sufficiently prepared for the event I am to communicate. Dear and good and faithful Jane expired last night at twelve; her spirit departed so gently that the Housemaid who sate up with her was unconscious of the change. Mr Lomax of Westley her Doctor saw her at noon, and though he found her a good deal weaker, gave us no reason to think her end was so very near. After the first inflammation was subdued by bleeding she suffered no pain at any time, only her breathing was always short and rather difficult.

I will not dwell on this sad subject, which is through God's mercy attended with much and heartfelt consolations of many kinds.

Your Letter enclosing dear Joanna's<sup>1</sup> will has just arrived, and been read. I grieve to find that all is at George's<sup>2</sup> disposal; it cannot be helped—I shall speak to him most urgently not to break in upon it by any fond scheme whatever. But perhaps he is already in debt. He will be here on Wednesday, and I will also attempt, but alas it will be in vain—to induce him to fasten the money out of his own power.

Most anxiously do your Mother and I wish that you would call in the assistance of some copying Clerk during Mr Carter's absence, which we regret exceedingly. Also procure a horse, or the immediate use of one till you can procure one to your mind.—I will write to the B<sup>p</sup> of Carlisle as you request. George has been receiving lessons in *chanting* every day—he goes to Hereford on purpose, and in the evening to the Clergyman of Burghill, Mr Hanson, who is skillful in music, as his wife. He has but a poor ear, but he makes encouraging progress.

Do dearest Wm for all our sakes take care of yourself. God bless you. We both have been writing Letters all this morning.

Your affectionate Father

Wm Wordsworth

You cannot say too much of Geo. as a pious minister of the

<sup>1</sup> Joanna H. had died shortly after W. and M. W. left Elton (*v. last letter*).

<sup>2</sup> George H., second son of M. W.'s brother, Thomas.

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Gospel—and a Man desirous to be all that [he] ought to be—as a good Churchman—his heart and soul is in his profession—and I feel confident he will become a *valuable* Member of the Church.

MS. 1501. *W. W. to W. W. (jun.)*

Brinsop Court Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> [Oct. 1843]

My dear Wm,

George, who has been in the habit of going every day to Hereford for instruction in chanting, came home yesterday much discouraged. It is certain that he is not gifted with an ear for music, and in consequence has never attended to it. But I have no doubt that he or any one else who earnestly desired to learn and would take pains accordingly would learn in course of time a thing as simple as chanting. Unfortunately in the present case the allowance of time is so very short that G. is almost hopeless; and he is strongly inclined to give up at once.

Now do you know whether it is likely that the Electors would decide altogether by the present competence or rather perfectness of the Candidate in the musical requisite, without suffering the consideration of future improvement to have weight in the matter. If so, I fear your good Cousin would have no chance.

We infer from your Letter that the testimonials include a declaration of present fitness; and that there will be no previous trial before the Dean and Chapter—pray is this so? Mr Saul we think will be able to throw light on these questions.

George will be at Bishop's Sutton near Pensford, Bristol on Saturday, therefore it will be best to address him there.

Poor dear Jane is to be buried on Friday. George will stay to perform the service. Your uncle George and Mrs Monkhouse are both expected here to-day. Love from your dear Mother, and from all

Your affectionate Father  
W. Wordsworth.

MS. 1502. *W. W. to Mr Dixon*

Brinsop Court near Hereford 23<sup>d</sup> Oct<sup>br</sup> 43

My dear Sir,

Circumstances of a very distressing kind detained Mrs Words-

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worth and myself in the County of Durham so long as to leave us, which we much regretted, no time for our Friends and Relations at York, in which yourself and Mrs Dixon were especially included. I have not taken up the pen to express this regret, for I feel it unnecessary, and I left Mrs Robinson and her Son a message to that effect, but I write upon a matter relating to a Nephew of Mrs Wordsworth in which perhaps your kindness might prompt you to be of some service. A Son of the Archbishop of York, I am told, is a Canon of Carlisle Cathedral, and one of the minor Canonries being vacant it has been suggested by his Cousin my Son William who resides at Carlisle, that he might probably succeed were he to offer himself as a Candidate. The Parents of the Young Man, Mr George Hutchinson, are both natives of Cumberland, (his Mother born at Carlisle) he was educated at Sedbergh School, went to St John's Cambridge, where he took a degree, and afterwards by my advice placed himself under Mr Pinder, principal of the College of Wells. Here he pursued his studies in Divinity with great assiduity and Mr Pinder, I know, thinks very highly of him. I have had the happiness of knowing him from childhood and have been more than satisfied with his conduct through life. Now, what I take the liberty of requesting is that if there be no objection you would express to Mr Harcourt the interest I take in the success of my Nephew's application, and the confidence I feel that were he to be appointed the electors would not be disappointed in their Choice; if you could add that yourself would be gratified if he should be approved of I should be truly thankful. I have taken the liberty of writing to the same effect to the Bishop of Carlisle, though knowing that he is not an elector. Of course testimonials will be prepared and sent in to the Dean and Chapter.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs Dixon and yourself in which Mrs Wordsworth cordially unites,

believe me my dear Sir,

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

We hope to be at home by next Saturday.

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MS. 1503. *W. W. to the Rev. Mr Lee*

Brinsop Court Near Hereford Monday 23<sup>d</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup>

My dear Mr Lee—

Could you contrive to meet me at the Railway Station of the train from Worcester, next Friday, between 12 and 1 at Noon. It would give me great pleasure to see you though only for a few minutes. I will then explain why I did not let you know when I passed through Birmingham to this place. We proceed by the train to Lancaster on the same day.

ever with sincere respect and regard

Yours faithfully

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Lee, Master of the Grammar School,  
Birmingham.

Flagg<sup>a</sup> 1504. *W. W. to R. H. Dana (sen.)*<sup>1</sup>  
K.

Rydal Mount, Ambleside, October 1843

I had heard much of Mr Allston from Mr Coleridge, and I should have thought it a high privilege to cultivate his friendship had opportunity allowed. Mr Coleridge lived on terms of intimacy with him at Rome; they returned from Italy about the

<sup>1</sup> Richard H. Dana (1787–1879), poet and essayist; his elder sister was the wife of Washington Allston. He planned a *Life of Allston*, but did not complete it. Allston (1779–1843), artist and author, came to London in 1801, and studied at the Royal Academy under West. He met Coleridge at Rome in 1805, and owed much to his friendship. He painted Coleridge in 1812–13. In 1818 he returned to America.

<sup>2</sup> From Jared B. Flagg's *Life and Letters of Washington Allston*, N.Y., 1892. On pp. 133–4 is the following passage:

Not long after Allston's return from England [1818] he received a copy of Wordsworth's poem 'Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendor and Beauty', with the accompanying note: 'Transcribed by Mrs Wordsworth, in gratitude for the pleasure she received from the sight of Allston's pictures, in particular "Jacob's Dream."' And at the end of the poem was added the following:

'N.B.—The author, knows not how far he was indebted to Mr Allston for part of the third stanza. The multiplication of ridges in a mountainous country, as Mr Allston has probably observed, are from two causes, sunny or watery haze or vapor; the former is here meant. When does Mr Allston return to England?

Wm. Wordsworth.'

same time, and it was in London, there only, that I had the pleasure of seeing Mr Allston at his own lodgings. He was well known, both through Coleridge and his own genius, to one of my most intimate friends, Sir George Beaumont, who always passed the spring season in London. Coleridge and he took great delight in referring to Mr Allston's observations upon art and the works of the great masters they had seen together in Rome, and the admiration was no doubt mutual from the commencement of their acquaintance.

By such reports of his conversation and corresponding accounts of his noble qualities of heart and temper, I was led to admire, and with truth I may say to love, Mr Allston, before I had seen him or any of his works. But opportunities did not favor me. His short stay in London occasioned me much regret, less on account of being cut off from his society (though to that I was anything but indifferent) than that I felt strongly that his works would surely be duly appreciated in England.

His own country had a strong claim upon his talents, as it had upon his affections; nevertheless carefully as he had observed the works of the old masters, and deeply as he had studied them, and vivid as were his impressions of their excellence, I could not but entertain some fear, that when by residence in America he was removed from the sight of them, his genius, great as it was, might suffer, and his works fall more or less into mannerism. For my part there was such high promise in the few works of his pencil which I had the opportunity of seeing, that they stood high in my estimation, much above any artist of his day. They indicated a decided power of higher conceptions, and his skill in dealing with the material of art struck me as far beyond that of any other painter of his time. It was truly as Coleridge used to say, 'coloring, and not color'.

Since Mr Allston went back home I have had short letters from him frequently, introducing his American acquaintances; and friendly messages have often passed between us, which I am certain were mutually acceptable. Your account of his last moments affected me deeply. I thank you sincerely for it. Much do I regret that it is not in my power to dwell more upon particulars, but after such a lapse of time I could not venture to



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attempt it, and I beg of you to take in good part the scanty tribute to the memory of a great man whom I highly honored.

Sincerely yours,

William Wordsworth.

*MS.*            1505. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal 24<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1843.

My dear Mr Moxon,

Pray send by Coach, not by Railroad, (for their charges are most exorbitant) twelve copies of the new Edition in 7 Volumes of course including the vol. last published as the 7<sup>th</sup>, also half a dozen separate copies of the Excursion in the same Parcel. The Vol. of Sonnets which was printed to gratify my deceased Nephew John Wordsworth<sup>1</sup> has proved a bad concern. What do you do with the Copies—could they be got off at a lower price?—

I see my Poems advertized in the Morning Post 6 volumes; is that politic? how do you propose to get off the 7<sup>th</sup>. They ought I think to be sold *together* as much as possible; that we may start fairly at the proper time with the double Column Edit.

ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

Eight of the twelve copies are intended for the Ambleside demand and are not likely to be disposed of till next summer. The other four I should wish to be at liberty to present among Friends without their being charged to me.

*M(—)*            1506. *W. W. to Joseph Cottle*

*G(—)*

*K(—)*

Nov. 24,<sup>2</sup> 1843.

My dear Mr Cottle,

. . . You have treated the momentous subject of socinianism in a masterly manner, which is entirely and absolutely convincing.<sup>3</sup>

Believe me to remain, my good old friend, with great respect,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the son of C. W.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, Nov. 10, v. Reed, p. 114.

<sup>3</sup> Cottle's work was *Essays on Socinianism*.

K. 1507. *W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge*

Dec. 2, 1843.

My dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

Pray accept my thanks for the pains you have taken with the Inscription and excuse the few words I shall have to say upon your remarks.

There are *two* lakes in the vale of Keswick: both of which, along with the lateral vale of Newlands immediately opposite Southey's study window, will be included in the words, 'Ye vales and hills',<sup>1</sup> by every one who is familiar with the neighbourhood.

I quite agree with you that the construction of the lines that particularise his writings is rendered awkward by so many participles passive, and the more so on account of the transitive verb 'informed'. One of these participles may be got rid of, and I think a better couplet produced, by this alteration:

Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

As I have entered into particulars of Southey's writings, and they are so various, I thought his historic works ought by no means to be omitted, and therefore, though unwilling to lengthen the epitaph, I added the following:

labours of his own,  
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal  
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,  
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

I do not feel with you in respect to the word 'so'<sup>2</sup>—it refers of course to the preceding line, and as the reference is to fireside feelings and intimate friends, there appears to me a propriety in an expression inclining to the colloquial. The couplet was the

<sup>1</sup> *Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick* (Oxf. W., p. 587).

<sup>2</sup> *In the original version was the couplet:*

Friends, Family—ah wherefore touch that string,  
To them *so* fondly did the good man cling!

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dictate of my own feelings, and the construction is accordingly broken and rather dramatic,—but too much of this. If you have any objection to the couplet as altered be so kind as to let me know; if not, on no account trouble yourself to answer this letter.

‘Prematurely’ I object to as you do. I used the word with reference to that decay of faculties which is not uncommon in advanced life, and which often leads to dotage—but the word must not be retained.

We regret much to hear that Lady Coleridge is unwell. Pray present to her our best wishes.

What could induce the Bishop of London to forbid the choral service at St. Mark’s? It was an execution, I understand, above all praise.

Ever most faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1508. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

Monday 4<sup>th</sup> December ’43

My dear Mr Moxon,

I answered the American Gentleman’s Letter about a month since.

I am as much surprized as you at Mr Gough’s Specimens. I expected nothing but a School Book to be sold at a low price. Mr Gough requested of me permission to make a selection<sup>1</sup> mainly of subjects relating to this country, as it was principally intended for circulation among his own Scholars. He was then Master of St. Bees’ School, as he is now of the Free School of Carlisle. I consented without reluctance, subject to your permission.

I stipulated for no emolument nor even alluded to it, deeming the thing not of sufficient importance. As I have always understood that Mr Gough is a truly respectable man, I am inclined to think that Burns has taken advantage of his inexperience in dealing with Publishers. I shall write to Mr Gough in a Day or two. Burns has sent me by Mail-Train, five Copies and a

<sup>1</sup> *Select Pieces from the Poems of William Wordsworth, dedicated to her most sacred Majesty, Victoria.* London: James Burns. 1843.

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handsome Quarto Book of common prayer, after the Antique, by way I suppose of *douceur* or hush money. But we have both of us had our kindness abused—

Ever faithfully

Yours

Wm Wordsworth

PS. As there is not a word from *The Excursion*, nor *The White Doe*, nor *Peter Bell*, etc., etc., etc., nor any of the *Continental Poems*, or the *Sonnets*, etc., I hope the Publication will not hurt our Sale, and, if it should not I care nothing about the matter except as far as concerns the behaviour of one or both of these Individuals.—Burns in his Letter alludes to improvements in the Embellishment which he purposes to make if a 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition be called for; but I shall stop that as soon as I have heard from Mr Gough. I will carefully read the Book you mean to send me. There is a book or tract lately published by my Nephew the Master of Harrow entitled *Theophilus Anglicanus*.<sup>1</sup> I hope he has sent it to you in time to have been forwarded in your parcel, for I hear it highly spoken of.

K.      1509. *W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge*

Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> 1843

My dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

Notwithstanding what I have written before, I could not but wish to meet *your wishes* upon the points which you mentioned, and, accordingly have added and altered as on the other side of this paper. If you approve dont trouble yourself to answer

Ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps  
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps  
Ye vales and hills, etc.  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

<sup>1</sup> Written by C. W. to instruct his Harrow pupils in Church principles; it had a wide circulation.

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Friends, Family—within no human breast  
Could private feelings need a holier nest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished

These alterations are approved of by friends here, and I hope will please you.

*MS. 1510. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[? Dec 1843]

My dear Mr Moxon,

Thank you for the Laureate remittance, which I shall be obliged to you to send hereafter in the same way, unless you hear to the contrary.

Among the Copies of my Poems sent last year is one that Mrs Nicholson cannot sell on account of the volume, that which contains *The White Doe*, having leaves answering to the Pages taken from other volumes. This is very faulty negligence in the Person employed, who ought to make up the loss. Unluckily this is not the first time this troublesome inattention has occurred. —I have therefore to beg that when my Books are sent at my request to Ambleside, that one of your people would carefully examine, to see that they are perfect.

The defective Volume is the 4<sup>th</sup>, and it has one sheet from the 2<sup>nd</sup> Vol. and one from the 1<sup>st</sup>—from page 64 to page 97 inclusive—pray as I shall return the whole set let the Copy be struck out of my account, for it is not worth while to send out another set in its stead

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1511. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> 43]

My dear Mr Moxon,

The Enclosed Paper of directions was left this morning by my Nephew John Wordsworth, to go to Burns. He wants to make a present of the Books which have been admired in a Family to which he is greatly obliged. You know that his health is in a

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precarious state, and as it has obliged him to withdraw from his Profession at present, I wish, and therefore I beg, that you would be so kind as to procure for Him the Books at Trade price; for I myself do not wish to have *friendly* communications with Mr Burns. I have written to Mr Gough this morning stating my feelings pretty strongly

ever truly yours

Wm Wordsworth

I have asked Mr Gough to learn for me how many copies have been struck off and told him that I shant give my consent to another edition of the same kind. It is one of *Burns* Selections that my Nephew wishes for, bound as the Paper directs. Pray send the charge along with the books.

*MS.*            *1512. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

20 Dec<sup>r</sup> [1843]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I have no objection to the reference you propose; but it cannot be amiss that I should briefly state to you something of my own feeling on the subject.

I have not yet had either from Mr Gough or Mr Burns the amount of Copies struck off. But I protest entirely whatever that may be against any pecuniary emolument being drawn from the Edition by Mr Burns. Nor do I think that he is entitled to any remuneration of that kind for his personal trouble either in superintending the embellishment, or anything else. In fact he has already renounced every thing of the kind, as he well might. For neither you nor I nor as far as I understand Mr Gough, ever gave his consent to such a publication. We have nothing to do with Mr Burns's motives in this question, we may allow them to be as unselfish as he affirms they were—it is enough that there was to an extraordinary extent, a deviation from, or opposition to, what you and I had authorized—Next comes the consideration of what Mr Burns is entitled to for actual expenditure, and what is to be done with the embellishments in future. I could wish to leave this matter to your judgement, not doubting that you could state the case on your part

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and as guardian of our united interests fairly and frankly to the Referee—

I need not repeat that I wish Mr Burns to be dealt with not only without hardness, but as gently as justice and reason will permit. Ever my dear Mr Moxon

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1513. W. W. to C. W.*

20 Dec<sup>r</sup> [1843]

My dear Brother,

Mr Burns has forwarded to me your favorable notice of his Selections from my Poems; your approbation would have been well deserved, if either I or Mr Moxon had given our consent to any such publication. The matter originated thus. The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Gough, then under master of St. Bees School, and now head master of the Grammar School Carlisle, applied to me for permission to publish Selections from my poems, as an ordinary school-book for his *own* Scholars mainly and for the use of those classes of society which might not have access to so expensive a book as the whole Body of my Poetry. He told me also, that having his own Scholars mainly in view the Selections would principally be of Poems the subjects of which were from the North of England, as being most likely to interest them. Of course I had no difficulty in giving my consent to such a publication under his management, nor to his extending the collection, as far as was consistent with a low price, and reasonable attention to Mr Moxon's interests and my own. In fact I expected that the price of the Book would not exceed half a crown or three shillings at the utmost, and as neither I nor Mr Moxon nor Mr Gough looked to any pecuniary advantage, or wished for any, the work would have had no expenses to bear of Copyright or Editorship, and might have been sold cheap accordingly. Mr Charles Knight publishes a play of Shakespear (*sometimes* extending to 120 pages) for sixpence—The paper and type are unexceptionable, so that no Copyright profit being in my case looked for, the Selections might have been sold proportionately

cheap, care only being taken that they did not go to an extent which would obviously be injurious to the sale of the Works in a Body. Mr Gough was much in fault as he did not let me know what Burns was doing, though he protested against it. Burns was also greatly in fault *whatever might be his motives*, in setting aside Mr Gough's judgement, and disregarding his wishes. In fact he put the work into the hands of another Editor, a Scotch man, who furnished a preface, the first sentence on the 2<sup>nd</sup> page of which I think very objectionable, as tending to impede the sale of the works in a body, though I trust it was not meant to do so. But too much of this matter. I have read Chris's<sup>1</sup> Work both with profit and pleasure. I have not thanked him for it yet, except through the medium of the *Morning Post*, in a Sonnet<sup>2</sup> printed in that journal, Friday or Saturday last: perhaps you have either seen or heard of it. An Epitaph which I have written for dear Southey will certainly reach you in a Circular printed Letter.

We look forward with great delight to seeing you here next Summer. We did not get to Leamington but came strai[gh]t home after leaving Brinsop. Our spirits were too much depressed to allow of our turning out of the way, even to visit friends. I hope Chris's valuable Book will meet with the reception it so amply deserves.

(*Unsigned.*)

MS. 1514. W. W. to Edward Moxon

[Late Dec. 1843]

My dear Mr Moxon

The draft for 73£ has been duly received—also the Books for my Nephew who will pay the amount to me.

The business is well settled with Mr Burns and I beg that as little may be said about it as possible. The ornaments I have no desire for, and I think that with very few exceptions they will suit any other book as well as ours.

I have written this morning to a Lady<sup>3</sup> through whom Chambers

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter of Dec. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 281.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs Fletcher of Grasmere.



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applied to me for permission to make extracts from my poems for his sickly-paddy,<sup>1</sup> as Coleridge used to call that class of publication. I gave him leave, but I have desired the Lady to let him know that he must apply to you also, and that he is moderate in the number and length of his Extracts and Selections.

With all the good wishes and greetings of the season to yourself and yours,

I remain

my dear Mr Moxon

Faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

We expect Mr Robinson by the Mail to-day.

K.<sup>2</sup>     *1515. W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge*

Rydal Mount, December 23<sup>d</sup>, 1843.

My dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

The first line would certainly have more spirit by reading 'your' as you suggest. I had previously considered that, but decided in favour of 'the', as 'your', I thought, there being 'ye' thrice repeated, and followed by 'you' at the close of the 4<sup>th</sup> line, would clog the sentence in sound. I also thought that 'your' would interfere with the application of 'you' at the end of the fourth line to the whole of the particular previous images, as I intended it to do. But I don't trouble you with this letter on that account, but merely to ask you whether the couplet now standing,

Large were his aims, yet in no human breast

Could private feelings find a holier nest,

would not be better thus,

Could private feelings meet in holier rest.

This alteration does not quite satisfy me, but I can do no better. The word 'nest' both in itself and in conjunction with 'holier' seems to be somewhat bold, and rather startling for marble,

<sup>1</sup> Chambers's *Encyclopaedia of English Literature*.

<sup>2</sup> K. prints this letter in his ed. of *W.'s Letters* and in *Poems* viii. 161—characteristically his two versions of it differ in several places.

particularly in a Church. I should not have thought of any alteration in a merely printed poem, but this makes a difference. If you think the proposed alteration better, don't trouble yourself to answer this; if not, pray be so kind as to tell me so by a single line. I would not on any account have trespassed on your time but for this public occasion.

We are very sorry to hear of Lady Coleridge's indisposition; pray present to her our kind regards and best wishes for her recovery, united with the greetings of the season both for her and yourself.

And believe me, faithfully, your obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

K.      *1516. W. W. to Mrs Henry Robinson*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, 27<sup>th</sup> Dec., 1848.

Dear Mrs Henry Robinson,

Since I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, I have intended every day to thank you for it, but I have been prevented by unlooked-for engagements and occurrences, in addition to such as are usual at this season.

It would have been impossible for me to attend in person as sponsor for your little one, and I the less regret it, as I was represented by her father, to whom return my thanks for his service upon this occasion. Advanced in life as I have been for many a long year, it has more than once happened that I have at first refused the office when it was proposed to me by parents; but I have been induced afterwards to accept it by the hope suggested to me that the consciousness of my having stood in that relation to the individual could not but hereafter be salutary, even when I myself was no longer in this world. And it was this feeling, I assure you, which reconciled me to the undertaking the office of sponsor to your child, which I must otherwise have felt bound to decline. May God bless the little infant!—words which I should have written with due solemnity at any season, but the prayer is expressed with a still deeper feeling at this time, between the festival of Christmas Day and

<sup>1</sup> Of York, v. Letter to Miss Fenwick of Sept. 21.

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the beginning of a New Year. I am happy to share this office with my dear cousin Sarah Crackanthorpe.

Mrs Wordsworth unites with me in the kindest greetings of the season to yourself and your husband, and to Mrs Robinson, and also to Mr and Mrs Dixon, and believe me, my dear Mrs H. Robinson, with high respect and sincere regard,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1517. W. W. to Alexander Dyce*

Rydal Mount Jan<sup>ry</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1844

My dear Mr Dyce,

Your very valuable Present of Skelton's Works edited with your usual industry, judgement and discernment, by yourself reached me a little while ago in a Parcel with other Books, from Mr Moxon. I feel truly obliged by this and the like marks of your attention, and beg you to accept my sincere thanks for the same, which I offer with unavoidable regret that, being so advanced in years, I cannot make that profitable use of your labours, which at an earlier period of life I might have done. I am much in the same situation as Pope<sup>1</sup> when Hall's Satires were first put into his hand. But I will do my best to turn your kindness thus manifested to account.

Believe [me] my dear Sir

Your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

May the ensuing year be for you a happy one!

*MS. 1518. W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount Jan. 13<sup>th</sup>—44

Dear Sir

Not long since I received the Vol: of Poems with which you have favoured me. It came along with several other New Publications from Mr Moxon, so that I have not yet read the *whole* of it; but enough to enable me to say with sincerity that there is

<sup>1</sup> 'That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful . . . is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's *Satires* were shown him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.' (Johnson, *Life of Pope*.)

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abundance of interesting and genuine feeling in those performances, and of the elements of Poetry. The only deficiency respects skill in workmanship, of which however there is no want but what more practice would I doubt not supply

I remain

dear Sir truly

Your obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*M. G. K.      1519. W. W. to Henry Alford*

Rydal Mount, Feb. 28, 1844.

My dear Sir,

I am pleased to hear what you are about, but I am far too advanced in life to venture upon anything so difficult to do as hymns of devotion.

The one of mine which you allude to<sup>1</sup> is quite at your service, only I could wish the first line of the fifth stanza to be altered thus:

Each field is then a hallowed spot.

Or you might omit the stanza altogether, if you thought proper, the piece being long enough without it.

Wishing heartily for your success, and knowing in what able hands the work is,

I remain, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS.      1520. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount 11<sup>th</sup> March 1844.

My dear Mr Moxon

Your Check for £68. 15. 8 came safe to hand—There are several strong reasons why I should go to London this spring, and I hope to do so, yet I become every year less inclined to face the way of life into which I am cast when I am there as a Newcomer.—

It appears from the preface to Taylor's correspondence<sup>2</sup> that

<sup>1</sup> Alford wished to include *The Labourer's Noon-Day Hymn* (Oxf. W., p. 506) in a collection of hymns he was making.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. William Taylor of Norwich (1765–1836), who won his fame by his

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Mr Southey had (very inconsiderately I think) given consent to the publication; but it also appears that Mr S. must have looked to the Letters being revised by himself before they were given to the world, in which case many passages undoubtedly would have been struck out which the Editor most reprehensibly has not done. There is one passage in particular where S. speaks contemptuously of Mr Cottle's Alfred which will cut the poor old man to the heart. He was so proud of Southey's notice and when I saw him at Bristol two or three years ago Cottle shewed me several memorials of Southey with the greatest Delight. Besides C. really was, by publishing S's juvenile works, his patron when he stood in need of one. But the licentious opinions in morals which Taylor engrafts upon his unbelief most ostentatiously displayed, are a still greater objection to the publication; and these ought to be exposed by some able journalist with the severest condemnation.

It pleases me to learn that my Poems are going off so well. Within the last week I have had three Letters, one from an eminent High Churchman and most popular Poet, another from a Quaker, and the third from a Scottish Free-Churchman, that prove together how widely the poems interest different classes of men. What a wonderful Man Mr Rogers is: it would rejoice me to see him again.

Ever my dear Mr Moxon  
faithfully yours  
Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1521. W. W. to John North<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

Rydal Mount 20<sup>th</sup> March '44

In a Letter to his Cousin Mrs Quillinan my Nephew Mr Charles Wordsworth of Winchester College writes thus: 'Tell my Uncle translation of the German ballad *Leonore*, and in 1828-30 published his *Historical Survey of German Poetry* which was severely criticized by Carlyle. He had been intimate with Southey from 1798, and much of S.'s correspondence with him was published in the *Memoir* of W. T. by John W. Robberds, 2 vols., 1843, to which W. is here referring.

<sup>1</sup> Eldest son of Mr Ford North, who is buried in Grasmere churchyard. J. N. declined to remove the obelisk, but some years later it was blown down in a storm and not replaced.

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that I will do my best for young North—who I am glad to find, promises well!’ This, I am sure, it will please you to hear—and I know the admirable fitness of the writer for the important office which he fills.

May I, my dear Sir, avail myself of this occasion to venture upon what I feel is a great liberty; viz. to request that along with your Brothers you would take into consideration whether there be any sufficient objection to your having the form of the monument of your lamented Parents now standing in Grasmere Churchyard changed so as to suit better its situation. The obelisk shape is not only a novelty in the churchyards of this neighbourhood, but in the midst of those lofty mountains its effect is most objectionable. In expressing this opinion I am supported by the judgement of everyone who has spoken of it in my hearing. I must add that I have not for some time closely examined the monument, but it strikes me at this moment, that if the spiral part were removed, it would be less out of harmony with its situation.

Trusting that at all events, you will not take ill what I have written, I remain with kind remembrances to all your family in which Mrs W. unites, faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1522. W. W. to W. E. Gladstone  
K.

Rydal Mount, Mar. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1844.

My dear Mr Gladstone,

Pray accept my thanks for your State and Prospects of the Church,<sup>1</sup> which I have carefully read; I lent it immediately to a neighbouring Clergyman. You have approached the subject in a most becoming spirit, and treated it with admirable ability. From scarcely anything that you have said did I dissent; only felt some little dissatisfaction as to the limits of your Catholicity; for some limits it must have; but probably you acted wisely in not being more precise upon this point. You advert to the formal and open schism of Methodism, but was not that of

<sup>1</sup> ‘Present Aspects of the Church’, published in *The Foreign and Colonial Review* for October 1843.

Disney,<sup>1</sup> and of others to which Cowper adverts, in some respects of more importance? not as relates to the two or three conspicuous Individuals, who seceded and became preachers in London; but from its leading the way to the transit of so great a number of Presbyterian Clergy, with no small portion of their several congregations, into Unitarianism. This occurred all over England, and was, I believe, especially remarkable in the city of Norwich, though many there took refuge in the Church of England. Happily there is both in the written Word of God, and in the constitution of his Creature Man, an adequate preservative from that lifeless form of Religion; nevertheless, as it influenced in no small degree what in the Presbyterian and other congregations was called the better educated part of the Community, the result was to be lamented, in some respects more than the schism of the Wesleyans, which turned mainly, if not exclusively, at first, upon the rejection of episcopal jurisdiction, leaving the great points of Catholic doctrine untouched.

To what you have so justly said upon Tractarianism much in the same spirit might be added. It was a grievous mistake that these Tracts issued from the same place were *numbered*, and at the same time anonymous. Upon the mischief that unavoidably attaches to publications without name, especially, you might have added, corporate publications, you have written with much truth and feeling. But the whole proceeding was wrong, and has led to errors, doubts, and uncertainties, shiftings and ambiguities, not to say absolute double-dealing, injurious to Readers and perilous to those in whom they originated. First, it has caused the great and pernicious error of the Movement being called the Oxford Movement, as if it *originated* there, and had sprung up in a moment. But this opinion, which is false in fact, detracts greatly from its dignity, and tends much to narrow and obstruct its range of operation. There is one snare into which it

<sup>1</sup> John Disney, D.D. (1746-1816), in 1769 given the cures of Swinderby and Panton, Lincs., in 1771 joined a movement to petition Parliament to relieve the clergy from subscription. He dropped from his own services the Athanasian and Nicene creeds and the Litany, and made other changes in Common Prayer. From 1783 he was Secretary of a Unitarian Society for promoting knowledge of the Scriptures and conducted services at Essex Street, London, with a revised prayer book.

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was impossible that Writers so combined should not fall, that of the Individual claiming support for his opinion from the body when it suited him so to do, and rejecting it and resting upon his individuality when that answered his purpose better.

As to Romanism, having lived much in countries where it is dominant, and being not unacquainted with much of its history, my horror of it, I will not use a milder term, notwithstanding all that I love and admire in that Church, is great indeed. I trust with you that there is small reason for believing that it will ever supplant our Church in this Country, but we must never lose sight of its manifold attractions for the two extremes of our artificial society, the opulent and luxurious, never trained to vigorous thinking, and who have outlived the power of indulging in their excesses, these on the one hand; and on the other, the extreme poor, who are greatly in danger of falling under the influence of its doctrines, pressed upon them by a priesthood so constituted.

But as my departed Friend Southey said long ago,

Onward in *faith*, and leave the rest to Heaven.<sup>1</sup>

With a thousand thanks for your valuable tract, and the best of good wishes for your health and welfare, I remain, with sincere respect and regard, my dear Mr Gladstone,

Faithfully yours,

William Wordsworth.

K.

1523. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount, March 26, 1844.

Dear Sir,

Two letters from you at different and (I regret to say) distant times have reached me, accompanied by MS. verses of your own composition. You must have thought me ungracious in not noticing these communications long ago. But so exceedingly numerous are the letters and MSS. transmitted to me that I have for some time been obliged to leave them unacknowledged, without any exception, unless they happen to come, which is rare,

<sup>1</sup> The last line of Southey's *The Retrospect*, dated Oxford, 1794.



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from persons with whom I am acquainted. You will, therefore, see that in omitting to notice yours there was no disrespect on my part to yourself. The fault in my age, and domestic affliction, and an infirmity of eyesight which disables me from reading at all by candle light, are insurmountable objections to my meeting the wishes of those who may naturally be anxious to have my opinion of their productions. . . . You will perhaps be surprised when I say that nearly every day the year through—or rather at the rate of every day in the year—I have either books sent me, or MSS., or applications for autographs. I am, therefore, brought to the necessity above stated. . . . I remain, with good wishes,

Respectfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

*M. G. 1524. W. W. to Lady Frederick Bentinck*  
K.

March 31, 1844.

My dear Lady Frederick,

We have known each other too long and too intimately for you not to be well aware of the reasons why I have not earlier condoled with you upon your bereavement.<sup>1</sup> I feel it deeply, and sympathise with you as much and as truly as you possibly could wish. I have also grieved for the rest of your family and household, and not the least for Miss Thompson, whose faithful and strong attachment to your revered father I have, for a long time, witnessed with delight and admiration. Through my kind friend Mr O'Brien I have heard of you both; and in his second letter he informs me, to my great sorrow, that Miss Thompson has been exceedingly ill. God grant that she may soon recover, as you both will stand in need of all your bodily strength to support you under so sad a loss. But, how much is there to be thankful for in every part of Lord Lonsdale's life to its close! How gently was he dealt with in his last moments! and with what fortitude and Christian resignation did he bear such pains as attended his decline, and prepared the way for his quiet dissolution! Of my own feelings upon this loss I shall content

<sup>1</sup> The death of Lord Lonsdale.

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myself with saying, that as long as I retain consciousness I shall cherish the memory of your father, for his inestimable worth, as one who honoured me with his friendship, and who was to myself and my children the best benefactor. The sympathy which I now offer, dear Lady Frederick, is shared by my wife, my daughter, and my son William; and will be also participated in by my elder son, when he hears of the sad event.

I wrote to Dr Jackson<sup>1</sup> to inquire whether the funeral was to be strictly private, and learned from him that it is to be so; otherwise I should not have deprived myself of the melancholy satisfaction of attending. Accept, dear Lady Frederick, my best wishes, and be assured of my prayers for your support; and believe me,

Your very affectionate friend,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

M. G. K.                      1525. W. W. to John Peace

Rydal Mount, April 8, 1844.

My dear Mr Peace,

You have gratified me by what you say of Sir Thomas Browne. I possess his *Religio Medici*, *Christian Morals*, *Vulgar Errors*, etc., in separate publications, and value him highly as a most original author. I almost regret that you did not add his treatise upon *Urn Burial* to your publication; it is not long, and very remarkable for the vigour of mind that it displays.

Have you had any communication with Mr Cottle upon the subject of the subscription which he has set on foot for the erection of a *Monument* to Southey in Bristol Cathedral? We are all engaged in a like tribute to be placed in the parish church of Keswick. For my own part, I am not particularly fond of placing monuments in *churches*, at least in modern times. I should prefer their being put in public places in the town with which the party was connected by birth or otherwise; or in the country, if he were a person who lived apart from the bustle of the world. And in Southey's case, I should have liked better a

<sup>1</sup> Rector of Lowther, and chancellor of the Diocese.

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bronze bust, in some accessible and not likely to be disturbed part of St. Vincent's Rocks, as a site, than the Cathedral.

Thanks for your congratulations upon my birthday. I have now entered, awful thought! upon my 75<sup>th</sup> year. God bless you, and believe me, my dear friend,

Ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

Mrs Wordsworth begs her kind remembrance, as does Miss Fenwick, who is with us.

*1526. W. W. to Rev. R. Parkinson*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, 8<sup>th</sup> April [1844].

. . . Accept my thanks for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition of your Old Church Clock; and my acknowledgment for the dedication, acceptable on many accounts.

You have fallen into a mistake respecting the drawing from which the view of Seathwaite Chapel is taken. It was not done by the Barber who married a granddaughter of Robert Walker, but by a young friend of mine since dead. . . .

. . . During the very short call you made at Rydal Mount, I showed you an oil painting of the Vale of Duddon in the neighbourhood of Seathwaite which was given me by the artist as a token of gratitude for the memoir I had published of his wife's Grandfather R. Walker, and this has led you into the mistake, which may be corrected in future.

*MS. 1527. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount April 12<sup>th</sup> 1844

My dear Mr Moxon,

I understand that the last Vol: of Thirlwall's<sup>2</sup> History of Greece is just published. The whole work consists, I am told, of eight Vols:, of which I possess the first four; would you be so kind as to procure for me the remaining four, and forward them with

<sup>1</sup> From a Bookseller's Catalogue.

<sup>2</sup> *History of Greece*, by Connop Thirlwall, B<sup>p</sup> of St. David's, 8 vols., 1835-44.

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the Excursions you mean to send. I suppose of course you can procure the 4 vols: of the History separate and at trade price. The parcel will reach me free of expense if directed and forwarded to Mr Harrison 55 Old Broad Street, at your early leisure.

We have had swarms of Company since you left us, a great part of whom we would willingly have exchanged for a few days more of your society—yesterday we had two Sons of the Poet Burns, and Lord and Lady Monteagle, to-day Professor Sedgewick,<sup>1</sup> these all are good exceptions to the above remark. Kindest remembrances to you and yours, in which all unite. In half an hour we set off for Halsteads, Mr Marshall's, on the Banks of Ulleswater. We spent two delightful days upon the Duddon since you left us. You would have liked to have been of the party.

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1528. W. W. to Edward Moxon  
K(—)

15 April '44 Rydal Mount

My dear Mr Moxon,

The enclosed will explain itself. I have referred the Applicant to you having given my own consent for a small Selection, *provided* you are not disposed to withhold yours.

I could wish you, if you consent at all, to define the limits of the selection as to its bulk.

It seems resolved, I am sorry to say, that Mrs John Wordsworth is to remain abroad for another winter. It is a sad thing, but deemed best by her Medical Adviser. Her Husband will be obliged to remain with her.

ever faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

I wished you and *yours* could have been with us last Tuesday when upwards of 300 Children and nearly half as many Adults connected with them, or neighbours, were entertained in the

<sup>1</sup> A geologist. In 1842 he had contributed *Three Letters on the Geology of the District* to W. W.'s *Guide to the Lakes*.

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grounds and House of Rydal Mount. The treat went off delightfully with music, choral singing, dancing and chasing each other about in all directions. Young and old, gentle and simple, mingling in everything.

*MS.* 1529. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*  
*K(—)*

April 20. 1844

My dear Mr Moxon

Thanks for your letter. Every application that shall in future be made to me for leave to print extracts from my Poems, I shall refer at once to you, and inform the Party that such will be my invariable practice. In fact I shall be glad to leave the matter wholly to you as a much better judge than myself. Therefore in the present case make no scruple to withhold your consent, if you think it expedient so to do, as it is clear that yielding to one application will prepare the way and be an encouragement of the same kind.

I am quite shocked to hear that Chambers printed the extracts you have sent me without consulting you. I had no communication directly with him; but *through* the Lady, Mrs Fletcher, my neighbour, who applied to me at his request. I gave my permission *but* subject entirely to your concurrence. So that he has behaved most unwarrantably and in fact dishonestly; for my permission was null and void without yours. Mrs Fletcher is gone from home; otherwise I should have made a point of seeing her before I wrote; but I am sure she would not neglect the stipulation which I made. You will therefore proceed as you think proper for redress.—As to the length of the Extracts, I merely said, that as the application came to me through such a quarter I could not doubt that they would be kept within reasonable limits, which is indeed far from being the case.

As to the Biographical Notices, they are grossly erroneous; in particular, it is asserted that I was one of the Pantisocratic Society, though it has been publicly declared by Mr Southey that the project was given up years before I was acquainted either with himself or Mr Coleridge or any one belonging to the

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Scheme.<sup>1</sup> One-half, at least, of what is said of Mr Coleridge, as to the facts of his life, is more or less erroneous; and, drolly enough, he marries me to one of my Cousins!<sup>2</sup> He also affirms that my parents were able to send me to college though one died more than ten years before I went thither, and the other four; but these errors are trifles, the other, as to the Pantisocracy, is a piece of reprehensible negligence.

Ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 1530. W. W. to Edward Moxon

[April 29, 1844]

My dear Mr Moxon,

An act of Piracy has no doubt been committed upon me as well as yourself, for, as you know, the consent that I gave was subject to the like consent from you, and without that being given, which was never applied for by Mr Chambers, mine was null and void. Further, my consent was accompanied, (supposing what I have no reason to doubt that Mrs Fletcher faithfully reported my words to Mr C.) with the condition that the Extracts should as to length be *moderate*, and a *reasonable* use made of the privilege. That the former condition was utterly disregarded is certain—as to the latter Mr Chambers might be of a different opinion, and others might think with him; all that I need say is, that 1,100 lines and upwards went in the proportion of little less than ten to one beyond which I had presumed, or *thought* I was granting. But as I neglected to make any express stipulation as to the amount, I waive all claim for compensation on the ground of excess, and as to the other ground, I cannot, under all the circumstances (especially with regard to the Lady, through whom Mr C. made the application) accept any pecuniary compensation upon that. It would be inconsistent with my feelings as a Gentleman to do so; though I have, looking at the proceeding in *strictness*, and speaking of it literally an undeniable claim

<sup>1</sup> Hardly accurate. Southey formally announced his abandonment of Pantisocracy in Nov. 1795. W. W. had made Coleridge's acquaintance in the previous September.

<sup>2</sup> This error is still current.

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on Mr Chambers. So as far then as I am directly concerned, let the matter end. I am much pleased however that C. will have to pay you fifty pounds, as smoot money.<sup>1</sup>

I have written without waiting for Mr C.'s letter to myself, my mind being at once made up upon the subject

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. Ambleside Monday morn. I have this moment received Mr Chambers's Letter. He says he did apply for your permission, but owing to a misdirection of the Letter, it was returned to him through the Post Off. above three weeks after, when the sheet had passed through the press and it was too late to renew the application.—He also says 'that he applied through Mrs Fletcher, (which is true) for my permission to make the extracts, *specifying* them almost to the last Piece, and was honoured with my permission in consequence through that Lady'. Mrs Fletcher unfortunately is in Yorkshire and I cannot refer to her, all I can say is that I have *no remembrances* whatever of any such specification, but a distinct one that I stipulated for a moderate and reasonable use of the permission.

*MS. 1531. W. W. to R. Shelton Mackenzie*

Rydal Mount 1<sup>st</sup> June '44

Dear Sir,

I have to acknowledge two Letters from you and an Oxford Newspaper, for which marks of your attention pray accept my thanks.

Your former Letter was the occasion of a good deal of annoyance to me for it was unfortunately mislaid; and I could not find it, and was consequently ignorant of your address, which subjected me to a charge of incivility and seeming neglect—

In your projected Dictionary of living Authors I wish you success. But I apprehend the execution of it will be attended with difficulties, at least if I may judge of others by myself. I much dislike that so insignificant a Biography as mine should

<sup>1</sup> Smoot-money, printing slang for money paid for casual labour.

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have the attention of the Public called to it, and as to the dates of my Publications, I really never thought it worth while to register them. My first Publisher,<sup>1</sup> (in conjunction with Mr Coleridge) was Mr Cottle of Bristol—98—then, I employed Messrs. Longman, and latterly Mr Moxon. And with no others have I been connected.

Your 2<sup>nd</sup> Letter and the Newspaper would have been noticed earlier; but I was from home at the time of their arrival

I remain

faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth

I have sent the desired Autograph for your American Friends, as you tell me they are not Collectors of these things; if they had been so, I must have declined complying with a request of a kind which from the great number made to me and from other causes I find rather annoying.

*Address:* Dr R. Shelton Mackenzie, University Herald Offices,  
Oxford.

*MS. 1532. W. W. to John Hudson*

Flimby—20<sup>th</sup> June, 44

Dear Sir

Your letter has followed me to this place.

I have no objection to Mr Dawson making the use he desires of the Extract, provided you approve of the manner in which he acknowledges the Extracts.

I was perfectly aware that Mr Thurnham and Mr Scott were both interested in circulating their own Guides and it was on that very account that I wished you to place yours with some other Bookseller in that city, he giving proper notice at his window or otherwise, so that it might catch the eye of persons coming from Scotland or Newcastle. I think it would be well to do the same at Whitehaven. A large iron steamboat will by next November be launched there that, it is calculated, will perform

<sup>1</sup> W. seems to have forgotten that in 1793 he published *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* with John Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard.



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the voyage between Liverpool and Whitehaven in six hours ; at present there are steamboats between those places three times a week that bring many passengers for a Peep at the Lakes. Of course you have an Agent at Ulverstone, it would be well also to have the Book exposed to sale at Penrith ; and no doubt you have *that* done at Bowness and at Keswick.—I am persuaded that your Book were it sufficiently put in the way of Tourists would be greatly preferred to any other by most persons.

I remain

dear Sir

truly yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Mr Hudson, Bookseller, Kendal.

*MS.*

1533. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount 21<sup>st</sup> June 1844

Dear Sir,

I cannot help feeling that you treat my remarks upon the Portrait with more deference than they are entitled to. No Man sees his own face when he is absorbed in meditation, with his head downwards, therefore, my opinion of the likeness in such a case can be of little value, and that point must be judged of by others. My Friends object to the eyelid on your right hand as you look at the face and to the projection also beneath the corner of the under lip on the same side of the face. The position of the head in my own opinion [merely ?] cannot be favorable to *likeness*, as by shortening the upper lip so much it makes the nose seem much larger than I imagined my own, though undoubtedly large, could in any position appear to be.—I am really sorry you should have so much trouble upon this occasion, and am sensible of your kindness in taking so much pains. I [? barely] *ask* whether the *blackness* under the nose might not be a little softened or mitigated with some advantage. But of this you will be much the best judge, the change might weaken the effect, though to some that point attracts, from being so black, too much attention.

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But I cannot [? continue] to puzzle you any longer, and must conclude with a sincere wish that your work may prove satisfactory to the Painter, to yourself, and in general.

Believe me truly yours

W Wordsworth

I have been absent from home and to save the Post am obliged to scribble in great haste.

*MS.*        *1534. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Rydal Mount. Wednesday Morning [July 17<sup>th</sup> 1844]<sup>1</sup>

My beloved Friend

According to promise I ought to have written to you some time ago, and I have no sufficient excuse for not doing so, nothing indeed but the hope in which I have been disappointed thus far of making my Letter more interesting by the report of Mr Salvin's arrival. We have looked for him day after day in vain and with unreasonable anxiety, we wish so much for his opinion and the guidance of his judgement in respect to the intended Cottage. Mary laughs at my frequent visits to the Site<sup>2</sup> we have fixed upon and indeed it is a strong object of attraction to me, very sheltered and easy of access, and when part of the rock down which the steps lead shall be quarried out, the House will command a pleasing view towards the Church and the fells as well as the beautiful one of Rydal lake. We must not however overlook the fact that it is unluckily much too near Mr Ball's Coachhouse and stable, not that either need be seen in a short time, but voices will unavoidably be overheard and that is unpleasant. On the whole notwithstanding this objection I am convinced that we cannot do so well in any other part of the field, and I wish earnestly that Mr Salvin may approve, and give us something of a plan, particularly, for internal convenience. We do not at all relish your making up your mind to pass the winter in the South or West, we are too

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, July 5, *v.* Reed, p. 126.

<sup>2</sup> W. was proposing to build a cottage for Miss F. in the field just below Rydal Mount, known as 'Dora's Field'. The site he chose can still be identified. The plan was given up because Lady Fleming, as Lord of the Manor, refused to allow building on it, *v.* Letter of Aug. 18.

old and all of us too frail in body to be reconciled to that. Holmes House is too cold and small for you in winter time, but we are strongly inclined to think that you might be well accommodated in the vale of Grasmere, in that large House lately built by Mr Green and now occupied in part by three or more Oxonians with their Tutor. The House is a double one and was planned with a view to suit Lodgers and we do trust that there and under our *own roof*, as this climate seems to agree with you as well or better than any other, that you have tried, you may winter as happily and comfortably as you could anywhere far from us. I say this not forgetting what occurred the morning you left us, and without hope that I shall be able to make any material change in those points of my character, which you felt it your duty to animadvert upon. In the main one I cannot blame myself—therefore I should too probably displease you in that, though I certainly might change my outward manner of shewing it. But my most dear Friend I do feel from the bottom of my heart, that I am unworthy of being constantly in your sight. Your standard is too high for my hourly life;—when I add to what you blame, the knowledge which I bear about all day long of my own internal unworthiness I am oppressed by the consciousness of being an object unfit to be from morning to night in your presence. Among ten thousand causes which I have to thank God for his goodness towards me is that for more than forty years I have had a Companion who can bear with my offences, who forgets them, and enters upon a new course of love with me when I have done wrong, leaving me to the remorse of my own conscience. Of this chastisement I have had my portion and the feeling seems to be gathering strength daily and hourly; only let me believe that I do not love others less, because I seem to hate myself more. But this is being too serious for a letter; a prayer shall conclude what I have to say upon the subject—May God purify and elevate my mind so that I may become more worthy for being in his presence, and of associating with the good and the pure, among the chief of whom that I have had the happiness of knowing through life, forgive me beloved Friend if I say that I reckon yourself—You cannot know how much I think of you.

If I had written sooner I meant to have told you how much I enjoyed my lonely walks on the sea side during the five days I was at Flimby; everything was so different from what we have at home. It is a dead flat coast along which runs a highway between Workington and Maryport bordered by turf dry and smooth as the shaven lawn of any pleasure ground, except that here and there is a thorn bush and a plot of Ayrshire rose growing wild and cropt almost close to the ground by cattle. It was flowering at the time, and quite deceived me till Dora told me what it was. With these beautiful ground flowers in some places intermingled purple geraniums that crept as close to the ground—and Sea Pinks. Larks were constantly warbling above my head, their song blending with the murmur of the waves, and there there were the high Scotch hills opposite, behind which the sun set three times in the most glorious way possible, sky, mountain, seabeach, cloud and the orb of the sun contending with each other in splendour. These walks and objects, with the knowledge that my presence was useful to Dora, recompensed me in no small degree for unpleasantnesses of a domestic kind which you are not ignorant of. The worst of it is that Mr Q. seems incapable of regulating his own temper according to the demands which his Wife's indispositions too frequently make upon it. And it is not to be doubted that his way of spending his time is little suited to make the day pass pleasantly for others. He never scarcely *converses* with his wife or children; his papers, his books, or a newspaper engross his whole time. This is surely deplorable, and yet, poor Creature, she is very fond of him; and this I suppose must happen mostly if married pairs do not positively dislike each other—indifference can scarcely exist under that connection except in minds altogether barren or trivial.

Mr Faber's Brother is dying and his long Poem is going through the Press, to be out in September. This we learn from Matthew Harrison just come from him. Mr F. is now, I believe, at Oxford, waiting his Brother's dissolution.

We have reason to expect my Brother. Julius Hare comes either today or tomorrow to Mrs Arnold, Sir Wm Hamilton of Dublin, your co-sponsor,<sup>1</sup> is to be at Mr Graves's, Bowness, in a

<sup>1</sup> Of Willy, son of John W.

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day or two. We are also to have a visit from an American painter of distinction,<sup>1</sup> who at Mr Reed's request is coming down to paint my Portrait for him. Mr Rogers and Mr Moxon are coming also as you know, besides several others, so that we shall have enough to do. The wet weather or the coach being full has prevented the arrival of our nieces from Flimby these two days, but not having heard to the contrary we shall look for them today. Dora comes if there is room in the Mail on Saturday. Mr Q. is probably at Liverpool. They will both stay with us till they can procure a servant to be with them during their stay upon the island at Windermere. All your friends in this neighbourhood are well; we dine with the Fletchers today. I have declined an invitation to the Burns festival of which perhaps you have heard. Professor Wilson was very urgent that I should attend; but it is too far to go upon such a business were I not otherwise engaged and in fact I do not like these displays. I question also whether poor Burns himself would have much enjoyed the thoughts of such a thing—he was too conscious what a failure his life had been notwithstanding his widespread popularity. It is high time to release you, a word I ought to say however of our grandchildren. They grow more difficult to manage the longer they stay, but I think you would not have been disappointed with them. Henry has much to recommend him, Wm is an extraordinary Boy. I am sure you would have much delighted in his looks, talk, and ways. He is one of the quickest as his brother John is one of the slowest lads I have ever known Farewell and heaven bless you

W. W.

Kind remembrances to Mr Taylor as usual.

*MS. 1535. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

July 21. 1844<sup>2</sup>

My dear Mr Moxon,

Mrs W. holds the pen for me, just come over Kirkstone from Lord Lonsdale's Lowther—I acknowledge with pleasure your

<sup>1</sup> Henry Inman (1802–46). M. W. spoke of the portrait as 'in my opinion the best likeness that has been taken of him'. While in England H. I. also painted Macaulay and Chalmers.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., July 14, v. C.R., p. 563.

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Letter, enclosing a cheque for £43. 13. 8, the acc<sup>t</sup> of the separate Ed. of the Excursion. I am glad it is disposed of and also that you have another Ed. prepared.

With regard to the Poems, especially the last Vol: which encreases the price so much, I fear it will be long before they are off—How can any One when such trashy books as Disraeli's<sup>1</sup> are run after expect any portion of public attention, unless he confines hims[elf] to personalities or topics of the day.

The Papers had announced that Campbell was dangerously ill at Boulogne, so that I was not unprepared for account of his decease, which was also announced to me by a Letter from his Physician (I presume) dated Boulogne. Did he seem gratified by your kind visit? or was he too far gone? Poor Fellow one cannot help being sad that he is departed notwithstanding the unhappy habit to which he had given way.

We rejoiced to hear of your intention to visit us and that Mr Rogers thinks of doing the same. It will be indeed a great treat to see you both; and I hope it may suit you to come together.

To-day, as I rode up Ullswater side, while the Vapours were 'curling with unconfirmed intent'<sup>2</sup> on the Mountain-sides, and the blue Lake was streaked with silver light, I felt as if no Country could be more beautiful than ours; and certainly there is one point in which our scenery has a striking advantage over that of the greater part of the Continent. Our forest trees are preserved from that horrible mutilation which prevails almost everywhere in Italy and disfigures the Austrian and Bavarian Lakes woefully.

John and his wife are now at Genoa, whence they will proceed to the Baths of Lucca where they mean to pass the summer. She writes in better spirits than she has ever done, and is stronger, since she left Madeira which was too relaxing for her.

But I must conclude

Ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

All the Quillinans are at the seaside where unfortunately Mrs Q. has taken cold, and with it got a bad cough—The day after

<sup>1</sup> Disraeli's *Coningsby* appeared in this year.

<sup>2</sup> *To May*, l. 79 (Oxf. W., p. 508).

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tomorrow I go to see her and probably may bring her home, certainly if I do not find her better. Her husband has business in Ireland which calls him away next Tuesday.

*MS. 1536. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

[22<sup>nd</sup> July 1844]

My dear Miss Fenwick

The summer is passing away and we are most anxious to begin with the Cottage, and Mr Salvin neither makes his appearance nor do we hear anything about him. I feel it would be such an advantage to have a plan from so distinguished an Architect after he has seen the ground, that I cannot think<sup>1</sup> of taking a step, even fixing irrevocably the site without the benefit of his advice. If he would be so kind as to furnish us with a plan, including the proportions and size of the rooms, and of the windows and doors, after we had told him what sort of a house we wished for, not a moment should be lost, and we should have hope of getting the House covered in before the severity of the winter commenced. Dr Davy's will be covered in by the end of next month. My present intention is to have the floors, the window frames and doors all executed in Liverpool, and forwarded by sea to Ulverstone; this on account of the certainty of not being able to procure in this neighbourhood either seasoned wood or good workmanship. Dora has seen and approves the proposed site. She is in good health *for her*, but in no strength. She arrived from Brigham by Mail on Saturday. Could you my dearest Friend communicate with Mr Salvin, so as to put us more at ease as to the time when we may hope to see him. I am most anxious about it for the reason mentioned, and in some degree because I would not be absent from home half a day if I could help it, least he should happen to come at the time.

Thanks for your long and affectionate Letter. You scarcely touch upon the point that was nearest to my heart; and I do not see how you well could; so we will let the matter rest till we have the happiness of meeting again and in the meanwhile you must try to think as well of me as you can. To one thing only will

<sup>1</sup> *written thinking.*

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I now advert, viz., that I will not bind myself, circumstanced as Dora is, to make her any fixed allowance. I am convinced it would be wrong to do so, as it would only produce in a certain quarter an effect which I should exceedingly deprecate. Be assured I will take care while I live, that she should not *suffer* in mind for scantiness of income. That she may be somewhat straightened, acting as she has chosen to do with my strongest disapprobation I deem fit and right.—But no more of the subject, nor will I return to it again.

Mrs Green has engaged not to let her lodgings, after the university men have vacated them, to the Water Doctor or to any one else without previously letting us know. The only objection I see to that House is that you would be thrown rather too much in the way of Mrs Luff and Mrs Jeffrey; and it might be disagreeable to fight off such very near neighbours. To Thorny Howe you must not go, the house is well enough for a short time during fine weather in Summer, but it would be intolerable through the Winter. It is small, slightly and ill built, and the living Rooms are in the full sweep of the fierce wind that blows down Grasmere vale from Dunmail Raise, and they have no sunshine,—the doors are thin and close to the front door. I am writing in a great hurry to save the Post. My eyes are so much stronger, that I never thought about your kind offer of sending me spectacles. My old ones have not been found. The other pair which want two glasses I will send by Mr Moxon to London to be repaired, and I trust they will suffice for my life—so dearest Friend keep your money in your pocket. If I am penurious for myself I am still more so for you; though I trust you are going to be rich; see the enclosed Paper from the *Times*. The American Painter will be here, he thinks, about the 6<sup>th</sup> of next month, our dear Brother we hope at the same time; and if the Painter succeeds with me we will, if possible, prevail upon my Brother to sit for us. That would be a family treasure. Farewell, beloved Friend! Most tenderly do I embrace you, with a thousand good wishes. Ever yours

Wm Wordsworth

Professors Hamilton and Butler and Mr Graves and Archdeacon Hare dine here to day, and in the evening we have a rout



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of some thirty or forty ; you will think it well you are not here. Mr Hare gave us yesterday what Mrs Wordsworth called a magnificent Sermon. I wish you had heard it. It was one of a series of sermons upon the Prophecies, and he had interwoven with it passages with especial bearing on our neighbourhood as a mountainous Country. The Text was from the Prophet Haggai chapter 1<sup>st</sup> 7, 8<sup>th</sup>—and 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> verses. Love from every Body and pray excuse wretched writing.

K(—)      1537. *W. W. to D. S. Williamson*

Rydal Mount, Friday, 27<sup>th</sup> July, 1844.

. . . It does not surprise me that you feel interested in the Burns festival. So do I, having always thought as highly of him as a poet as any perhaps of his country men may do. But it is quite out of my power to attend as I informed the committee and Professor Wilson<sup>1</sup> in answer to their several invitations. . . .

It gives me pleasure to learn that you approve of the manner in which I have coupled your loftiest and most conspicuous mountain with our own Skiddaw, as forming links of connection between Burns and myself. I have been lately residing on the Cumberland coast at Flimby, from which place I had glorious view of the sun setting upon your line of hills. Nothing can be finer than the effect often was, with the Solway rolling between

Sincerely, your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

MS.      1538. *W. W. to Frederick William Faber*  
*The Bookman, 1926.*

Rydal Mount August 6<sup>th</sup> 1844

My dear Mr Faber

You will do me honor by attaching my lines<sup>2</sup> to your life of St Bega.—Be so good as to affix the date of the lines—when the poem was first printed viz. in the Vol. entitled Yarrow Revisited,

<sup>1</sup> Wilson] Wilder K., but *v.* Letter of July 17 *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> *Stanzas suggested on a steamboat off St. Bees' Heads, on the coast of Cumberland, Oxf. W., p. 465.*

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two of the stanzas exceeded the others in length—a fault which was afterwards corrected in the edition of 1837 as the lines have stood since.—The last stanza I wish you would print thus, that being the only alteration I purpose to make in future

Alas! the genius of our age from Schools  
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules,  
Would merge, Idolatress of formal skill,  
In her own systems God's eternal Will.  
To her despising faith in things unseen  
Matter and spirit are as one machine.  
Better, &c.

It will be necessary to notice what is said in the Advertizement to the poem of the new college of St Bee's, otherwise those lines will be unintelligible.

I am concerned about what you say of your eyes. Do remember the old adage of the Goose and golden eggs. You will in the end get far more work out of yourself if you spread it over a larger space of time.

Dear Miss Fenwick is in Somersetshire.

All are pretty well here, and send their best remembrances.

ever my dear Mr Faber

affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

If you do not object I should like the note upon the Prayers for the dead to be added.

Are not in sooth their requiem's &c.

The note is printed at the end of the Vol:

K(—)      1539. *W. W. to Elizabeth Barrett*

Rydal Mount 16<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1844

Dear Miss Barrett,

Being exceedingly engaged, as I always am at this season, I think it best to acknowledge immediately my sense of your kindness in sending me the two volumes<sup>1</sup> of your poems recently

<sup>1</sup> The first collected edition of her poems.

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published ; from the perusal of which, when I am at leisure, I promise myself great pleasure. . . .

Believe me, dear Miss Barrett, to remain, with high respect,

Faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1540. W. W. to Lady le Fleming's Solicitor*

Aug: 18<sup>th</sup> [1844]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir,

Your letter rec<sup>d</sup> yesterday proves to me that the accompanying was not unnecessary—as it was almost impossible that you should have accurately detailed one hurried conversation, when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Rydal Mount.

With respect to the Cottage occupied by Mr Burrow, it would appear from your last letter that you had understood me as having applied to you for the offer of it—A thing impossible for any Gentleman to do—knowing as I did that Mr B and his family were residing in it. I merely mentioned that had Mr Carter continued to be Tenant in that Cottage, it would have rendered my desire to build unnecessary.

Your memory must also have failed you on another point, of the declaration of her Ladyship as conveyed to me in your letter, that she 'would avail herself of a Court-of-Law to prevent any further building within the Manor of Rydal' was *also* unnecessary, inasmuch as I positively stated that my respect for, and obligation to Lady le Fleming would prevent my having any inclination to litigate the matter as to her Ladyship's legal right, however we might be disposed to consider it doubtful.

Since receiving your yesterday's letter I determined not to send the enclosed prepared for Lady F, but if you will take the trouble to read it, you will be in full possession of my view of the case before us—and I must beg you to be so kind as to correct the two mistakes which I have mentioned, the first opportunity you have to communicate with Lady le Fleming.

In reply to Lady le Fleming's courteous proposal that 'in con-

<sup>1</sup> The year in which this letter was written is determined by W.'s letter to I. F. on Sept. 19.

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sideration of my having purchased the Field with a view to build, she would take the purchase off my hands', I have to say that the field belongs to my daughter, who would not bring her mind to part with it for any pecuniary consideration, her attachment to this country is so strong that she lives in the hope at some future day to build a Cottage on some site interesting to her affections.

Permit me then to mention, that at the extremity of the Rydal Property there is a field which Lady le F. might be induced to *exchange* for the one upon which I had proposed to build in the Hamlet of Rydal. This field is adjacent to Dr Pearson's property and is distant about a mile and a half, and terminates not more than a few hundred yards from the Cottage in Grasmere which I inhabited for 8 years, and where my daughter and two of her Brothers were born. If this could be arranged, the whole matter in which our wishes have been so much crossed might terminate satisfactorily to us all, but I may add, that if my daughter could have been induced to *sell* the field it might have been and may be disposed of at a much larger price than the sum which I paid for it.

I may here repeat what I have expressed in the letter addressed to Lady le Fleming, that I think it desirable I should on the part of my daughter see the Court-roll of the Manor, that she, as Tenant, may be aware of the liabilities and restrictions attached to the Land as *detached* from the Tenements.

Many engagements have prevented my forwarding these letters sooner: which you will be so kind as to excuse.

I am Yours truly

Wm Wordsworth

*ms.*                    1541. W. W. to General Pasley

Rydal Mount 22 Aug<sup>st</sup> 1844

Dear General Pasley,

My Son, the Rev<sup>d</sup> John Wordsworth, who is abroad with his Wife on account of her state of health, writes that he is very anxious to have the name of his oldest Son, ten years of age, placed upon the list of Candidates to be admitted at a proper

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age into the Military College of Woolwich. I have therefore presumed upon your kindness, so far as to request the favor of any information which you can give how to set about in the best way for gaining the object.

Believe me,

My dear General

yours

Wm. Wordsworth

*MS. 1542. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Rydal Thursday [19<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1844]

I have been prevented, my beloved Friend, from writing to you for sometime, by a succession of vexations and disappointments, which I have met with in my anxious wish and endeavour to build a House for you, where if so disposed you might have a home for the Remainder of your life. The possession of the Wishing-gate Field seems now attainable provided we can agree as to the price. Observe Mr Jackson cannot molest us in the least; if the field be sold it becomes at once freehold, and he has no power either over or in connection with it all—he can only do us harm by putting the [ ? ] or making a harder bargain than otherwise he would be inclined to. But such obstacles as exist in the marriage Settlement of Dora, may be got over; in this opinion Lady F's Sol<sup>r</sup> coincides with Sergeant Talfourd and Mr Laycock, Mrs Fletcher's legal Friend. If the purchase be affected I should propose, with your approbation, to build for you, my dear Friend, a Cottage residence upon this plot of ground, endeared to me by so many touching remembrances. But if you neither think that the situation would suit you, nor can get over the objections you once expressed in strong terms, to having a house built for you, while Dora was without one, then I shall abandon all thoughts of building and must be contented with the thought of the field being Dora's after my day and her Mothers with the power to leave it in the end after her husband's life to one of her Brothers which would I doubt not be Wm. It would gratify me [to] think that some one of my family had that substantial connection with a place where we

first took root in this beautiful Country. Now I must here repeat what I have said to you before, that building for Dora, situated as she is, I cannot think of, and if you would not be comfortable in occupation of the House, then there is an end of the matter; how much to my sorrow and regret I shall not say. So my dear Miss Fenwick think the matter over dispassionately, and let me know the result. The field and House if built will be left to Dora after her Mother's and my time subject to no condition but that you are to be Tenant as long as you live and that after her Husband's decease if he survive her it is to go to whomsoever she shall name.—Grasmere is a little too far from us at our time of life, but I think we could manage to see much of each other, though far from as much as I could wish, did I not feel myself in so many respects unworthy of your love and too likely to become more so. Worldly-minded I am not, nor indifferent to the welfare of my fellow creatures; on the contrary, my wish to benefit them within my humble sphere strengthens, seemingly, in exact proportion to my inability to realise those wishes, in any project which I may engage in. What I lament most is that the spirituality of my Nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved Partner. The pleasure which I derive from God's works in his visible creation is not with me I think impaired, but no kind of reading interests me as it used to do, and I feel that I am becoming daily a much less instructive Companion to others.—Excuse this Egotism, I feel it necessary to your understanding what I am, and how little you would gain by habitual intercourse with me, however greatly *I* might benefit from intercourse with you. I know not whether you have been told how much Miss Fletcher enjoyed her Tour to, and upon the banks of the Duddon. Mr Quillinan was Charioteer, and nobody could be kinder or more ready to serve, or more generally amiable than he was. Neither this nor anything else however reconciles me to his course of life. You say he could not procure employment—I say, that he does not *try*. He has now taken again to hard labour on his translation of Camoens, a work which can not possibly turn to profit of any kind either pecuniary or intellectual. All that ought to be looked to from it is his own

amusement at *leisure* hours. The fact is he cannot bring himself to stoop in the direction he ought to stoop in. His pride looks and works the wrong way; and I am hopeless of a cure—but I am resolved not to minister to it, because it ought not to exist, circumstanced as he is. His inaction mortifies me the more because his talents are greatly superior to those of most men who earn a handsome livelihood by Literature. Dora has been and is, I am sorry to say, very unwell. She caught a severe cold in passing to and fro upon Windermere, and [on] our return from Hallsteads we found her suffering greatly—Three days and nights she has been without sleep, and without food unless tea may be called so—for the state of her stomach wont allow [her] to take solids of any kind. This is very grievous, and she looks of course deplorably thin and ill. Her voice however is returning, and we hope the fever is a good deal abated. Friday Morning. We think Dora rather better, though she had an uneasy night. Tomorrow I start with Wm for Alderman Thompson's near Kirkby Lonsdale. These visits are most irksome unless Mary can go along with me which she cannot now do. If the Howards of Levens can receive me I go from Underley to them on Wednesday with some faint hope that Mary may be able to join me there.—We are at our wits' end to find a House for you. Yesterday Miss Fletcher called and talked about a House at Grasmere lately rebuilt and decorated by Capt<sup>n</sup> Philips in the water-doctor connection. She says it is an excellent House and she thought you might have it in the spring. We have since learned that this is quite a mistake. Philips means it for [ ? ] himself and should he change his mind it is previously engaged to the Cooksons in conjunction with their Brother. As to Thorny How it is I am sure the coldest situation in the whole Country and you would be sadly cut off from us. If you could get a House at or near Ambleside so constant is the communication between the Fletchers and Dawes that you could not fail seeing much of them; and would be within our easy reach. As to Bowness you might almost as well be in Somersetshire as far as concerns us, and better for yourself. Bowness is upwards of nine miles from Rydal, quite out of neighbourly winter distance. As love's almost last shift Mary and I are going to look at Mr North's large

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House, known by the forbidding and odious name of Mr North's new Poor House. But Mrs Nicholson tells me, that but for the entrance front to and so near the road, it would be no objectionable residence. The view from it across the vale would be excellent she says by converting one of the bedrooms into a drawing room. But we will make our report before this Letter is closed. Mr Quillinan is here and would have written to you a long and no doubt an entertaining Letter, but he deferred a few days [? knowing] I am before hand with him. You dont say much about Kate's health, we are anxious to know whether her weakness is at all got the better of. Hartley is just come in, and says that his Mother is anxious to know whether she means to remain at Warwick or what she intends. Perhaps she will write herself to Mrs Coleridge, who appears to be in a state of much suffering. Sarah is returned home. We should have had more pleasure in hearing of your intention to visit Brinsop but for the steep stairs. Poor Jane [said] not long before she died, 'O poor Miss Fenwick could never get up these stairs!' It is nevertheless possible or you might take the back way. They would, I am sure rejoice to see you.

*(Letter continued by M. W.)*

*Address:* Miss Fenwick, Kelston Knoll, N<sup>r</sup> Bath.

*MS.*

*1543. W. W. to ?*

19<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1844

My dear Sir

I have delayed sending you the marriage settlement for the purpose of submitting it to Sergeant Talfourd and to an eminent solicitor and conveyancer &c. of Huddersfield, Mr Laycock, who both happen to be in this neighbourhood and I enclose you their several opinions. The former will remain here for several weeks and I am sure it would give him pleasure to meet you if you should wish it. The settlement does not contain as I expected any express allusion to a power of selling the field to my son Wm; but both Mr Quillinan and I distinctly recollect that in the draft for the settlement that condition was inserted. What



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induced Mr Cookson to omit it, I cannot recollect, but no doubt we must have understood each other at the time and I must have been satisfied with his reasons which were probably of a technical trend. I hope that you will find no obstacle to a satisfactory settlement of the business as soon as may be. I leave home today to be absent till Monday. In the course of next week I shall have to pass through Kendal, and will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you ; but perhaps you may be at Rydal before that time.

I remain dear Sir sincerely yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1544. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal 30<sup>th</sup> Sept.<sup>1</sup> 1844

My dear Mr Moxon,

Is there in existence a Railway Guide, to answer the purpose of Paterson's Book of Coach Travel? if not, I think it might answer for you to publish one. I have long wished that you had some book or Books like Murray's hand-books, for regular and constant sale. I send you a sort of Specimen drawn by Mrs Howard of Levens, who has often wished for something of the kind. It ought to express by small drawings the object signified, a Church, a Castle, a Gentleman's Seat, a conspicuous hill, brook or river, or any other prominent object, marking its distance from the line. Verbum sap. Mrs Quillinan thanks you very much for executing so speedily and well her 'Miltonian' commission. She has had a shocking Influenza but is, we hope, getting better. We were glad of so good an account of Miss Lamb.

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

I have been absent 10 days lately.

We were all very sorry to hear that Mrs Moxon was poorly. The Morning Herald has been behaving ill to Mr C. Southey, and your neighbour Murray has been obliged to cry out 'peccavi' upon this same occasion.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Sept. 29, v. *C.R.*, p. 573.

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MS. 1545. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

[Sept.—Oct. 1844]

Your Letter, my beloved Friend, was but a sad greeting when Mary and I returned home, yesterday. It troubled us much; Dora also we found but little improved. She has a better appetite, but coughs upon any exertion of talking or otherwise, and is also very weak. She says nevertheless, that she is going on favorably upon the whole. My poor Sister is as usual, better I think in point of health than any of the family.

We dread the notion of your wintering in London. The place never agreed with you, and Mr Taylor's House, and its staircase particularly you always described as being most unfavourable to your health and comfort. On the other hand—but Mary has come in and I find has expressed what I was going to say about your health in connection with the place. She has also anticipated me in other matters, better expressed than I could have done. So I will confine myself to the main point; and I will come to it at once. Only assure me that you will not judge of my faults and infirmities so severely, perhaps I ought to say so *strictly* as you have done, and allow me to declare that I will *endeavour to mend*, and then, pressing you to my heart of hearts, I would exclaim, come once more and live under our roof till we can find or make a house for you to your mind. I am too conscious my dear Friend that I am unworthy of being always in your sight—but feelings of this kind in respect to some or other object must in every reflecting man's mind be incident to his humanity. It is all a question of degrees; be you tolerant, nay *indulgent*, and we shall do well together, if but I endeavour to improve as I promise you I will. Take these words as more than a promise—as a vow, and let me give you a Brother's kiss upon it.

I am aware of another obstacle to your becoming again our Inmate, Hannah being obliged to do work for which she is unfit, and which it is painful to you, and indeed to us all that she should have to do. Were she younger and freer from infirmity the objection would not exist; a fact too obvious to call for the remark from me. Dora has just come in and I have read

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her this last sentence. She suggests that Jane should take the waiting, and for the winter, at least, become a *parlour servant*—in which case our Housemaid could do *all* the Housemaid's work in *your room*. I am most thankful for this suggestion, for it seems entirely to remove an objection which I could not get over to my satisfaction—So once again let me entreat you to come to us. We will join you at Leamington and may return together.—I have said nothing about the house in the Wishing-gate Field. Lady F's solicitor is in Ireland and nothing can be done about the exchange or purchase till his return; besides, all this may be settled when we meet. I am told also that I must conclude as this letter is to go to the Post immediately. Dora seems to have got a little more cold caused by the change of weather yesterday, when it rained a good deal. To day is very bright—And now farewell, ever most affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

M. 1546. W. W. to Basil Montagu  
K.

Rydal Mount, Oct. 1, 1844.

My dear Montagu,

Absence from home has prevented my replying earlier to your letter, which gave me much pleasure on many accounts, and particularly as I learned from it that you are so industrious, and to such good effect. I don't wonder at your mention of the friends whom we have lost by death. Bowles, the poet, still lives, and Rogers—all that survive of the poetical fraternity with whom I have had any intimacy. Southey, Campbell, and Cary, are no more. Of my class-fellows and school-fellows very few remain; my *intimate* associates of my own college are all gone long since. Myers my cousin, Terrot, Jones my fellow-traveller, Fleming and his brother, Raincock of Pembroke, Bishop Middleton of the same college,—it has pleased God that I should survive them all. Then there are none left but Joseph Cottle of the many friends I made at Bristol and in Somersetshire; yet we are only in our 75<sup>th</sup> year. But enough of this sad subject: let us be resigned under all dispensations, and thankful; for that is our

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duty, however difficult it may be to perform it. I send you the lock of hair which you desired, white as snow, and taken from a residue which is thinning rapidly.

You neither mention your own health nor Mrs Montagu's; I conclude, therefore, that both of you are doing well. Pray remember me kindly to her; and believe me, my dear Montagu,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

Wm. Wordsworth.

In speaking of our Bristol friends I forgot to mention John Pinney, but him I have neither seen nor heard of for many years.

*MS. 1547. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

5<sup>th</sup> Oct. [1844]

Your last Letter, my dear Friend, gave us upon the whole much comfort. The apprehensions which we had felt for the state of your health had been more painful than we would have ventured to express. Though not removed they are certainly mitigated by the contents of your last; and we were greatly relieved by being told that it was not to Mr Taylor's House in *London* that you were going, but to another, which he had taken in the Country. We readily acknowledge his strong claims upon your society and we are reconciled to the plan you have fixed upon for the winter, and look forward with pleasure to spending a fortnight with you and our other dear Friends at Leamington. Our plan is to arrive there as near as may be at your time. The family of Ricketts, to whom we owe a visit, will not think it indicates less regard for them if we pay that visit at a time when we all may meet under their roof. They must feel that our age and your infirmities beloved Friend considered, we cannot but be anxious to see as much of you as your engagements and duties will permit. Therefore pray let us know when you have fixed the time for your visit to Leamington. If it be not convenient for Mrs R— to welcome us under her own roof we hope there will be no difficulty in finding a lodging near. And all this must be settled before we start.

Dora's illness continues to abate; but as she is so susceptible of taking cold, Dr Davy does not think it advisable that she

should venture on a journey and residence at the sea-side so late in the year. That plan is therefore given up, which leaves us at liberty to move from home, at the time which may suit you and our other Friends.—

Mr Faber is at Green bank, and his health seems already much improved. He is inclined to prolong his stay though it was limited by his medical adviser to three or four days, the sea air being strongly recommended in preference to any other—He gives a very interesting account of the improvement he has wrought in his parish, in every respect. It is however too obvious that he is in the habit of using strong expressions, so that what he says must be taken with some qualification. This practise in so very pious, good and able a man is deeply to be regretted. Mary says to me, tell him of it; but if it be a specific fact, say of numbers or quantity in respect to which his accounts at different times have varied, it is surely an awkward thing to mention that to a gentleman. And if the diversity of statements concerns vague and indefinite matters one does not see how one could fasten the charge upon the speaker so as to produce any effect.—

I have told him what I thought of his Poem as far as I have read it. It is a mine of description, and valuable thought and feeling; but too minute and diffusive and disproportioned; and in the workmanship very defective. The Poem was begun too soon and carried on too rapidly before he had attained sufficient experience in the art of writing, and this he candidly and readily admits. Some of his Friends wish and urge him to continue writing verse. I had a long conversation with him upon the subject yesterday, in which he gave me such an account of himself that I could not concur with those advisers in their opinion. A man like him cannot serve two Masters. He has vowed himself as a Minister of the Gospel to the service of God. He is of that temperament that if he writes verse the Spirit must *possess* him, and the practise master him, to the great injury of his work as a Priest. Look at the case of Milton, he thought it his duty to take an active part in the troubles of his country, and consequently from his early manhood to the decline of his life he abandoned Poetry. Dante wrote his Poem in a great measure,

perhaps entirely, when exile had separated him from the passions and what he thought the social duties of his native City. Cervantes, Camoens and other illustrious foreigners wrote in prison and in exile, when they were cut off from all other employments. So will it be found with most others, they composed either under similar circumstances, or like Virgil and Horace, at entire leisure, in which they were placed by Patronage, and charged themselves with no other leading duty than fulfilling their mission in their several ways as Poets. Now I do believe as I told Mr Faber, that no man can write verses that will live in the hearts of his Fellow creatures but through an over powering impulse in his own mind, involving him often times in labour that he cannot dismiss or escape from, though his duty to himself and others may require it. Observe the difference of execution in the Poems of Coleridge and Southey, how masterly is the workmanship of the former, compared with the latter; the one persevered in labour unremittingly, the other could lay down his work at pleasure and turn to anything else. But what was the result? Southey's Poems, notwithstanding the care and forethought with which most of them were planned after the material had been diligently collected, are read once but how rarely are they recurred to! how seldom quoted, and how few passages, notwithstanding the great merit of the works in many respects, are gotten by heart. You may think that I took a great deal of fruitless pains in stating all this and much more to my Friend, which he readily acknowledged—I think so too, being convinced that if he gives himself up exclusively to his sacred calling, it must be done through the firm conviction drawn from high and holier sources than external observations of his own or others however just.—

Yesterday I had a Letter from my Brother in which he tells me that his Son Chris. has been presented to a Stall at Westminster. We are all truly glad of this, for Harrow was breaking up his health; and he was obviously from some cause or other unsuited to the situation. I have now scrawled you, my beloved Friend, a long and I fear unreadable Letter; but I am sure you will do your best to decypher it for my sake. God bless you now and for ever—Most affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

OCTOBER 1844

*MS.* 1548. *W. W. to W. E. Gladstone*

Rydal Mount Oct. 15<sup>th</sup>—44.

My dear Mr Gladstone

We are in this neighbourhood all in consternation, that is every man of taste and feeling, at the stir which is made for carrying a branch Railway from Kendal to the head of Windermere. When the subject comes before you officially, as I suppose it will, pray give it more attention than its apparent importance may call for. In fact, the project if carried into effect will destroy the *staple* of the Country which is its beauty, and, on the Lord's day particularly, will prove subversive of its quiet, and be highly injurious to its morals. At present I shall say no more, only let me beg of you to cast your eye over a letter which I propose shortly to address thro' the public Press to our two county Members upon the occasion.

Believe me my dear Mr Gladstone

faithfully your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.* 1549. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1844

Sir,

Having been a wanderer for the last month I could not thank you earlier for your threnody on your departed Friend, the Poet Campbell. You have done justice to his memory in a manner which does equal credit to the Mourned and to the Mourner.

Believe me sincerely

Your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*K(—)* 1550. *W. W. to Samuel Crompton*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Nov. 14, 1844.

Dear Sir,

On returning home yesterday, I found your letter. The facts are most important, and ought to be circulated all the world

<sup>1</sup> A Manchester surgeon 'who thinks that a great proportion of the blindness in this country might be prevented by attention to the diseases of the eye in the young' (Lady Richardson, quoted by K.).

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over, and highly satisfactory would it be to me to assist in making them known. . . . An edition of my poems in double columns or some other cheap form is indeed likely to be published at no distant period, and I might attach to the description of the blind man in *The Excursion* a note such as you desire. Your conjecture concerning that passage is remarkable; Mr Gough, of Kendal, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, was the person from whom I drew the picture, which is in no respect exaggerated. He was an extraordinary person, highly gifted; and how painful is it to think that in all probability his sight was lost to him by want of the knowledge which you are anxious to circulate. The sadness which the contemplation of blindness always produces was in Mr Gough's case tempered by admiration and wonder in the most affecting manner. During my late absence I stayed some time at Leamington, and there became acquainted with two blind ladies, the one named Buchanan, the other Williams; both of them interested me greatly. Mrs B.'s case was, I apprehend, inflammation of the optic nerve; she suffered from violent pains in the head. Her husband took [her] the round of the German baths, and placed her under the most eminent physicians of the country, but without any benefit. The particulars of Miss W.'s case I could learn, and would transmit them to you if you desire it. She became blind young, as appears from the verses written by her father, which I send you, and is now past middle age—a most intelligent woman—

I remain, dear Sir, with great respect sincerely yours,

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1551. W. W. to Mrs Harrison<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Nov<sup>r</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1844

Dear Mrs Harrison,

Both parcels, the small and the large One, which you kindly forwarded, arrived safe without any injury from damp as you feared. Mrs Quillinan for whom I hold the pen would have written to you with thanks for your kind note had she not thought it better to wait till she could announce our arrival, but

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Mrs Benson Harrison, but it would be odd for W. to address his niece so formally: more probably Mrs Anthony H.



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unfortunately she has had a severe attack of her old complaint, and is still unable to do anything.

Like yourself Mrs Wordsworth and I have had a sight of the Queen. We met her Majesty and her retinue in the Town of Northampton, where we [were] stopped two hours by the arrangements and the crowd. The most interesting sight of the day for us was the decoration of the villages and small towns before we reached Northampton. We passed under many triumphal Arches ornamented with laurel boughs and flowers, and every little cottage had its sprig or branch either at the threshold or over one or more of the Windows. How the Queen looked I could not say, or more than that I saw a woman's face under a black bonnet, from the top of the Coach which I had mounted for the sake of the view.

We were absent a month all but one day, a fortnight at Leamington,<sup>1</sup> and the remainder of the time at Cambridge, and Elton, Mr Faber's<sup>2</sup> parish, where we found him doing a great deal of good, among a flock which had been long neglected.

It is about three weeks since we heard of Isabella and her Husband. Her health appeared to be improving. The Letter was dated *Sienna* and they were on their way to Rome.

Mr and Mrs Quillinan will take up their abode in Ambleside at their old Lodgings on the third of next Month. Mrs Q. will remain with us till that time; her Husband and his Daughters are at the Island which he enjoys mightily. It is indeed an enchanting place.

With kind remembrances from all to yourself and Mr Harrison, I remain, dear Mrs H. faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS. 1552. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 29<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 3 1844

My dear Mr Moxon

We are all most concerned at the account in the Papers of the Robbery of Mr Rogers's Bank. Pray tell us about it; and how

<sup>1</sup> With Miss Fenwick.

<sup>2</sup> F. W. Faber (1814-63) was made rector of Elton in Huntingdon in 1842.

<sup>3</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, Nov. 18, v. Reed, p. 135.

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it is likely to affect our excellent Friend and his Sister if the stolen property should not be recovered.<sup>1</sup> But we trust this cannot happen. Give our affectionate condolences upon this distressing occasion; and mention anything that may have come to your knowledge about it which, you think, would interest us.

We were sorry to be so near London lately without seeing you and other Friends. But it would have kept us longer from home than we could be spared; besides the season for persons of my age was unsuitable to moving about. We are all pretty well though Mrs Quillinan has lately been much the contrary. Mr Q. is still at the Island, his wife with us: in a few days they go to Ambleside for the winter.

We hope you are all well, pray remember us kindly to your family; and believe me, my dear Mr Moxon,

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1553. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 4 Dec<sup>br</sup> 1844

My dear Mr Moxon,

Many thanks for your Note.—I have written to Mr [? Haslan] Secretary to the Sanatorium to request he would apply to you for the payment of my Subscription to that Institution—one guinea. Be so kind as to let him have the money. Ever faithfully your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

Say all that is affectionate and kind to Mr Rogers. He bears this cross as I had no doubt he would, and I sincerely wish that in the end the loss may prove inconsiderable. It is a shocking affair.

<sup>1</sup> On the previous Sunday the Bank of which Rogers was Chairman was robbed of over £46,000, mostly in notes. In the race which ensued between the Bank and the robbers, as to who could first get into touch with the Foreign Banks, the Bank won, and did not in the end lose very heavily. Rogers met the affair with cheerful fortitude. 'I should be ashamed of myself', he said, 'if I were unable to bear a shock like this at my age.'

MS. 1554. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

14 Dec<sup>r1</sup> [1844]

Beloved friend, I won't repeat anything that Mary has said, being assured you will take it all as coming from me also—except the words '*hot rooms*'; the rooms measured by the Thermometer have never been hot, but her pulse goes one third quicker than mine and thence I suppose it is that she is often heated when I am starved.

As to Miss M.<sup>2</sup> I feel no little resentment against her, for the sake of her sex, far more, than on acc<sup>t</sup> of herself, at having been the cause of her infirmities and *internal* complaints being discussed as I have seen them in the newspapers. Mesmerism is no doubt a Power, a very noticeable power, but I have no faith in its having effected her cure, more than any application or occurrence would have done, which in the then state of her body had suddenly put her upon exerting herself. Time, rest, and nature were bringing about her cure and Mesmerism came luckily in for the honor of the achievement. Miss Fleming of Rayrigg lay in bed for 5 successive years—Her Father came suddenly into the house after an absence—she arose from her bed and ran to the stairs to meet him and thenceforward went about like any body else. Had she been mesmerised the change would have been ascribed to that agent. Thank you for thinking of my poor dear Sister—Time hangs heavy upon her in the evenings—she was grievously disappointed when I told her just now it was only 7 o'cl—her hour for going to bed is 8. If I had far more confidence in Miss M's remedy than I can muster, I durst not trust her to its influence—being quite unable to conjecture what, in her case, might come of it. The responsibility would alarm me. As to the Maid's clairvoyance and the Brandy, of that we have only vaguely heard, and of course I can give no opinion of it except that it seemed monstrous and absurd.

Pray do come to us as soon as you can, surely by this time we understand each other, do come, pray come, ever most tenderly and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Dec. 8, v. C.R., p. 579.

<sup>2</sup> Harriet Martineau.

DECEMBER 1844

MS.

1555. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount 18<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>br</sup> 44

Dear Sir

A notice and Schedule headed Cockermouth and Workington Railway, has been forwarded this day to me from Brigham. It is dated Cockermouth 11<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup>, but was not delivered at the Vicar's House at Brigham until the 17<sup>th</sup> In<sup>st</sup>, leaving only four days to give an assent or Dissent. You are aware that the melancholy state of my Son's wife's health compels him to remain at Rome [?] therefore it is out of his power to have a choice either of assent or dissent. His absence is most unfortunate, for I see by the Schedule that the proposed line will pass within a few yards of his House, will cut up and destroy his bit of pleasure ground and pass through a great part of his Glebe. The Damages therefore must be great; the old Vicarage House as you know was uninhabitable, and quite unfit for a Clergyman to dwell in; that house repaired,<sup>1</sup> for the Residence of a Farmer, receiving nothing for dilapidations, and built a suitable one for the Vicar of the Parish.<sup>2</sup> This was done at the expense of at least £800 of his own and his Friends' money, in addition to £200 from the Patron, the late Earl of Lonsdale, and a like sum from Church-building Bounty, (I do not recollect from what fund)—It seems to me that this undertaking will make the House uninhabitable by a Gentleman with young Children, and whose Wife is in such delicate health as Mrs John Wordsworth, and it appears that any allowed deviation would be of no advantage, but the contrary. Having had no communication with my Son upon the subject, I have merely stated my own conjectures, and would thank you to tell me how his interests, as *Vicar*, are to be represented? Have the Church Commissioners or the Patron anything to do in the case, or what course in his unavoidably protracted absence is to be pursued?

I remain dear Sir

Yours truly

Wm Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> So MS.

<sup>2</sup> In 1833, v. Letters to Kenyon, p. 665, and to Lady Beaumont, p. 690.

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*MS.*                      1556. *W. W. to R. P. Graves*

Rydal 19<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>br</sup> [1844]

My dear Mr Graves

You will be surprized when you see the accompanying Paper, it contains a list of all the Proprietors along the line of the proposed Railway from Kendal to your neighbourhood.

Look it over and if you have any influence either directly or through the medium of friends or acquaintances over any of the Persons named, or even an acquaintance with them, pray endeavour to induce them to sign Dissent to a Paper which they will receive; if they sign Neuter, in parliamentary construction it will mean favorable.

The signature will involve them in no expense. It is of prime importance for the defeating of this object, that as many signatures as possible should be procured *against*—I write in great Haste this being the 4<sup>th</sup> Letter I have written this morning upon this annoying subject.

ever most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Do call upon Mrs Bolton and beg she would desire her Steward to speak to Mr Braithwaite of Orrest Head—he is one of the chief proprietors. I know he dislikes the project; but he declared I believe some time since that he would be neuter, but this change which brings the terminus so near him would complete[ly] release him from any tie which he might think attached to such declaration—and this might be explained to him. A second Letter of mine on the subject will appear in the Morning Post of Saturday next, pray read it.

*MS.*                      1557. *W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount Dec<sup>br</sup> 44

Dear Sir

Accept my thanks for your Letter. To-day I shall write to my Son and inform him of its Contents. The Railway must undoubtedly under any circumstances form a great annoyance to the Parsonage House, so great a one that if it could have been foreseen that such a thing would be, another Site for the House

would have been chosen. As to any *Dissent* on the part of my Son, it is quite out of the question. He will never think of it. But I do earnestly entreat on his behalf and for those who will succeed him that every possible attention may be paid to render the Railway as little hurtful to the House and its Inhabitants and the glebe in general as the case will admit. Your expression, that 'a River-wall will be created for the Railway to *pass over*' I am sorry to say I do not understand. Is it intended that the Line is to be entirely scooped out of the Bank, or is a portion of the space it will require to be taken from the bed of the River by the creation of a Wall? If the whole passage is to be scooped out of the Bank the Railway will of course come so much nearer the House, to the greater annoyance of the Inhabitants, and possibly to shaking its foundations, as the House is at so small a distance from the Bank? In addition to the Wall which you say will be created to *support the Bank* an iron railing will be required along its top, to protect the ground between it and the House, and for the safety of the children and other inhabitants. A wall would not answer, as it would entirely shut out the prospect.

I am encouraged to hope from what you write that ample compensation will be made for damage of every kind.

After Mrs Curwen has seen the plan could a Section [?] of it be forwarded to me? with any observations explanatory of it, or in answer to what I have written.

I remain

dear Sir

Truly yours

Wm Wordsworth

K(—) 1558. W. W. to Samuel Crompton

Rydal Mount, Jan. 3<sup>d</sup>, 1845.

My dear Sir,

... You mention an American review of my poems. There is nothing I am less disposed to read than things of that kind—in fact I never look at them, for if fault be found justly, I am too old to mend, and praise I care nothing about.

I remain, my dear Sir, your much obliged,

Wm Wordsworth.

JANUARY 1845

MS. 1559. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

[Early or mid Jan. 1845]

My most dear Friend

We are delighted to think that we have good reason for expecting you so soon, only bear this in mind that much as we wish to see dear Anna as your Companion, we cannot reconcile ourselves, at least I cannot, to the thought of your remaining at Leamington until a Letter may arrive from some distant part of the world, or of *deferring* your journey upon account of a thing so uncertain.—It is unfortunate for *you* that Mr Taylor's residence should have stood in so cold a situation, but every where the Winter has been unusually cold, and I have myself, while in the House but only then, been annoyed by it along the surface of my skin to an extreme which I never knew before. On the other hand the *beauty* of the season with us has exceeded anything—such glorious effects of sunshine and shadow, and skies that are quite heavenly in the evenings especially; with moon and mountain-clouds setting each other off in a way that really has transported us to look upon.

My legs you will be glad to hear are going on as well as could be desired, scarcely any trace being left of the late discomfort.—Dora who is on the sofa exclaims, what a lovely day—pray tell Miss Fenwick what enchanting weather we have had—not a flake of snow, nor a hailstone has fallen in the valley, no wind, clear frost, charming ice on which poor John Wordsworth has skated several times. He told us yesterday that he had not felt so well for weeks past. James is quite a model for the Learners of that art, in fact he is the good-natured *Skaiting-Master* of young Dr Davy, Master Maude, and half a dozen more of like age. What a kind hearted Creature he is. He was set up not long ago as a pattern by good Mrs Fletcher to her tall red-faced Coachman (your Jackson's twin) in little handy-jobs about the House. 'To be sure' was the reply 'I am not so clever in such matters, but then James, Ma'am, does just as he pleases'—

Mrs Carrick, Wm's second Mother for the last 12 years, is no more. She is just dead of apoplexy—a sad desolation for them

all—Her poor Daughters had been out Christmasing with their Mother's Brother and his Bride, and Wm had to fetch, first, the Doctor, and then the poor Girls, and to announce that their mother was in a state of insensibility.—We are anxious to learn what arrangements Wm can make for the future.—Our reports from Rome are far from good. Were you told (Dora says you were) that a Railway is to drive within a few yards of John's House—I am glad you approve my Railway Letter, but it has drawn upon me as I knew it would, from the low-minded and ill-bred a torrent of abuse through the Press—both in London Glasgow and elsewhere, but as it has afforded me an opportunity of directing attention to some important truths I care little for such rancorous scurrility, the natural outbreak of self conceit and stupid ignorance. The two Letters, with some additional matter interwoven, would have been reprinted by this time at Kendal but for the interruption of the Christmas Holiday.

Mr Robinson arrived on Christmas day, when the family were at church, he is in his usually good spirits and health; deep in divinity, but he seems never to get any deeper, his mind every now and then coming up to the surface of what I cannot give a name to, for the state seems quite anomalous. He has however publicly professed himself a Unitarian, having been made to perceive that the wide embrace of that belief does not exclude Arianism.—But all his aberrations of faith we can bear with for a hundred reasons and not the least his love and admiration of you. Mary is pretty well, Dora only so so—

You wont be surprised to hear that Miss Monkhouse<sup>1</sup> has cast off the Queen's Messenger, having found out on his return from Spain that his affections were fixed upon her purse and not her person and that he owed to a debt of a thousand pounds, upon which she took her Aunt Sinclair's advice and turned him adrift; and we do not hear that his heart is broken in consequence. Here is a man this moment come in for your address, to present you a plan of a Railway intended to pass through your fields. I gave him a bit of my mind upon the many rotten Branches of Railway that the Country is about to be pestered

<sup>1</sup> Mary Monkhouse, daughter of Thomas M., and an heiress. She had been engaged before to W. W. (jun.).



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with.—But I must bid you good bye, with a thousand kind wishes. How I long to see you!

ever most tenderly yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1560. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> 1845

My dear Mr Moxon,

Mr Robinson, who leaves us today, will report to you all, I think, about your proposal of printing my prose writings in a separate volume. He will also, I hope, in passing through Kendal today receive from the Printer a few Copies of my two Letters to the Morning Post upon the Railway, they are [? revised] and one paragraph omitted as leading the Reader from the main point, and another towards the conclusion of the 2<sup>nd</sup> added. You observe that the Morning Post nobody reads—This is not correct. Its circulation among the Aristocracy is very considerable; all Ladies look at it and that puts it in the way of the Gentlemen. Besides, the pains which it takes to support the Landed interest against 'Free Trade' and the leagues is the cause of its being a favorite with a great number of the landed Gentry. Furthermore, Mr Johnstone, who writes the leading Articles, has long been an intimate acquaintance of mine. It is a pity that Quillinan has not access to Books, or he might have been of great use to your Dictionary of Dates, for he is wonderfully industrious, a most pains-taking Man. I wish you could put into his hands some literary labour by which he could add to his very scanty Income. Do think about it. As to any light work of his own choice, I am sure it would never sell unless he would condescend, which he never will do, to traffic in the trade of praise with London Authorlings, who write in newspapers, Magazines and Reviews. You Publishers are quite at the mercy of these Knots and Cabals of Scribblers whose publications are of the day, the week, the month, or the Quarter. I do not mean their writing merely in Reviews, but also what they give to the World individually, whatever shape it may assume, or through

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whatever vehicle it may be offered to the public. It is a sad condition of things, but I see no remedy—

Mr Robinson has enjoyed himself much, and seen a great deal of Miss Martineau, who is staying within three miles of us. Mrs Wordsworth with her kind regards thanks you for Miss Martineau's Letters.<sup>1</sup>

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS.            1561. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick

Rydal Mount, Sat. 25<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 45

Your Letter, my beloved Friend, was most welcome. We could not help being anxious about your having so much travelling at this cold season, with so many and such sudden changes in the temperature of the air. Pray take care of yourself, and if you return in good health that will be the best compensation we can have for our disappointment in not seeing you under our own roof as we had reason to expect.—We shall be truly glad if you find your Brother better than you expect after his distressing accident; it is a melancholy thing for so active a Person as he is—You will not fail to let us know as soon as you can when we may expect you. Mr Robinson went on Thursday; what with talking, I can scarcely say conversing, sleeping, reading, playing at Whist all the evening when at home, dining out, now and then, and making friendly calls on all his acquaintance during the day, especially on his *intended* as we call her, the dear Martineau, he passed his time most agreeably. *You* are strongly infected with the Mesmeric mania, I am therefore pleased to tell you that the Herald and Proclaimer of the Virtues of the process is desirous of obtaining a Lodging in these parts so that you have good prospect of a favorable opportunity for cultivating her acquaintance. She has dined with the Fletchers, with Dr Davy, and drank tea with Mrs Arnold—and they are all charmed with her. Mr Robinson has taken great pains to make arrangements

<sup>1</sup> *Letters on Mesmerism*, by Harriet Martineau, 1845.

for your meeting, as he intends you to be great Friends—I have only seen her twice, once at Dr Davy's where I sat by her at Dinner, and about ten minutes in our own House. I have not the least doubt of her proving a highly interesting neighbour, and a good deal more, but to me her manner of uttering her opinions, not on mesmerism for that subject was not touched, but on any miscellaneous matter was a little abrupt and peremptory—But it might be that I was mistaken, I mean in not making sufficient allowance first for her being a Dissenter, and next for being what is somewhat vulgarly called a 'BLUE', and this class of *Women* (I dare not say *Females*) I have never lived with, and therefore it is probable that as far as I was not pleased I ought rather to have imputed it to her sect and class than to herself individually; for everybody else seems to like her without the least draw-back. Did we tell you that Mr Robinson and some of the Arnolds were present when Mrs Winyard performed upon Jane. Mary Arnold has taken most accurate memorandums of all that occurred, and you may see them yourself, but it should seem that nothing at all decisive happened, except that when the organ of veneration was touched the sleeper assumed an attitude and expression of devotion more beautiful than anything he, Mr R, ever beheld. When Miss M. drank tea at Mrs Arnold's on *Thursday*, Mrs Wynyard could not be of the Party, because Jane was by all means to be mesmerised on *that day*, it being *Thursday*, and on *Thursdays* the effects are always the *most striking*. What say you my dear one, to this? Mr Grigg who is a Mesmeriser has undertaken Miss Martineau with a view to relieve or cure her deafness.—Enough of this.

Wm is here, looking very ill, and being very far from well. I must consult Dr Davy about him. He sends his love, and adds, that he would be happy to go to Leamington and escort you home. But *that* I am sure you would not wish him to do, unless he were disposed to take Jephson's advice which he stands much in need of; his stomach being greatly out of order. As to diet nobody has been less self indulgent than he is—he scarcely eats anything, and the little he takes seems invariably to disagree with him. He must return to Carlisle on the 13<sup>th</sup> of Feb<sup>ry</sup>, within a day or two of the time when your House will be ready to

receive you. He is hurried home five weeks earlier than he thought of, in consequence of his being called upon to learn the mode of collecting new Duties which are about to be imposed upon him. This addition we should some years back have been glad of, when he was my Sub<sup>r</sup> and had more leisure and Government work was better paid. Now the Rule is to get as much work out of a man as possible, without incurring the charge of murder, man-slaughter not being a Capital offence. But seriously this is very wrong. Were the allowance tolerably liberal, he might keep an additional clerk without inconvenience, and moving about to collect the Revenue, through the two Counties, might possibly be favorable to his Health. Dora has been something better during the last few days.

Now for your Pennsylvanians ; do not rely too confidently upon your Riches. You will be paid, I doubt not, this quarter, but I am far from certain that they will not tire of their honesty ; and that when August comes the half year's payment that will then be due, will not be paid, and you and the other creditors will be no better off than before. This apprehension may prove erroneous, but pray do not let your generosity and benevolence build upon it at present.—

If in the course of your wanderings you meet with any Member of Parliament or other influential Person who takes an interest in our Lake-district pray request him to vote against the Railway Bill being sent to a Committee of the House. It is a vile job contrived by juggling speculators.

Mr Liddell, Mrs Villiers' Brother, will in all probability have the same additional Collection of Duties imposed upon him as Wm has had.—It has taken a month to reprint my two Railway Letters, such is the expedition of Kendal Workmen. I hope that a Parcel of them may reach me to day, and then I shall enclose one which I should be glad to think you and Mrs Villiers may read with interest. Pray remember us affectionately to her with our good wishes. Love of the tenderest kind to yourself. My legs are quite well. Nevertheless we are both growing old, though Mary is a wonder and so am I thought to be by many. Old Aunty seems set in earthly immortality.

W. W.

JANUARY 1845

*MS. 1562. W. W. to Thomas Hutchinson (jun.)*

Rydal. 28<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 45.

Dear Thomas,

Perhaps it may amuse you to cast your eyes over the Enclosed,<sup>1</sup>—but as a Copy has been sent to Brinsop which you may see at your leisure, I should not have troubled you with this but to request you would be so kind as to forward it with my Compts to your Friend the Clergyman and Esquire whom along with his Brother I had the pleasure of seeing at your House. For the life of me I cannot recall at present the name of these three Brothers, and therefore cannot enclose a note of thanks to the one, the eldest I think, who was so obliging as to write to me a few weeks ago, in consequence of having seen one or both of these Letters when they first appeared in the Morning Post. Pray represent me on this occasion and thank him in my name for his obliging Letter.

Your Aunt is quite well except that she is annoyed from time to time with a giddiness or swimming in her head. Dora is but so so. Nor is Wm well who has been here some little time. My poor Sister is much as usual—I hope that you suffer less than when you were with us; all send their love and believe me my dear Thomas your affectionate Uncle

Wm.

P.S. The accounts of Isabella are far from good.

*MS. 1563. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

17<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>ry</sup> 1845<sup>2</sup>

My dear Mr Moxon,

I have no recollection of the matter to which the enclosed Letters refer. My consent must have been given before you told me how much such liberty had been abused, or I must have referred the Applicant to you.

You may send the two copies he speaks of at any time when there shall be an opportunity, but first look over the Contents

<sup>1</sup> *Kendal and Windermere Railway*. Two letters, reprinted from the *Morning Post*. Kendal, 1844.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Feb. 2, *v. C.R.*, p. 589.

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and if you object to the length or number, tell the person so. I have apprized her that I have referred the matter to you. I am sadly plagued by these things, and the number of tracts, Poems, etc etc that are sent to me. You know how much I dislike writing Letters of acknowledgement

Ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

If you have got my two Railway Letters read the two last pages of the 2<sup>nd</sup>; the blank<sup>1</sup> verses are not inferior to any I have written.

*MS. 1564. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

March 5<sup>th</sup> 1845

My dear Mr Moxon,

You have so frequently and so kindly exerted yourself at my request, that I hope you will be able to take some trouble upon the present occasion. The Paper which I enclose will explain itself—I have only to add, that the Applicant is the Mother of an excellent young woman, a Servant in my house. Her Father's case was a peculiarly hard one; he had invested the whole of his property in building a little vessel of which he was master and was wrecked in the Solway, the ship lost and the lives of the crew and his own also. A Lighthouse has since been erected on the Spot where the Vessel perished—

If you can, be so good as to have the thing done according to the poor Widow's request.

A request petition stating particulars has been presented to the Trinity House—at the proper time, I suppose.

I have looked over your Statement of Sale. The Early and Late<sup>2</sup> are doing full as well as I expected, so few persons seem to know of the existence of that Vol: as a separate Publication.

I do not find how many of the [ ? ] vol: are still on hand, nor do you give an opinion as to when it is likely that we should be justified in preparing a cheaper Edition; nor am I at all anxious about it, being confident that unpuffed publications have a poor

<sup>1</sup> W. must mean the sonnet, 'Is there no nook', &c., Oxf. W., p. 282.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the volume published in 1842.

MARCH 1845

chance of competing with puffed ones. The other day I was told of a Lady of some Note in Literature, who previous to one of her late Publications, thought it expedient to beat about for means of getting at more than 20 periodicals, in which she succeeded to admiration.

You know, I think, the beautiful situation of John's Parsonage. A railway is to be drawn within 18 yards of his drawing room window, cutting him off from the River, and running through both ends of his little garden. So much for an Englishman's home being his castle. I have petitioned Parliament for compensation

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1565. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

10<sup>th</sup> April 1845

Now I am in my 76<sup>th</sup> year alas alas!

My dear Mr Moxon,

My nephew, Mr C Wordsworth, writes me that he has forwarded a Pamphlet to you for me, also Mr Robinson has a couple of books which he says he will send to you for the same purpose. Will you be so kind as to forward these or any others which you may have, with following address

Miss Dowling

4 Norfolk Street

Strand

for Mr Wordsworth of Rydal Mount

If Mr R's Books have not reached you be so kind as to send your Messenger for them. As I don't exactly know how long Miss Dowling means to stay in London, the sooner you could do me this little service the better.—Having long wished that an Edition of my Poems should be published without the Prefaces and supplement, I submit to your consideration whether that would not be well, (printing, however, the prose now attached to the Volumes as a portion of the Prose Volume which you meditate). The Prefaces, etc contain many important observations upon Poetry—but they were written solely to gratify

APRIL 1845

Coleridge ; and, for my own part, being quite against anything of the kind, and having always been of opinion that Poetry should stand upon its own merits, I would not even attach to the Poems any explanation of the grounds of their arrangement. I should however by [all] means wish that the Vol. of prose should be printed uniform with the Poems, whether they be printed in double column which most of my Friends, especially the Ladies, dislike, or in a type somewhat larger than Mr Taylor's.—

Thanks for your detailed account of the volumes on hand.

I cannot muster courage to face the fatigues and late dinners of London, and therefore do not think it likely I shall leave home for the purpose. We are expecting my Son John from Italy to look after his parish and affairs. The account of his Wife's health is not cheering. My son Wm is also far from well. My Nephew John Wordsworth suffering under a slow but incurable disease of the lungs caught among the Ionian Islands, and lastly poor Mrs Quillinan is very weak, so that you see we are not in a state for moving from home. Mrs Q. has given up the thought of going to Portugal. Mr Q. however *is* going shortly

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Kindest remembrances to Mr Rogers and his Sister, and other enquiring Friends.

MS.            1566. *W. W. to Charles Boner*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount April 10<sup>th</sup> 1845

My dear Sir

I regret that it is not in my power to speak *positively* in answer to your enquiry. All I can say is, that I have no intention of being absent during the spring or any great part of the summer ; but I do mean to go down to the seaside in the course of it, but during what particular time I am unable to say—and of course

<sup>1</sup> Charles Boner (1815–70) lived twenty years with the family of Prince Thurn and Taxis at Ratisbon, and achieved some reputation as a translator of German poetry, and for his articles on the German poets. He was a friend of Miss Mitford.



APRIL 1845

I cannot bind myself—only let me add that it would give me much pleasure if our times should suit—

With many and sincere good wishes

believe me my dear Sir

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*            *1567. W. W. to Colnaghi & Co.*

Rydal Mount April 10<sup>th</sup> 1845

Mr Wordsworth presents his Compts to Messrs Colnaghi and Co and returns his thanks for a Print of the Virgin and Child which appears to have reached him through their hands.

This beautiful Work, he sees, is from a picture of Lady M. Alford,<sup>1</sup> and if it be a Print<sup>2</sup> from her Ladyship Mr W would wish his thanks to be conveyed to her, and his acknowledgement for the pleasure this proof of feeling and skill has given him—

*MS.*            *1568. W. W. to Edward Moxon*  
*K(—)*

Friday 18<sup>th</sup> April [1845]

My dear Moxon,

An invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Queen's Ball on Friday the twenty fifth left me without a choice as to visiting London, and in consequence I purpose to start on Wednesday next with Mr and Mrs Quillinan who are going to Oporto, he to attend his Brother's marriage, and she accompanying him in the hope of benefiting her health which as you know has been declining for several years. I should prefer arriving at your house rather than Mr Robinson's if I could be received there early on Thursday Morning, your maid-servant having provided me a bed to lie down upon for two or three hours, as I am but a poor Traveller in the night Season. If it be in your power to accomodate me pray let me know by return of Post.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Marian Alford (1817-86), d. of the Marquis of Northampton, married John Hume Cust, Viscount Alford. She was an artist, and art patron.

<sup>2</sup> Print] very badly written—W. probably meant 'present'.

APRIL 1845

I have another favour to ask, which is that you would mention my errand to Mr Rogers, and perhaps he could put me in the way of being properly introduced, and instructed how to behave in a situation, I am not<sup>1</sup> sorry to say, altogether new to me.

My stay in London for several cogent reasons will be very short. Hoping that my proposal of coming first to you may not prove inconvenient to Mrs Moxon, and your Household,

I remain my dear Mr Moxon

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

K(—)

1569. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount, April 22<sup>d</sup>, 1845.

My dear Friend,

The little book you have sent to me, consisting of the Memoirs of Mr B. L. Way and his son, the Rev. Lewis Way,<sup>2</sup> I have read with great interest. Their lives harmonise beautifully in that both were strictly governed by principles of duty, while they contrast most strikingly as to the manner in which those principles put themselves into action.

Mr Ellis falls into a mistake when, speaking of Mr B. L. Way, he says that 'happiness is the only rational object of pursuit'; but he is right when, in the same sentence, he affirms that the means of happiness (he ought to have said the *only* means) are to be found in the practice of religion. Mr Way's own words are, 'I endeavour upon principle to have no business but my duty', and he adds, 'my amusements are excited by duty'; and the rule of duty he gathers from his Bible, with the assistance of wise and good men.

The whole of the little volume (with the exception that for ordinary perusal too much space is given to Mr B. L. Way's literary pursuits) I found so interesting as earnestly to desire to see it printed in some shape that would give it a wide circulation;

<sup>1</sup> K. omits the 'not'.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Way (1772-1840), second son of Benjamin Way of Denham, Merton College, Oxford, Inner Temple, in 1797 became a clergyman and founded a chapel in Paris.—K.

APRIL 1845

and this would perhaps be most effectually done, if it could be included in some collection of brief biographies confined exclusively to the lives of men of remarkable virtues and talents, though not universally or generally known. The number of these, if sought for, would be found considerable, and I cannot but think they would tend more to excite imitation than accounts of men so pre-eminent in genius and so favoured by opportunity as rather to discourage than inspire emulation.

One word more,—every intelligent reader must be struck by the sound judgment with which Mr Way manages his nervous depressions and apprehensions, and how he makes them subservient to the improvement of his own character. Would that others, who have like infirmities to contend with, might be induced to follow his example, and prove equally successful!

Pray do not impute it to any want of desire to meet your wishes if I feel myself obliged to declare that I cannot presume to write anything that would deserve the name of a 'preface' upon this occasion. If I were to put down in writing but a small portion of the thoughts raised in my mind by the perusal of these well-paired Memoirs, you would have to read a volume larger than that which you sent, which I now return to you with sincere thanks. . . .

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS.*                    *1570. W. W. to Edward Moxon*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount 12<sup>th</sup> May [1845]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I slept—my journey in the coupée with Gen<sup>l</sup> Pasley proved very pleasant. I saw the country with great convenience and his conversation was interesting and most agreeable to me because there was no occasion I should talk much myself. The next day was also bright and fine and I was enchanted when I came into the Lake District a little above Bowness (that beautiful romance of nature). Every object—Fields, Woods, Lake, and Mountains, Sunshine and shade were seen all the way in the utmost perfection of Spring beauty—reached home a little after 11 all well—my eyes better for the journey though I am still

MAY 1845

glad to employ an amanuensis, who on this occasion is Miss F, Mrs Wordsworth not being in the house. I was miserably mistaken about the plaid shawl and beg your and Miss Moxon's pardon for the trouble I gave you and your household to search for it. I found I had not taken it with me—has not this confusion of impression something to do with age? I must endeavour to draw a lesson from it for the future; others of my friends younger than myself I find have come to the same point. I forgot to remind you of the books you might possibly have spared for the Ambleside Library, but there is no hurry about this—

Having other letters to write I can only add I shall never forget your and Mrs Moxon's kindness to me during my late residence with you, nor Miss Moxon's never ceasing attentions—remember me affectionately to all and pray mention the substance of this letter to Mr Rogers and to any other friends who may inquire after me. Mr Rogers's care and concern for me were you know unbounded and I shall ever remain duly sensible of it—Mrs Wordsworth, were she in the house, would unite with me in the best of good wishes for you all, not forgetting the New-born. I remain

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1571. W. W. to Edward Moxon

Rydal Mount 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1845

Dear Mr Moxon,

Since we first heard of this frightful fire so near your Premises we have been very anxious about yourself and your family, particularly about Mrs Moxon. Pray write a line to tell us how you got through this awful trial—Mr Rogers says your House was slightly damaged, but do let us know something, as our apprehensions as far as you are concerned may be worse than the reality proved—

I have just begun with the assistance of Mr Carter to prepare for the new Edition. You will remember that I am quite set upon having fewer lines in a page than Murray and Longman have in their double-column Editions—and I am sorry to say

JUNE 1845

that I am cried out against from many quarters for consenting to this shape of publication at all. But I have an answer to this, that it will put my Poems within the reach of so many persons of too small means to purchase them when confined to their present comparatively expensive shape.

Pray send me a specimen of what you propose at leisure—  
My eye is much better though still weak.

Kind remembrance to all friends especially of your own household and to Mr and Miss Rogers.

ever most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS. 1572. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[June 1845]

My dear Mr Moxon,

My Friend Miss Fletcher has been twice at Rydal Mount taking a drawing of the House from the best point of view—and I expect to be able to send it you very soon; I hope that the Printing will now go on with speed, and regularly. Great confusion and delay as I said before was caused by one proof being sent to me and another to Mr Carter.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Pray send the other page to the Printer—it would be well that I should be favoured with his name, so that I might write to him directly.

*MS. 1573. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

[June 1845]

My dear Mr Moxon,

Herewith you have my Friend Miss Fletcher's Drawing of the House. It is very faithful, only the Engraver will of course have to reduce it. Keep the drawing for a gift [when] the engraver has done with it.

I think I mentioned to you that I had an utter dislike of the Print from Pickersgill prefixed to the Poems. It does me and him also great injustice. Pray what would be the lowest expense

JUNE 1845

of a respectable engraving from Chantrey's Bust? That I should like infinitely better.

You have never told me how many copies of this Edition you mean to strike off and whether it would answer to stereotype it; probably not.—

I have an impression of your having mentioned to me when I was with you in London, that in the course of the summer you would have a remittance to make to me. Was this so? I know that since that time you advanced 20 pounds to Mr Quillinan on my account. I have not mentioned the matter as being in want of the money, but only to ask whether I am right in the impression, that I may regulate my summer expenses accordingly.

I enclose you a note from Mr Carter to me, showing how much importance he as well as I attach to the Stanzas not being broken. Do prevail upon the Printer to meet our wishes in this particular. They seem to have no notions on this subject. Sometimes you will have a line of a couplet, and a page must be turned over before you can get at the other.

Our Son William is just arrived, looking, for him, very well.—He begs to be kindly remembered to you.

Ever my dear Mr Moxon

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

I am suffering a good deal from a violent fall, owing to my own carelessness.

*MS. 1574. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount June 16<sup>th</sup> 45

My dear Mr Moxon,

The little Box contains my artificial teeth which want repairs. Be so good as to take them if you can find time, or let them be sent, if you cannot, to the Dentist. He did live a few years ago and I hope does still in Bedford Row, on the west side, and about half way down the street. I am sorry I have forgotten his name, but I think it was either Heath or Barclay—his predecessor, I am persuaded, bore one of these names, and he the other, but which of the two I do not know. When you have ascertained

JUNE 1845

this will you be so kind as to direct the accompanying note which is for him, and may be taken along with the Box.—We have been wishing for the Specimen Sheet as Mr Carter quits us tomorrow. Pray let the paper be stouter than is used in these editions and send the specimen upon it

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

K(—)            1575. *W. W. to C. W. (jun.)*

Rydal Mount, June 30,<sup>1</sup> 1845.

My dear Christopher,

I ought to have acknowledged my debt to you long ago, but the inflammation in one of my eyes which seized me on my first arrival in London kept it closed for a long time. I had your first two pamphlets read to me, and immediately put them into circulation among my friends in this neighbourhood; but wishing to read them myself, I did not like to write to you till I had done so, as there were one or two passages on which I wished to make a remark.

As to your arguments, they are unanswerable, and the three tracts do you the greatest possible credit; but the torrent cannot be stemmed, unless we can construct a body—I will not call it a party—upon a new and true principle of action, as you have set forth. Certain questions are forced by the present conduct of Government<sup>2</sup> upon the mind of every observing and thinking person. . . .

The Romanists are not a majority in England and Ireland, taken, as they ought to be, together. As to Scotland,<sup>3</sup> it has its separate Kirk by especial covenant. Are the ministers prepared to alter fundamentally the basis of the Union between England and Ireland, and to construct a new one? If they be, let them tell us so at once. In short, they are involving themselves and the Nation in difficulties from which there is no escape—for

<sup>1</sup> For *W. W. to H. C. R.*, June 21, *v. C. R.*, p. 600.

<sup>2</sup> The H. of C. passed Peel's Maynooth Act, placing on a permanent basis the grant to Maynooth College, which provided for the education of the R. C. priesthood. At the same time the Queen's Colleges in Ireland were founded for education without any religious instruction.

<sup>3</sup> The Free Church of Scotland had been established in 1843.

JUNE 1845

them, at least, none. What I have seen of your letter to Lord John Manners<sup>1</sup> I like as well as your two former tracts, and I shall read it carefully at my first leisure moment. . . .

MS. 1576. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount July 14<sup>th</sup> '45<sup>2</sup>

Dear Mr Moxon,

Mr Carter writes to me for direction as to the *Heading* of the Pages—I think it best not to attend to this till we see the Proof sheets, when we can determine according to the matter contained therein.

Would it not be desirable that the Work should be out against the time that Christmas presents are called for? But this must depend upon what number of the present Ed. remains on hand.

My Nephew Mr Charles W. will call upon you in a day or two, previous to his coming down here. Will you please send by him, together with any parcel you may have for us, a few quires of the thinnest paper, for foreign postage, that is to be had. The Quillinans complain of the heavy rate of Postage they are charged in Oporto—Mrs Q has had a severe illness, but I am thankful to say she is now convalescent. We have not heard of John's arrival with *his* charge at Lucca,—but his last letter announced their safety as far as Avignon. Send me by Mr C. W. three copies of the Excursion.

If you do not go on to the Continent we should be glad if you could run down here in the course of the present, or next Month. In Sept<sup>r</sup> we mean to go into Herefordshire.

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

We have had Mr Bryant the American Poet<sup>3</sup> and his friend here, they seemed to enjoy the day much.

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Manners (1818–1906), 7th Duke of Rutland; in 1843–4 he was a member of the Young England party, and is depicted as 'Sydney' in Disraeli's *Coningsby* (1844). The party split later on church questions. M. had a strong attachment to the Church of England and the Tractarians. Despite political differences he was a great friend of Gladstone's.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, July 1, v. Reed, p. 142.

<sup>3</sup> William Cullen Bryant, 1797–1878. His *Poems* (1832) were reissued in



JULY 1845

MS.

1577. W. W. to ?

Dear Sir,

Rydal Mount July 15<sup>th</sup> 1845

Accept my thanks for your obliging Invitation to attend the opening of the Windermere Steam Yacht<sup>1</sup> but my engagements are not likely to allow me that pleasure

I remain

truly

your obliged

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.

1578. W. W. to Edward Moxon

Dear Mr Moxon,

[Summer<sup>2</sup> 1845]

I shall speak to Miss Fletcher about the want of character in the trees<sup>3</sup> of the drawing, and I hope she will be able to correct it.

I am well aware of the difficulty of avoiding breaks in the Stanzas, but with due care a good deal may be done to prevent the disadvantage, though certainly not in all cases. I hope we shall get on speedily.

Ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

Sunday morning. I am glad you mean to stereotype, as I shall make no more alterations.

MS.

1579. W. W. to Edward Moxon

My dear Mr Moxon,

Rydal Mount 20<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 45

A Gentleman, by name Boner, whom I should be glad to serve, is anxious for an introduction to you. He has been employed six years as Tutor to the Sons of a German Prince and during that time has resided at Ratisbon, whither he purposes shortly to return and resume his office. I had never seen him before he took the trouble of coming down some weeks since, to

London and had some success—he was praised by ‘Christopher North’ in *Blackwood* for his ‘Wordsworthian’ feeling. *The Fountain* appeared in 1842 and his *Collected Poems* in 1846.

<sup>1</sup> Written Yatch.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, July 31, v. Reed, p. 146; for W. W. to H. C. R., Aug. 7, v. C. R., p. 605.

<sup>3</sup> trees] or lines?

SEPTEMBER 1845

Rydal, in order to make my acquaintance, we having had previously some correspondence by Letter. Mr B. has a good deal of leisure time, which he gives to various departments of literature, and wishes to find out some channel for the publication of such productions of his pen as he has finished or may be induced by that hope to bring to a conclusion. Will you allow him some conversation with you to specify what his objects are, and if you shall see an opening for rendering him a service, as I have before said, I should be grateful. I have already given him a Letter to Mr Lockhart who is well disposed to meet his wishes if an Article which he has written upon Germany should suit the Quarterly Review.

I had no wish whatever that my Volume should be sold under twenty shillings. I noticed the subject merely to express my wonder how Longman could possibly afford to sell 800 pages for a guinea, and that is still to me a mystery. Our printers do their work with great accuracy, but they might frequently, by more attention, make the columns of each page more uniform. They seem desirous of having the bottom uniform at any cost to the appearance of the top. This I think an error, but in neither case is it necessary there should be so great a difference as often occurs in the top.—

This is Saturday, and next Tuesday Mrs W. and I set off to visit her Brother in Herefordshire. We shall be absent, I calculate, about six weeks, as we mean to stop at York and Leeds on our return; and our stay in Herefordshire will be little less than [a] month. My address Thomas Hutchinson's Esq Brinsop Court Near Hereford

Ever faithfully yours  
Wm Wordsworth

K.<sup>1</sup>      1580. *W. W. to Derwent Coleridge*

Brinsop Court Hereford 29<sup>th</sup> Sep 45.<sup>2</sup>

My dear Derwent,

Your Letter announcing the decease of our long-tried Friend, your excellent Mother, followed Mrs Wordsworth and me to this

<sup>1</sup> Checked by reference to a copy of the letter by E. H. Coleridge, now in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

<sup>2</sup> For *W. W. to Henry Reed*, Sept. 27, v. Reed, p. 152.

SEPTEMBER 1845

place. It was a great shock to us, being so sudden, and the recent correspondence between your good Mother and Mrs W, not having made mention of her health being in a *worse* state, and shewing that her faculties were unimpaired. It was very kind in you to enter into particulars as you did, and also to let us know how dear Sara bore her afflicting loss: pray give our kindest love and most earnest and affectionate wishes to her. The privation must be deeply felt by her. It is a rare thing to see a Mother and Daughter so long and so closely and tenderly united as they have been since Sara was an infant. More than 50 years have elapsed since I first became acquainted with your mother, and her departure naturally sends back my mind into long past events and circumstances, which cause in me feelings, with which it is impossible you can adequately sympathise. Her memory will for the short remainder of my days continue in a high degree interesting to me. Link after link is broken, and yet for the most part we do not bear those severings in mind as we ought to do.

The good family under whose roof we are, thank God, are all well and healthy. Mr Hutchinson gaining power though very slowly and though suffering much yet less and less in some degree every year. He is an example of patience and chearful resignation beyond almost what one could have conceived possible.

God bless you my dear Derwent

Your affectionate and faithful Friend

Wm. Wordsworth.

*ms. 1581. W. W. to Charles Henry Parry*

York, 28<sup>th</sup> Oct. '45.

My dear Sir,

The accompanying Letter is from my late Clerk, Mr Carter; I regret that his inquiries have not proved more decisive. The reason is, that Dale-head Hall the residence of Mr Russel Scot is not less than 9 miles from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick. Mr R. S. has no doubt his Letter-bag made up at Ambleside, to be dropped as the Post goes northward.

OCTOBER 1845

Dale-head is six miles from Keswick ; and Keswick is no doubt the market town of the place, so that probably better information might be gained by applying to some one resident in Keswick. It would give me pleasure to assist you in this endeavour if you approve of it. A Letter addressed by you to John Lightfoot Esq, Keswick I think would be of use ; and I beg that you would use my name as your Introduction if you think proper to write to him. For my own part I should be loth to let a Residence like yours, and to incur expense also, without satisfactory knowledge of the Party, and this I think particularly desirable in cases of Strangers applying from our neighbourhood, where so many fanciful and irregular people are apt to take up their abode for a short time.

On Thursday I go to Mr Marshall's, Headingley, Leeds, to remain till Tuesday following, and then home.

I cannot conclude without renewing the expression of my deep sympathy with your domestic distresses,<sup>1</sup> and my most earnest wish and prayer that the lives of your other Daughters may be spared.

Believe me, my dear Dr Parry, very faithfully yours  
Wm Wordsworth.

*MS. 1582. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[? Nov. 4, 1845]

My dear Mr Moxon,

My late wanderings have unavoidably caused some delay, but the next sheet will conclude the poetry and bring us to the Notes, which will be followed by the Prefaces and then we shall be done with this tedious work. Looking over the Proofs has been trying to my eyes, but I feel much indebted to Mr Carter, as I am sure you will also, for the care which he has taken in correcting the proofs ; I feel obliged to you also for your own attentions to this important part of the concern. I have not yet seen (Mr Carter being now at Carlisle) a specimen of the Sheet as struck off ; my only fear is that the margin will not be broad enough for binding as one could wish—will it not be cramped ?

<sup>1</sup> *v.* Letter 1343.

NOVEMBER 1845

We are about to publish this expensive Vol. at a most unfavourable time. Nothing is now thought of but railway shares. The Savings-banks are almost emptied of their old deposits, and scarcely any thing has come into them—all gone to Railway Speculation—a deplorable state of things.

Are the engraving of the Bust and the view of the House finished?

Mr Carter is making an Index of first lines which I hope will be of some use, for it is impossible to give titles to a third part of this multifarious collection of Poems.—

ever my dear Mr Moxon  
faithfully yours

W. W.

What say you to the Title standing merely thus

THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH D.C.L.

POET LAUREATE ETC

I would have added Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Edinboro', if I could have joined with it and of the Royal Irish Academy, (that I think is the title) but they will not [ ? ] till after Christmas.

I was offered that distinction some years ago, but thought it best to decline it then.

*MS.* 1583. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*K(—)*

Nov<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> [1845]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I reply to yours of yesterday's post received after mine was sent off; I have to say 1<sup>st</sup>—that the House I live in has no name but Rydal Mount. I have considered and reconsidered the title; and I cannot make up my mind to any but simply

THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I hope that you wont object to this, bald as it is.

There is a small poem, beginning

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,

[ 1262 ]

which the Printer has been directed to place before the Poems. I mean it to serve as a sort of preface. All the prose prefaces, and in fact all the prose, except a few brief Notes printed at the bottom of the page of the verse, will be printed at the end of the Volume, it being now my wish that the poems should be left to speak for themselves [ ? ] though I did not think it prudent to suppress any considerable portion of the prose, thinking this would hurt the sale of the work.

What must we do with the Stereotype of the 6 Volumes ; I ask because I know that many persons would prefer that shape to the double column and not a few would have the[m] both—the 7 vol for ordinary reading, and the double column for travelling.

Ever faithfully yours

W. W.

K.                    1584. *M. W. to Sara Coleridge*

November 7, 1845.

. . . With my husband's tender love to you he bids me say, in reply to a question you have put to him through Miss Fenwick, that he has not as distinct a remembrance as he could wish of the time when he first saw your father and your uncle Southey ; but the impression upon his mind is that he first saw them both, and your aunt Edith at the same time, in a lodging in Bristol. This must have been about the year 1795.<sup>1</sup> 'Your father', he says, 'came afterwards to see us at Racedown, where I was then living with my sister. We have both a distinct remembrance of his arrival. He did not keep to the high road, but leaped over a gate and bounded down a pathless field, by which he cut off an angle. We both retain the liveliest possible image of his appearance at that moment. My poor sister has just been speaking of it to me with much feeling and tenderness.'<sup>2</sup> Ever, dear Sara,

Most affectionately yours,

M. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> It was in September 1795.

<sup>2</sup> The inverted commas are not in K.'s reprint of the letter ; but they are essential to M. W.'s meaning. Their omission has led several writers to suppose that the 'we' included M. W. But M. had left Racedown before Coleridge arrived. *v. E. L.*, p. 167.

NOVEMBER 1845

MS. 1585. *W. W. to Fred. Westley*

Rydal Mount, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> '45

My dear Sir,

The one Vol: Edit: of my Poems will soon be out ; and I have directed Mr Moxon to send three Copies to you, one for yourself, one which you will be so kind as to bind for me, and one which I intend as a bridal Present for my Friend Lady Rolfe.<sup>1</sup>—The mode of binding this last I refer especially to your own taste, I have no wish that it should be superb, that would be ostentatious—perhaps white vellum with some gilding would suit the occasion, but I leave this wholly to your better judgement. Your 'Holy Living' is much admired by every one who has seen it, as also is the good taste of the Communes—I remain my dear Sir

faithfully your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

I could conveniently pay you through Mr Moxon for the Binding of the two Volumes—It would, I believe, enhance the Value of the Volume in your eyes if it had my Autograph and I have accordingly sent it as you will see.

W. W.

Be so good as to return the book for me when bound, to Mr Moxon, directed for me—and the other for Lady Rolfe, to 8 New St Spring Gardens.

*Address:* Fred Westley Esq, Rockfort Villa, Lower Tulse Hill, London.

MS. 1586. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

K(—)

Monday morning 17<sup>th</sup> Nov. 45

My dear Mr Moxon,

We have carefully compared the Engraving of the Bust with the Plaster Cast given by Sir F. Chantrey to Mrs Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Laura, daughter of Thomas Carr of Frogna, Hampstead. W. probably knew her through his friend Mrs Hoare of Hampstead. For Lord Rolfe v. Letter of April 7, 1849.

Upon the whole we prefer it much to the print from Mr Pickersgill's Picture, but we think it may be a good deal improved both as to likeness and general effect. If the Engraving be taken from your *Bronze Bust* which must have been done from a Plaster Cast, the Work not being accessible, I should by all means recommend to Mr Tinden to take the trouble of comparing his work with a Plaster Cast (Mr Crabb Robinson possesses one, and so does Mr Kenyon), he would then perceive that the Line of the Nose in his Engraving is not sufficient[ly] curved. A still greater defect we think is in the eyes which are somewhat too small or rather they have a peering look as eyes have when they shun a strong light and strive to see a distant object. In my own opinion also they more resemble the eyes of a Picture than of a Bust; I feel assured that Mr Tinden will be able to remove both these objections.

The Print of the House is faulty as to the Porch, and this was probably the consequence of a defect in the Drawing, which was not by a professional Artist. The Porch looks more like a substantial adjunct to the House than a trellis-work, as it is, and open in Front. Could this effect be given by the Engraver—it would be a great improvement, only a few flowers hanging against and upon the trellis-work. The drawing was taken from a distance, by which all the lower windows are hidden. I should like one to be seen by taking away a few of the boughs which hide it, but perhaps this is impracticable.

I omitted to mention as a strong additional inducement for your coming down to Rydal that Miss Martineau would I am sure be much pleased to see you. She speaks to her friends with much delight of your generous behaviour as her Publisher.

Care shall be taken to forward to you by some opportunity the Copy from which the one Vol: Edit. was made. I fear the expense of accomodating the changes to the 6 Volumes of stereotype would be found scarcely prudent to enter upon, but this may be considered.

I should have been sorely disappointed if the double column had not been stereotyped.

Ever my dear Mr Moxon faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth



NOVEMBER 1845

MS. 1587. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*  
K(—)

Rydal Mount 25<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1845.

My dear Mr Moxon,

I think both the engraving of the Bust and of the House considerably improved, and hope they will do credit to the publication. The Title page also is much approved in appearance.

Let a dozen copies be sent down to me for sale—that is for the use of Mrs Nicholson and Mr Troughton, and as many as you think reasonable to myself, to distribute among my friends. You will please to remember what I said some little time ago about the three Copies to be sent to Mr Westley. I suppose the Book will be out in a few days, the sooner the better for the sake of Christmas presents.

Send the Package by Canal. Mrs Wordsworth begs to say that a pair of Hares was sent off the other day by this conveyance, and she hopes they will arrive in good condition.

Miss Martineau called here to-day. She is in excellent health and spirits, very busy with house-building and book-writing, by which latter operation I hope you will profit. Pray remember me most kindly to Mr Rogers and his sister if ever you see her, and to dear old Miss Lamb, in which wishes Mrs W. joins. My Son John is still here, in very good health, and taking very long walks every day. Give my very kind regards to Mrs Moxon and your Sister, not forgetting your Brother, and believe me

very faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

K. 1588. *W. W. to Joseph Cottle*

Rydal Mount, Dec. 6, 1845.

My dear old Friend,

Now for your little tract, *Heresiarch Church of Rome*. I have perused it carefully, and go the whole length with you in condemnation of Romanism, and probably much further, by reason of my having passed at least three years of life in countries where Romanism was the prevailing or exclusive religion; and if we are to trust the declaration, 'By their fruits ye shall know them',

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I have stronger reasons, in the privilege I have named, for passing a severe condemnation upon leading parts of their faith and courses of their practice than others who have never been eye-witnesses of the evils to which I allude. Your little publication is well-timed, and will, I trust, have such an effect as you aimed at upon the minds of its readers.

And now let me bid you affectionately good-bye, with assurance that I do and shall retain to the last a remembrance of your kindness and of the many pleasant and happy hours which, at one of the most interesting periods of my life, I passed in your neighbourhood and in your company.

Ever most faithfully yours,

William Wordsworth.

*MS.*            1589. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal M<sup>t</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> [1845]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I have this moment received the intelligence, that I have just been elected an honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy<sup>1</sup> as I was not long ago of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Perhaps it would be as well to add these distinctions to the Title page of the next Edition of the Poems. I did not think it worth while to notice the one till the other had been conferred—

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*            1590. *W. W. to Seymour Tremenheere*<sup>2</sup>

16<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1845.

My dear Sir,

I have been long in your debt ; but, as I believe you are aware, I was from home during six weeks of autumn, and on my return I found numerous engagements pressing upon me in conse-

<sup>1</sup> W. was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy on Nov. 29, 1845.

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Seymour Tremenheere (1804–93), Fellow of New College, Oxford, publicist and author; Inspector of Schools, 1840. He was especially interested in reforms to ameliorate the lives of the working classes, and in education.

quence. Besides as I scarcely am able to read or write by candle-light my allowance of time for the pen is but scanty during these short days. The acknowledgment of y<sup>r</sup> Kindness was not among the least important of those engagements, but I felt that I could not make it with much satisfaction till I had read y<sup>r</sup> second Report and the Volumes which thro' y<sup>r</sup> suggestion were transmitted to me from the Committee of the Council on Education. These I shall have an opport<sup>y</sup> of returning in the course of a fortnight. Y<sup>r</sup> own Report and every one in the two Vols. which you pointed out to me, I have carefully perused ; and had I an opport<sup>y</sup> of conversing with you upon the subject I might perhaps be able to make upon the details, some remarks not wholly unworthy of attention, but I could say little by Letter which could be satisfactory either to you or myself. I must therefore be confined to a general observation or two. First however let me express my gratitude to all the Reporters, yourself especially, for the information and instruction I have gained from their labours, and also my admiration of the perseverance and judgment with which their important work has been carried on. The prospect surely is upon the whole full as promising as could have been expected. Generation after Generation will I trust start from a higher point than the preceding one, and the improvement be progressive accordingly. Encouraged by this belief the Inspectors, to whom we already owe so much, will not relax their efforts, in which all good and wise men will concur.—Having given vent to these feelings, let me ask you, dear Sir, whether throughout the Minutes too little value is not set upon the occupations of Children out of doors, under the direction, or by permission, of their Parents, comparatively with what they do or acquire in school? Is not the Knowledge inculcated by the Teacher, or derived under his management, from books, too exclusively dwelt upon, so as almost to put out of sight that which comes, without being sought for, from intercourse with nature and from experience in the actual employments and duties which a child's situation in the Country, however unfavorable, will lead him to or impose upon him? How much of what is precious comes into our minds, in all ranks of society, not as Knowledge entering formally in the shape of Knowledge, but

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as infused thro' the constitution of things and by the grace of God. There is no condition of life, however unpromising, that does not daily exhibit something of this truth. I do not relish the words of one of the Reporters (Mr Allen I believe whose notices are generally very valuable) in which he would reconcile the Parents to the expence of having their Children educated in school by remarking that the wear and tear of clothes will be less; and an equivalent thus saved in shoe-leather.—Excuse this disagreement in opinion, as coming from one who spent half of his boyhood in running wild among the Mountains.

It struck me also that, from the same cause, too little attention is paid to books of imagination which are eminently useful in calling forth intellectual power. We must not only have Knowledge but the means of wielding it, and that is done infinitely more thro' the imaginative faculty assisting both in the collection and application of facts than is generally believed. But I must conclude.

Believe me, My dear Sir,

with many thanks,

Sincerely y<sup>r</sup> much obliged

Wm. Wordsworth

*MS.*            *1591. W. W. to Mary Howitt*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> 1845

Dear Mrs Howitt,

The resolution which the numerous applications for autographs have compelled me to make is pretty much what you conjecture. I take no notice of the requests of strangers but never fail to comply with those of my Friends, either made for themselves or for those in whom they are interested, though persons unknown to myself. But even here I do not often write more than my name; penmanship, which was never attractive to me, having long been disagreeable.

You will excuse me therefore for having confined myself to four lines even upon your application.

<sup>1</sup> v. p. 551.

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I remain, dear Mrs Howitt, with kind regards to yourself and Mr Howitt in which Mrs W. unites,

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

We continue to receive most favourable accounts of Mrs Quillinan's health and strength.

[*On the opposite page is written the Quatrain* Small service is true service, &c., v. Oxf. W., p. 538.]

MS. 1592. W. W. to Edward Moxon

K(—)

Rydal Mount Dec<sup>r</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 1845.

My dear Mr Moxon,

We have received the Books, and they are all distributed.—I have thought it proper to give a Copy to each of the Ladies who furnished the Drawings of the House, and the remainder of my Copies are distributed chiefly among my female Friends in this neighbourhood; and pleased and proud they are on having been, as they express it, so honored.—Yesterday I had a Letter from a Gentleman of St Andrews, unknown to me, who says that he has already given 8 among his Relations and Friends and means to make presents of more in the same way; so that it seems probable that the Edition will not remain long on hand; at all events it is clear that we have done well by printing the Book in this Shape.

Mr Robinson arrived yesterday; and does not take from us the hope of seeing you. Nevertheless as according to him your stay will be only two or three days, I can scarcely wish that at this unfavorable season you should take so much trouble and put yourself to the expence. Should you come however I need not say that you will be most welcome.

Did you observe or hear of the favorable Report of the Poems which Mr Johnstone gave the other day in the Morning Post. He has always been very friendly to any publications of mine, and should he fall in your way pray be more than civil to him; with the best good wishes of the season for you and yours I remain, my dear Mr Moxon, faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

MS. 1593. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 22<sup>nd</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 45

My dear Mr Moxon,

It has been strongly recommended to me to send a Copy of our Vol: to the Queen; and for the purpose of having it bound I beg you would send one in Sheets to Mr Westley with the best impression of the Print and Title Page you can select.

Everyone as I mentioned before admires the getting up of the Book, but several, (Ladies especially) complain that the weight prevents their keeping the Book as long as they would like in hand.

What do you say to have a second Title page for a 2<sup>nd</sup> vol. to be inserted by those that chuse to divide the 600 and odd pages into two parts? This might easily be done by placing the 2<sup>nd</sup> Title page immediately before the 280<sup>th</sup> page:—The Egyptian Maiden. Of course every thing, pages etc, remaining in other respects just as it is—

faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

After all you may think it better to defer this till another Ed. is to be struck off—Pray do not mention the Presentation Copy to *any one*.

K. 1594. *W. W. to John Moultrie*<sup>1</sup>

[1845]

My dear Sir,

My copy of the Ode,<sup>2</sup> in Gray's own handwriting, has

Ah, happy Hills, ah, pleasant Shade.

I wonder how Bentley could ever have substituted 'Rills,' a reading which has no support in the context. The common copies read, a few lines below,

Full many a *sprightly* race.

<sup>1</sup> John Moultrie (1799–1874), poet, rector of Rugby, and an intimate friend of Thomas Arnold: among his early poems were *My Brother's Grave* (1820) and *Godiva*, which won W. W.'s praise. In 1843 he published *The Dream of Life, Lays of the English Church*, and other poems, and in 1854 *The Three Minstrels*, an account of his meetings with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. His early poetry is superior in quality to the late, which contains much dull blank verse.

<sup>2</sup> The *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* (ll. 11, 22, 61): the edition of 1768 reads hills . . . shade; sprightly; fury Passions.

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Gray's own copy has,

Full many a *smiling* race.

Throughout the whole poem the substantives are written in Capital Letters. He writes 'Fury-Passions', and not, as commonly printed, the 'fury-passions'. What is the reason that our modern compositors are so unwilling to employ Capital Letters? Believe me, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS.*

1595. *W. W. to a Cousin*<sup>1</sup>

2 Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1846

My dear Cousin

The testimony of love and affection to Mrs Quillinan given under the circumstances which you mention, will I know move her deeply; and Mrs Wordsworth, my poor Sister and myself, have all been touched by it. My Son Wm being a Trustee for managing her little money affairs, you had best send him a draught in payment of this gift.

We were very thankful to hear that your dear Sister is in the way of recovery from her severe illness. Pray present to her our very kind love, and best good wishes.

On Christmas Eve we received a Letter from Mrs John Wordsworth then and still at Rome communicating the death of her youngest Son, nearly five years old, and also reported that two other of her Children she had been obliged to send, under the care of an English Nurse, for change of air to Albano, a third being kept with her at Rome by an attack of fever, the same we apprehend which brought on the convulsions of which his Brother died. This lamentable news, in conjun[n]ction with his Wife's weakness of body and distressed state of mind, has driven him to Rome, with a view to have his family removed, and brought to England as soon as the Season will allow. He passed this house in the Mail on New year's day without calling, so dislocated was he in mind, as appears from a Letter which he left as he went by. His only Daughter was one of the indisposed who was sent to Albano, and the child he has lost was one of

<sup>1</sup> I am unable to identify the cousin.

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the noblest Creatures both in mind and body I ever saw. With this loss we couple that of our dear Cousin Sarah,<sup>1</sup> happening so nearly at the same time, and I am sure you will sympathize with our sorrow and trouble.

I must not dwell longer on these sad topics but beg you to accept, my kindest remembrances joined with those of Mrs W—and my Sister, and believe me with many thanks your

affectionate Cousin

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.* 1596. *W. W. to G. J. Stevenson*

Rydal Mount, Jan. 3. 1846.

Mr Wordsworth presents his Comp<sup>ts</sup> to Mr Stevenson and begs to say that he thinks Mr S. scarcely authorized to entertain the expectation that, during his Mr W's life-time, there should have been a biographical Memoir prefixed to the Vol: referred to. As Mr W. has long ago made a point of not reading any Reviews of his own Works and indeed scarcely ever looks at a Review or Magazine he is totally unable to give Mr Stevenson the information he requests. There have been prints from three different Paintings made of Mr W.—one a large size by Mr Wilkin,<sup>2</sup> another by Mr Boxall<sup>3</sup> and a third from Miss Marg<sup>t</sup> Gillies<sup>4</sup>—any of which may probably be heard of at the Print Shops or at the Residence of the Painters which Mr [W] does not at present know. As to which is the best opinions vary.

In 1831 Mr Wilkin's Print might have been had at No 144 New Bond St.

*Address:* Geo. John Stevenson Esq. St John's College, Battersea.

*MS.* 1597. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

15 Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1846.

My dear Mr Moxon,

Of the half a dozen Copies of the new Edition we have one left; and Mrs Nicholson is desirous of more. I think at least a

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Sarah Crackanthorpe.

<sup>2</sup> v. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson, Sept. 9, 1831.

<sup>3</sup> v. W. W. to Gardner, June 22, 1832.

<sup>4</sup> Painted in October 1839.



dozen ought to be sent here, and if the demand is not likely to be greater, as the spring advances, in London, you might send us 20, which I think would certainly go off in the course of the summer. If I am not mistaken you took with you the direction for the cheaper conveyance. But dont send the Books till you have procured the bottle of lustre varnish which Mr Cottle of Bristol gave orders should wait for my call at Mr R. Green's 36 King Wm. Street, London Bridge.

Pray be so good as to procure this immediately and send it in the same package with the Books or rather dont send the Books without it. I have in my house three large Pictures which my Son John sent from Italy; though much damaged by time and neglect they are worth repairing and luckily a respectable Painter is now for a short time at Ambleside and he would do the needful as to cleaning etc under my own eyes. Of this lustre varnish my Friend Cottle gave so flattering an account that I am anxious to have it tried—the Varnish is of C's own invention, and by a series of experiments carried on at different periods through his long life he thinks he has brought it to perfection.

I hope my Vol: will be in the Queen's hands before the end of the week. We have heard nothing more from Italy, that is from our Friends there, but from another quarter that the sickness is very formidable, which makes us most anxious. We, however, have heard of John's safe arrival at Paris on the Saturday night—to go forward on Monday morning

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1598. W. W. to Herbert Hill<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1846

My dear Mr Hill

Some time ago I received from Cockermouth 'Oliver Newman',<sup>2</sup> and read in print your touching dedication of the little

<sup>1</sup> Bertha Southey's husband.

<sup>2</sup> *Oliver Newman: a New-England Tale (unfinished) with other poetical remains*, ed. Herbert Hill, 1845. The dedication ran: 'To William and Mary Wordsworth, the old and dear friends of Robert Southey, these last productions, the imperfect "Autumnal Leaves" of his poetical genius, are inscribed, with filial reverence and affection by the Editor.'

vol: to my Wife and me. I felt strongly that my acknowledgements for such a mark of your affections in thus uniting us all, ought to have been made at once, but being sure that you would give me credit for feeling upon this occasion as became me I was induced to defer writing till I could read the Vol: in a state of mind sufficiently at liberty to do it justice. But in fact for many weeks troubles have multiplied for us in a degree that has been very distressing; first the sudden decease of our dear Cousin Sarah Crackanthorp, who on her return from Edinburgh where she died was to come to visit us, next a Letter from Rome, announcing the dangerous illness of our dear Grandchild, John's youngest son, as fine a Boy as could be seen, and soon after came the tidings of his decease. Poor John was distracted, for the same Letters announced that his Daughter and another Son were ill of the same fever. Notwithstanding all his cares and duties at home, he could not help setting off immediately for Rome and passed our door without calling in the fear that we might endeavor to stop him. He would reach Rome last Saturday if no mishap delayed him. Lastly came the news that my last-surviving Brother the late Master of Trinity was alarmingly ill, and he still continues in a very feeble state, so that my dear Mr Hill, you will not wonder that I did not feel my mind sufficiently open to be interested as I wished and ought to be in any poetical production of my departed Friend. I have however read the Volume and most of it more than once. The beautiful parts of Oliver are I think fully equal to any preceding work of their Author, and the whole of it with some correction and softening from his pen, which he undoubtedly would have given, would have met the desires of his most judicious Friends. The speech of the Governor is too long and somewhat dry and prosaic, and a few expressions in Randolph's mouth partake in my opinion of vulgarity; with these exceptions, I like the fragment exceedingly and several parts of it cannot be over-estimated.

You will be sure that we are most anxious for tidings from Rome, which we cannot have till the middle of next week; and the more so because we learn through Mr Price that Dr Babington's whole time has been engrossed by Patients suffering from

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this sickness, which is of such a character that he has been obliged to visit several Patients three times a day, and the others at least once every day. On the other side we hear from Isabella that all the children were well, except Jane who is suffering from a nervous complaint, aggravated by her late attack of fever, on account of which with her Brother John, who had the same illness, she had been sent to Albano, but both have returned to Rome. Whatever becomes of the poor Mother the children must be brought to England, their lives must not be sacrificed, and it is for this purpose that their Father is gone again to Italy.

Pray give our very kind love to Bertha, accept the same yourself, and believe me with a thousand good wishes for you and yours

your sincere Friend

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Rev<sup>d</sup> H. Hill, College, Warwick.

*MS. 1599. W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon*

Rydal Mount, Jan. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1846.<sup>1</sup>

My dear Haydon,

I was sorry that I could not give a more satisfactory answer to your request for a Motto to the Engraving from your admirable Portrait of my ascent towards the top of Helvellyn. My Son Wm who is here has just been with me to look at the impression of the Print in the unfinished state, as we have it. But from the first he has been exceedingly pleased with it, so much so that he would be truly happy to be put into possession of it as it then was, if an impression could be procured for him, and would readily pay for it if purchaseable. Pray let me have a few impressions, when it is finished, sent to Moxon, as I myself think that it is the best likeness, that is the most characteristic, which has been done of me. I wish to send one also to America according to directions which will be hereafter given.

I hope you get on with your labours to your satisfaction.

Believe me dear Haydon

faithfully your obliged Friend

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Henry Reed, Jan. 23, v. Reed, p. 160.

FEBRUARY 1846

MS. 1600. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

23<sup>rd</sup> Febr<sup>y</sup> [46]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Mr Moxon,

The entanglement of public Affairs seems to have prevented my receiving an earlier acknowledgement from the Queen of the offering of our Volume—Yesterday however a Letter arrived from the L<sup>d</sup> Chamberlain conveying her M—y's thanks and the expression of her admiration of the verses in the fly leaf. The Queen has also sent me 4 lithographic Copies of the Portraits of [her] several children. The L<sup>d</sup> Chamberlain's words are 'I have placed your beautiful Volume before Her Majesty'.

I will thank you to pay my debt to Mr Westley when his bill is presented.

Dont forget to [? rub up] Burn<sup>2</sup> for anything that may be due to us. I am sorry to be forced to allude to this subject, but I have been hardly drawn upon lately by various causes—

I was much grieved to be obliged to return the volume as I did—as to carry it thro' the press correctly will I fear impose much trouble upon you. Do not however fail to transmit the sheets as they are struck off to Mr Carter if you think it will be of use—only avoiding to break in upon him between the 20<sup>th</sup> of March and the middle of Ap., a time when he is busy in the Off.; after that time he will be at Rydal—only the proofs need be sent—but pray procure the old Copy of the Excursion *especially*

Aff<sup>ly</sup> yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

I will send you soon as they can be transcribed 6 Sonnets and 2 other small Poems to be inserted in the last Vol.

MS. 1601. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[Feb.—March, 1846]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I send you the little Poems as promised. Insert them in succession—after the Sonnets I should suppose, but wherever you think best. I should like proofs of the sheet that contains them

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Feb. 2, v. C. R., p. 619; for W. W. to Henry Reed, Feb. 3, v. Reed, p. 165.

<sup>2</sup> v. p. 1188.

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to be sent down to me. Mr Westley, as I mentioned before, will have to call for a copy of the last edition, which you will set down to my account, it being as a present from Miss Fenwick to the Boys School in the Protestant College of St Columba, Ireland. Do you happen to know which Bookseller in London that college communicates with? Miss Fenwick had the address but having packed up her things she could not find it again without trouble. The Copy both of my 7 volumes (and Miss Fenwick's) which Mr Westley has bound for me were both to be sent through that Publisher. Dont trouble yourself to answer the above question unless you can tell us who the Bookseller is.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

My eye is better but not well enough to allow me to write.

*MS.<sup>1</sup> 1602. W. W. to William Jackson*

[Rydal Mount, early 1846.]

My dear Friend,

. . . We have been subject for some time to anxieties and sorrows in no common degree; and we wanted courage to communicate with our friends, in consequence; and in addition to this I have for more than a month been obliged to abstain both from writing and reading and what is still worse almost from thinking by my old complaint—inflammation in one of my eyes. Sincerely do I thank you for your condolence upon the death of my excellent and beloved Brother<sup>2</sup>; it is gratifying to me to be told that you saw so much of him lately. The Church has lost in him one of her most zealous and judicious defenders, and this at a time when such men can be ill-spared. Our dear and amiable Nephew, John Wordsworth of Sockbridge<sup>2</sup> is also soon to be taken from us. He has a House at Ambleside, and some one of our family visits him daily. Poor Fellow, he is growing weaker and weaker every day, and is quite aware that his dissolution is approaching. . . .

<sup>1</sup> From a copy taken by the late Mr Gordon Wordsworth.

<sup>2</sup> The Master of Trinity died on Feb. 2, 1846, and John Wordsworth on Aug. 18, aged 31.

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P.S. As to public affairs I cannot bear to think of them. Sir R. Peel is infatuated<sup>1</sup>; he is playing the part of that weak man, Necker, in the beginning of the French Revolution. The Queen sent me the other day 4 portraits of her several children as a return for the one Volume edition of my Poems, which I sent her with a copy of MS. Verses on the fly Leaf.

*MS.*                      *1603. W. W. to Charles W.*

Rydal 12<sup>th</sup> March 1846

My dear Charles,

Many thanks for your Farewell Sermon which your Aunt has read to me. It is well suited to the occasion and very touching, and cannot but be remembered by your Pupils who heard it, to their future benefit. In every part I went along with you, except when you speak in praise of emulation; on that subject I was not entirely in accord with you. I know well that you have St Paul in your favour in one or two passages. Homer also, and other wise and good men among the heathen: I am aware too that you have had greater experience among Boys, and the way of usefully influencing their minds, than has been my lot, yet still I cannot help being afraid of encouraging emulation—it proves too often closely akin to envy, in spite of the christian spirit you recommend. My own case is, I am aware, a peculiar one in many respects, but I can sincerely affirm, that I am not indebted to emulation for my attainments whatever they be. I have from my Youth down to this late day cultivated the habit of valuing knowledge for its own sake and for the good that may and ought to come out of it, the unmixed pure good. I used often to press this view of the subject upon the late Dr Bell, in whose system of Tuition this was a master-spring.—Pray my dear Charles let us hear of you from time to time—above all don't omit telling us immediately, when any plan of life, or course of employment, may open upon you. We hear of Chris: and his Family from Wm who is now for a few days in London.

I am truly glad to see your Winchester Discourses advertized.

<sup>1</sup> Peel had just proposed the gradual repeal of the Corn Laws (to take final effect after three years).

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Notwithstanding our anxieties and distresses, we are pretty well, though your Aunt has been a good deal shattered lately.  
ever my dear Charles your affectionate Uncle  
W. Wordsworth

MS. 1604. W. W. to ?

Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir, Rydal Mount March 21<sup>st</sup>—46.

My Son, the Rev<sup>d</sup> John Wordsworth, who is now on his route from Italy, has desired me to inform you that he hopes to be at home to resume his duty early next month

I am Sir, Yrs &c.

W. Wordsworth

1605. W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton

Hamilton.

K.

Rydal Mount, March 14, 1846.

My dear Sir William,

Having just received from you a notification that the Royal Irish Academy has conferred upon me the distinction of electing me an honorary member of their body, I beg you will express to the council and to the academy my deep sense of the honour of being admitted into a society so eminent for Science and Literature; let me add that the interest I have always taken in the sister country, and in everything calculated to promote its welfare, greatly enhances the gratification afforded me by this act of the academy.

The diploma to which you refer has not yet reached me, or I should, of course, have acknowledged it. As the matter stands, this answer to your notification will, I hope, arrive in time to be read by you to the academy before you resign the chair, and be accepted by their courtesy in place of a more formal acknowledgment. I cannot conclude without expressing my sincere regret that the society is about to lose the benefit of your services as president, and the honour of having your name at its head. It is impossible that any personal consideration could have made the honour which I now acknowledge more acceptable than its having been proposed by one holding so high a position as you do in the scientific and literary world, and filling an equally high

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place in the private regards of your friends, among whom I have long thought it a great happiness to be numbered.

Believe me, my dear Sir William,

Ever most faithfully, your much obliged

William Wordsworth.

*MS.*

*1606. W. W. to ?*

23 March —46

Dear Sir,

Having carefully read your Passages from the life of George Herbert, I have no hesitation in saying that I greatly approve of what you have done, circumstances being as they are, and your purpose so commendable.

It is not fair to call your abridgement a mutilation, you have kept closely to the two main points, setting in view the peculiar temptation, which the subject of your work was under to continue a man of the world and a scholar ambitious of secular distinction, and how he overcame all these and devoted himself entirely to the service of his Lord and Saviour. This transition is brought before the Reader with little or no intervening matter, and becomes in consequence especially fitted to strike the mind and affect the heart of the young Reader.

Surely there is no sufficient ground for a feeling that Walton's beautiful performance has not its share of due respect by being treated in this way for such an object as yours. His Book of Lives is matchless and no abridgement of any part of it can make the volume less sought after by those who have the means of procuring it.

I remain dear Sir with thanks for the sight of this precious penny-worth in my own name, and that of your pupils

Your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1607. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal April 2<sup>nd</sup> '46

My dear Mr Moxon,

Thank you for Burn's check: 65-5- My expenses in connection with my Son John's journeys, to come from Italy, and



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heavy outlays there, have made this sum very acceptable, and I am duly sensible of your liberality in regard to it.

The new title Page will do quite well; a few days ago I received my Diploma from the Royal Irish Academy, and they have caused to be printed in a Dublin Newspaper my Letter to Sir Wm Hamilton, upon this honor being conferred upon me—. I am truly sorry that you have been so unwell. Pray take care of yourself. Your life and health are highly important not only to your Wife and Family and personal Friends; but also in no small degree to the community; your conduct as a Publisher being eminently liberal, and serviceable in proportion.

I am not at all surprized at the unfavorable report you give of the Book trade—Public affairs are so unhinged, that it could not be otherwise.

My own health is daily improving—though I am still inconvenienced by a shortness of breathing and now and then I feel the pain in the parts lately affected, when I take a deep respiration—In a few days I expect to be quite well.

You will be sure to see John with his Children in a day or two if none of them have been ill on the road. Did I tell you that they were at Lausanne on the 23<sup>d</sup> [of] last month, and hoped to be in London in eight days.

Mr and Mrs Quillinan were to leave Oporto for Lisbon on the first of this month. If her strength should be equal to the exertion, they will visit Seville, Granada etc and go by the coast of Spain visiting all the Coast Towns, and so on to Marseilles, meaning to return by Paris, but perhaps I told you this before.

ever my dear Mr Moxon faithfully yours

W. W.

*MS. 1608. W. W. to William Jackson*

Apr. 28<sup>th</sup> [1846]

My dear Friend,

I am much pleased to hear of your appointment to the Chancellorship of Carlisle, both as a personal distinction to which you are so well entitled, and from a conviction that the duties of the office will be faithfully and zealously discharged by you. The

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Bishop, as perhaps you are aware, has more than once invited me to Rose Castle, and in the course of the summer I hope to be able to visit Wm at Carlisle, in which case I shall profit by his Lordship's invitation, and will not fail to express the satisfaction with which your appointment was learned by me, and by your Friends in this neighbourhood. To write expressly to the Bp upon the subject, would<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . not like to leave my sister for any length of time, I should be strongly inclined to pass the next winter in the South of France, about Nice, if I could tempt Mrs W. to accompany me. So little is passing in England to my mind, that it would be a relief to me to get out of the way of daily hearing of it. With best wishes for yourself and Mrs Jackson in which Mrs W. cordially unites, I remain my dear Dr Jackson your sincere friend

W. W.

P.S. Mr and Mrs Quillinan are we hope in France on their way to Paris. If you or Mrs Jackson should be inclined once more to see our excellent Friend Mrs G[ ? ], who is in a declining state, you will find our Granddaughter Jane under her care, where she was left by her Father on his return with all his children from Italy. The two eldest Boys are placed at the Establishment near Fleetwood. Isabella with her Mother will we hope be in England by the end of next month at the latest. As you do not mention your Daughters we hope they are both well.

Once more farewell

W W

MS.            *1609. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*  
                  *(with postscript by M. W.)*

13<sup>th</sup> May [1846]

My dearest Friend,

I put off writing in the hope that we might have heard from Dora, by the last South of Europe Mail; but we have been dis-

<sup>1</sup> Mr Cornelius H. Patton, to whom I owe the transcription of this letter, says that 'the two parts, indicated by dots, may be portions of separate letters'.

appointed, and cannot hear from her till the beginning of next week, I believe. We have no news for you respecting ourselves. Two of the Children are still with us, as is their father for two or three days. Things look no brighter in that quarter—Isabella and her Mother are on their way homeward, under the guidance and protection of the indispensable Doctor. Mrs Arnold has the Archbishop of Dublin with her, and the Fletchers are enjoying their pretty place much. Miss Martineau seems happy as the day is long in her new House—a well managed abode, which with shaping the ground which was rather expensive has cost her under £600—The Cooksons are about going in their new abode—I should be sorry to leave the old one.—Mrs Davy's House and Garden cost two thousand but that is a large affair. Mr Mathew Harrison is filling up his Father's House, which the C[?]s occupied. He and his poor Wife, who is in a family way, were over turned by the breaking of the axle of the Mail-coach in Kendal street,—neither received any injury—He was on the roof, and she of course inside. We find Jemima a very good natured and obliging Inmate, but the most unobservant unreflecting Creature that ever professed any talent. Company and amusement are all she seems to live for. To day she is in her glory, gone with the Gerdlestons to Easedale Tarn, an object well worth visiting by any one capable of receiving what it can give.—Mrs Arnold has told me from a Letter of yours what your plan is till next year or after this time. It does not hold out any hope of our meeting, which I need not say I was sorry for, as there is no likelihood of our remaining at Mathon<sup>1</sup> till you leave Mr Taylor's—Mr Angus Fletcher who is here was assured lately in France, that the hatred the French bear the English is quite monstrous. He was told by a French Gentleman that were a war to break out between the two nations, a massacre of all the English residents in France would be not unlikely to take place. This is not to be believed; nevertheless that any Frenchman of birth and education could have reason so to speak is frightful. I understand that Mrs Fletcher considers herself as having taken leave of Edinburgh for life—Miss F continues subject to her old Headaches, and the Physi-

<sup>1</sup> The village near Malvern of which George Hutchinson was rector.

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cians tell her that her complaint is Gout in the head.—My dear Wife keeps herself quite well by marvellous activity of mind and body. I wish I could do the same—but many things do not touch her which depress me, public affairs in particular—my contempt for the management of these both in England and Ireland is quite painful. I have almost confined myself in this sheet to personal news, and I must beg you my dear Friend excuse the dullness of what I write. My pleasures are among Birds and Flowers, and of these enjoyments, thank God, I retain enough; but my interests in Literature and books in general seem to be dying away unreasonably fast—nor do I look or much care for a revival in them. This I do not suppose to be a universal attendant upon the age which I have reached, but I fear it is very common. Mason the Poet<sup>1</sup> used to say latterly that he read no poetry but his own. I could not speak in this strain, for I read my own less than any other—and often think that my life has been in a great measure wasted. I will now lay down my pen as we are going to see my poor nephew, who continues to languish and waste as he may for months to come.—As Mary purposes to write as soon as we hear from Dora which we confidently expect to do by the Pacquet due on the 16<sup>th</sup> I do not scruple to conclude this with blank paper before me. Ever most affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

13<sup>th</sup> May—the 11<sup>th</sup> was the 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Dora's wedding day which you will remember, not forgetting Alfoxden and Nether-Stowey where we were all together the next day. Yesterday Wm completed his 34<sup>th</sup> year, pray look out for a wife for him, he has no time to lose.

*M. W. adds*

Wm sometimes talks of our going to London for a fortnight—I wish to defer this if we move at all till there is a chance of our meeting the Q.s—but do not like to discourage it altogether—for he does seem to require some change—a change in spirits and habits I am sorry to say has taken place since the time I

<sup>1</sup> William Mason (1725–97), dramatic, lyric, and didactic poet; the friend, biographer, and editor of Gray.

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mentioned to you before—he sits more over the fire in silence etc etc and is sooner tired on his walks—which he is ever unwilling to commence unaccompanied by me—but dearest friend I must be done.

*Address:* Miss Fenwick, Baybon House, Taunton, Somerset.

1610. *W. W. to George Lewis Prentiss*<sup>1</sup>

*Bookseller's Catalogue*

Rydal Mount, Ambleside May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1846

My dear Sir,

Accept my sincere thanks for your bearing in mind my Daughter's property in Mississippi Bonds, and your kind services in the matter. I have written to Governor Brown authorizing him to sell the Bonds if it can be done at the rate he mentions 75 cents—it is a sad loss to my Daughter's small means and still more to others of her relatives. I feel much obliged to Governor Brown upon this occasion, and also to your friend Mr Casson, to whom I beg you would present my thanks.

You have gratified me not a little by entering into particulars respecting your situation in life; and pray accept my sincere congratulations upon your marriage, with every good wish for yourself and the partner of your life, and especially for the recovery of your own health.

I wish you could see the beauty of our situation from the green Terrace at the end of which you and I sat together. More than once every day I visit the spot, when the weather is tolerable. I am glad you are pleasantly located, and that your congregation is one in which you find satisfaction. With many good wishes and sincere thanks, I remain,

Very dear Sir,

Your much obliged Friend,

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS.*      1611. *W. W. to Orlando Hyman*<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount July 1<sup>st</sup> [1846]

Sir,

I should be happy to promote the interests of my lamented Friend's family as far as lies in my power; but I cannot hope to

<sup>1</sup> No addressee named on letter, but cf. Letter 1472.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Orlando Hyman was a son of Mrs Haydon by her first husband.

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do much, because almost all of those Persons to whom I could apply are themselves disposed, I have no doubt, to come forward, having seen more of Mr Haydon than my own opportunities, for some years past, have allowed me to do. I will not however omit my best endeavours to promote the subscription as soon as it is set on foot. Had I been in London I could have been of some considerable use in quickening the good intentions of others—as it is, I will do my best.—Every one must acknowledge that Mr Haydon had no common claim as an Artist upon the gratitude of the Country, both for what he executed himself, and for the zealous pains which he took to teach and incite others to aim at a style of art, both in its subjects and execution, of much higher character than was the general practise.

Pray present my most sincere condolence to the afflicted Widow, and best wishes for her future comfort and peace.

I remain

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Your Letter was not received till some time after its date, having been misdirected to Keswick. My address is, simply

Rydal Mount

Ambleside

which is a post Town, perfectly well known at the Head office.

*MS. 1612. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 18 July 1846.<sup>1</sup>

My dear Mr Moxon,

Yours enclosing the Laureate's Salary was duly received. Be so good as to send me when an opportunity occurs four Copies of the 7 Volumes as I have occasionally a demand for one of them—

Would you be so kind as to pay for me five Pounds to the Haydon Subscription. Poor Fellow! what a shocking end to come to—<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., May 20 and June 22, *v. C. R.*, pp. 623 and 630.

<sup>2</sup> Haydon had shot himself on June 22.

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I understand you are going on a summer excursion with Alfred Tennyson. I hope all will go on well with you and that you may enjoy yourselves. If the Alps be your object, you will of course include the Italian Lakes—

I wish much for an Excursion myself along with my good wife, but we are detained here by our poor Nephew John Wordsworth who grows feebler every day. Were we at liberty my object would be the Pyrenees.

Mrs Quillinan is gradually strengthening. She has been sadly pulled down. Mrs W. is wonderfully well; I am quite well also.

With every good wish for you and yours, I remain my dear Mr Moxon

Faithfully your much obliged  
Wm Wordsworth.

*MS. 1613. W. W. to Lady Frederick Bentinck*

Rydal Mount Friday Morning [July–Aug. 1846]

Dear Lady Frederic

With much regret I feel that I must now give up the hope of seeing you and Lord Lonsdale at this season. I have tried the motion of a carriage and I find it so injurious, where the road is at all rough, that I dare not venture. The best thing I could do would I think be to get down to the sea-side, but I would much rather for many reasons go southward.

Do you know Mr Milman?<sup>1</sup> He and Mrs Milman spent the evening with us yesterday; and such is the variety of his information, that we found his conversation both entertaining and instructive, though his manner is much against him. We have had visits from several Americans; one a literary Lady of some note in her own Country; her look and manner any thing but pleasing. Our greatest enjoyment is, that every day we see our Daughter Mrs Quillinan, whose accounts of what she saw in Spain and Portugal are very interesting.—

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868) won the Newdigate in 1812 and in 1821 was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His play *The Italian Wife* had a great success on the stage. His chief works were his *History of the Jews* (1830) and *History of Latin Christianity* (1855). In 1849 he was made Dean of St Paul's.

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How dear Lady Frederic do you bear this hot weather?—it is now only a little past nine—I invited Mrs W to take a walk in the garden, but the heat overpowered her; and she is now, though in very good health and strength, lying on the sofa as if quite exhausted—I hope you have better accounts of Lady Elizabeth.

Mrs W. unites with me in affectionate remembrances—ever dear Lady Frederic—faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

I am sorry to hear from Dr Jackson that Mrs Jackson is so poorly—Lord Lonsdale's appointment of Dr Parkinson to the Headship of St Bees, will give great satisfaction to every judicious person.—

*MS. 1614. W. W. to ?William Moxon*

Rydal Mount 6<sup>th</sup> August 1846

Dear Sir,

In the absence of your Brother I write to request that you would procure a Copy of Mr Southey's Poems in one Vol: at trade price for me and have it bound well and neatly but in no costly manner, and uniform with a Copy of my own Poems to be bound also and both to be charged to me, and kept till you receive directions (which you shall do in a few days) whither they are to be sent. Let me know the price of the 2 Vols, *when bound*.

I should like also that 6 new copies of the 7 Volumes and as many of the one Volume should be sent to me at Rydal by the usual conveyance i.e. the luggage train. They are not wanted immediately.—

We duly received the Check your Brother sent (on the eve of his departure), for one hundred and twelve pound, four and ten pence—

With our kind regards to Mrs Moxon and your Sister, who we hope are well I remain

My dear Sir  
faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address: — Moxon Esq<sup>re</sup>, 44 Dover Street, London.*



AUGUST 1846

MS. 1615. *W. W. to ? William Moxon*

Rydal Mount 14<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>st</sup> 1846

Dear Sir,

Mr Reed, Professor of English Literature in the university of Philadelphia writes to me thus.

‘I think the new Edition of your Poems will have to some extent an American Circulation. I have already met with several Copies of it in private hands; and the Copies which I noticed in some of the importing Houses appear to have been soon disposed of. I should rejoice if part of the Edition found a sale in this Country. I mention the subject as one which may deserve Mr Moxon’s consideration especially as there is at present no complete American Edition.’

To the above I have only to add my own opinion that it would be well to keep the American market supplied—W. W.

I hope you have good accounts of your Brother, and that he and his Companion enjoy themselves upon their Tour.

Believe me dear

Sir faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* — Moxon Esq, 44 Dover Street, London.

MS. 1616. *W. W. to John Gardner*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Ambleside

Aug<sup>st</sup> 20 — 1846

My dear Sir

The illness under which your Pupil and Friend John Wordsworth has been declining so long, terminated on Tuesday last. He died at his Residence in Ambleside being gradually worn out. His Mother was with him, and also his Cousin William, my Son. On Saturday he will be laid in Grasmere Churchyard. I ought to mention that his mind was clear and bright to the very last;

<sup>1</sup> The addressee’s name is not on the MS., but cf. Letters to John Gardner written in Jan. 1832.

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I need not add that he will long be greatly lamented by all who enjoyed an intimacy with him.

Believe me

my dear Sir

sincerely and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.<sup>1</sup>

1617. W. W. to Henry Taylor

[August 1846]

Tuesday morning Rydal Mount

Dear Mr Taylor,

My letter to Miss Fenwick anticipated a reply to the one you were so kind as to write to me.

Many thanks for your invitation to Mortlake, but I can scarcely hope to profit by it. I feel indeed that it is expedient that I should move from home, yet I seem fastened to the spot—everything about me is so soothing and beautiful. Before I had this little attack of something like rheumatism I talked big about going as far as the Pyrenees, and now I am afraid of the rough road of [Kirkstone] and Patterdale; I mean in a carriage, for I could walk on foot from morning to night without injury or fatigue.

Your account of dear Miss Fenwick gave us much concern. She writes with pleasure of the beauty of your situation. But I am sorry to see in the Newspapers that you are not without annoyances. Tell Miss Fenwick that Mr Quillinan, who by the bye is everlastingly industrious, employs himself from morning to night with Portuguese literature, especially the books of their earliest dramatist 'Gilvincente',<sup>2</sup> a name I imagine scarcely ever heard of in England.

Kate Southey is still with us; we talk much about her Father's letters: and I, who cannot be long in this world, am much grieved that there is no prospect of their being collected and a selection of them published, a duty which would naturally devolve upon

<sup>1</sup> MS. n.d., but it may be dated by the reference to the Milmans, *v.* Letter to Lady Frederick Bentinck, p. 1288, and to Kate Southey's visit (*C. R.*, p. 636).

<sup>2</sup> *v.* Letter 1627, and *note*.

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his Son, and which I cannot but think he is quite equal to. How untoward has been our dear Friend's fate in these later years.

Mr and Mrs Milman passed the evening with us yesterday—they have taken for several weeks a house in this neighbourhood. His manner is very much against him, but to me who have read little his conversation is both instructive and entertaining.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS. 1618. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount Oct<sup>br</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1846

Dear Mr Moxon,

If a Mr Freeman (he is a near connection of Mrs Nicholson of Ambleside) should call, let him have half a dozen Copies of my one Volume, and place them to my account. More copies are likely to be wanted and may be sent by any future opportunity.

I hope you and Mr Tennyson had a pleasant ramble on the Continent. Mrs W. and I were prepared for a journey to our Friends in Herefordshire, but it is prevented by the illness of one of the Family ; so that we shall not leave home in all probability till next Spring.

Mr Quillinan has been very busy with Portuguese Literature, and an Article from his pen will appear on that subject in the next Quarterly. Mrs Q. is about finishing the copying of her Journal. Had she seen more of Portugal and Spain it would have been well worth sending to the press ; but in regard to the former she was prevented by bad weather. Women observe many particulars of manners and opinions which are apt to escape the notice of the Lords of Creation.

We hope that you and yours are all well

Believe me dear Mr Moxon

faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth

How are Mrs and Miss Moxon ?

Dont mention what I have said about Mr Q. and the Quarterly, as I am not aware that he wishes it to be known. I rather think not.

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K(—)      1619. *W. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Rydal Mount, 2<sup>d</sup> October, 1846

My dear Mrs Clarkson,

We condole with you most sincerely on the separation which you have just had to suffer, and pray that the Almighty will comfort you in your distress. You will find abundant consolation in looking back upon your husband's services in the cause of humanity, commenced in his youth and continued for such a length of time with unremitting zeal. We are very sorry that Mr C. Robinson happens to be abroad at this time, as probably he might have been of no small service to you; and we feel persuaded that he will hasten his return home as soon as he hears of the event, which might well be called a sad one, were it not that your husband died so full of years. . . . I remain

Faithfully and affectionately yours,  
Wm Wordsworth.

MS.      1620. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

K(—)

Rydal Mount 12 Oct 1846

My dear Mr Moxon,

Thanks for your Letter. We were not aware that Mrs Q. had actually made up her mind to publish her Journal. This she never could have done or could have thought of but for the hope of raising a little money. Please do not speak of this publication (whatever shape it may take) in connection with her. Her mother and I don't like it, and *she* would shrink from notoriety.

I am pleased that you saw those parts of Switzerland which you mention. They are all well known to me; but the Alpine passes have lost much of their effect by the good roads that have been made through so many of them.

No doubt you will have Copies of my Poems bound ready for Christmas Presents. I know they are in request as prizes at Schools in particular—I certainly did not expect as good a Sale of the 7 Vols. as you report.

I am truly glad to hear so good a report of Messrs Rogers and Maltby as you give. If it had not been so far off, I should have

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much liked to have seen them and you at Broadstairs. In spring if all goes well with myself and family I *do* mean to go to Paris along with Mrs W. and should be glad to think we might have your company during some part of our visit there.

Miss Barrett, I am pleased to learn, is so much recovered as to have taken to herself a Husband.<sup>1</sup> Her choice is a very able man, and I trust that it will be a happy union, not doubting that they will speak more intelligibly to each other than (notwithstanding their abilities) they have yet done to the public.

Pray where is Mr Robinson? The news of good Mr Clarkson's decease will probably hasten his return home! We expect him here, as usual, at Christmas, and if you could accompany him or join him, so much the better. You know that Wm. is about to marry.<sup>2</sup> We expect a visit from the young lady next month. We are not yet personally acquainted with her.

And now good bye, ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.            1621. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 16 Oct<sup>br</sup> 1846.

My dear Mr Moxon,

Pray cast your eye over the Letter just received. It seems to me a bold proceeding on the part of the writer, who describes herself as patronized by Mr Rogers. If she really has been much noticed by him and is not in very easy circumstances, you may send her the one vol. Edition of my Poems if you think proper.

Some time ago you kindly gave us a useful Pocket map of England; it has disappeared, some person having taken a fancy to it. Would you supply us with another, easy and clear for reference, and put down to my account.

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Of course you need not send the map till an opportunity occurs of its reaching us without expense to either yourself or to me.

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Barrett had been married to Robert Browning on Sept. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Fanny Graham of Brighton.

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*MS. 1622. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Rydal, Monday morn. 19<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1846

My very very dear Friend

Your generosity to Wm and the manner in which it has showed itself have quite overpowered me even to the shedding of tears. I can only say in return God bless you for ever and ever, adding an earnest entreaty that you would be with us as much as you possibly can consistent with the claims of other Friends upon your time and your affections.—You say nothing of your health, we therefore hope that it is at least as good as usual. Of ourselves or our common Friends in the neighbourhood I am glad to have nothing much amiss to report. Mary Wordsworth's rheumatism is much better—I have been troubled with a cold for about a week and the rainy weather is unfavorable to getting rid of it; but be assured I have committed none of those indiscretions against which you so kindly guarded me. The cold was caught at church and it has been prolonged as I have said—Dora is wonderfully strong and well, and Mr Q—appears to be hardening against the Winter.—

Mary seems anxious that we should visit you this winter at Bath; I own I should much prefer going abroad with you in Spring, and showing you as much of the Continent as your strength would allow, taking the railway to Cologne and the steam boat up the Rhine—all to be done with the least possible fatigue. But all this is looking forward more than perhaps is becoming.—

We had yesterday a Letter from Wm in which with a full heart he spoke of your intended gifts to him in four gilded Frames, beside the Queen, brightening the dark corner of their room, and Lord Bacon, though with much regret on our part, has given place to Ben Jonson, which we thought a more suitable companion to the other Poets. These Worthies remind me of dear Anna Ricketts whom I have not had courage to write to since she changed her name.—It is awkward to write to a wife whose Husband one does not know; and the Pamphlet which dear Miss Taylor, in her pride, sent me, though cleverly written upon the whole, impressed me unfavorably in spite of the

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soundness of its opinions. There was in style an air of conceit and a flippancy which I could not but dislike.—

And now dearest Friend with a thousand good wishes I must bid you farewell.

Most affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*<sup>2</sup>      1623. *W. W. to James Hutcheson*<sup>1</sup>

[Oct. 1846]

Unavoidable engagements have prevented my replying to y<sup>r</sup> letter by return of post. Whether I consider the distinguished place which the University of Glasgow has always held in general estimation, or recal to mind the number of eminent Persons who have filled the Office of Lord Rector, I must needs regard the proposal made to me of allowing myself to be named as a Candidate for it at the forthcoming Election as a high Honor; and one which would have been received with unmingled pleasure had circumstances permitted me to meet the wishes of the Committee, on the part of whom you write.

As I cannot doubt that they will give me credit for having carefully weighed the reasons which have led me to decline the honor, I feel myself at liberty to declare at once the satisfaction which I have derived from this occurrence as an evidence of the sense entertained among the students in your University of the importance of imaginative Literature. A right understanding upon the subject, and a just feeling is at all times momentous, but especially so in the present state of society, and the opinions now so prevalent respecting the relative value of intellectual pursuits.

Allow me to conclude with the expression of a hope, that my inability to comply with [the] request of your Committee will in no way obstruct or interfere with the salutary or benign influence my humble endeavours in literature may have upon the understandings and affections of the Students who have thought of me at this time as worthy to be placed in so conspicuous a Station.

<sup>1</sup> Sec. of the Wordsworth Committee for the Rectorial Election.

<sup>2</sup> A copy of W.s letter, sent by M. W. to her son Wm.

*MS.*            *1624. W. W. to Miss Fenwick*

Rydal Mount [Early Nov. 1846]

My beloved Friend

We have been delighted to hear from Mr Robinson that he never saw you looking better; God grant that you may continue as well through the winter. Of ourselves I may say with gratitude that we have little [to] complain of, only it is true that Mary has been overexerted in going up and down stairs (you know her pace) in attendance upon poor Elizabeth, who is recovering but very slowly—She is, however, able to come down stairs, which would be very well if she could bring herself to sit quietly and abstain from work. Having begun I will go on with my bulletin—The Arnolds appear to be quite well. Mr Roughsedge is suffering under the gout, nevertheless he and Mrs R are going this day to Bentham. He drank tea with us yesterday and appeared to enjoy himself. The Quillinans are quite well, except that Jemima has not yet cast off a cold and Dora was somewhat overdone by a fortnight's anxiety while Elizabeth was so ill—reminding her of her old Enemy. Quiet has set her right I hope. We dined with them yesterday, and see some of them daily notwithstanding the unsettled weather. The season has not been a healthy one in this neighbourhood, but I hope the worst is over. Mrs Davy has been unwell, not so her Mother and Sister. I will conclude this rather tedious account with telling you that the troublesome sensation in my throat and the cough are much abated, and I hope will soon be entirely gone—

The papers will have told you that I was proposed as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship University of Glasgow, and had a majority of votes, 21 I believe out of 200; but owing to the *form* of Election the decision fell to the Lord Rector, whose deputy voted for the opposing Candidate Lord John Russell. Be assured I am truly glad of this, as if Lord J. accepts the Office, I shall be spared the disagreeableness of a refusal, or what would be still worse at this season a journey to Glasgow, and a public exhibition there to which I should be exceedingly averse.—



## NOVEMBER 1846

Dora with the assistance of her Husband has just concluded the Revision of her Journal. I am anxious to read it, or rather that Mary should read it aloud to me during our lonely Evenings. It never before happened to us to pass so much time together without other companionship; and what cause have we to be thankful that neither by bodily infirmity, or any other evil we are prevented from mutual enjoyment, though we cannot help earnestly wishing that you, our beloved Friend, were with us to make a Third in our society.—We are reading the *Life* of that true Philanthropist Wm Allen,<sup>1</sup> the Quaker. His knowledge of mankind was not equal to his earnest wish and unabating endeavour to serve them—And we were told yesterday by two Quakers who knew him intimately, that his disappointment in many of his benevolent schemes, did in the latter part of his life ruffle his temper to a degree which gave his Friends a good deal of concern. He lived in much intimacy with Sir Humphrey Davy, and often supplied his place as a Lecturer in Physics at the royal Institution. But what a contrast in their characters. With all his intellectual power and extensive knowledge Davy was a sensualist, and a slave of rank and worldly station—I knew him well, and it grieved me much to see that a Man so endowed could not pass his daily life in a higher moral sphere.—You have seen, I understand, not a little of Sara Coleridge. I rather tremble for the Notice she is engaged in giving of her Father's life. Her opportunities of knowing any thing about him were too small for such an Employment, which would be very difficult to manage for any one, nor could her judgement be free from bias unfavorable to truth. Pray remember me very kindly to Lady Rolfe, and also to Mr and Mrs Taylor. The account which Lady Monteagle gives of Mrs Marshall is discouraging, she will remain at Halsteads through the winter. And now dearest Friend farewell. God's blessing be with you. Ever most affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> William Allen (1770–1843), chemist and philanthropist, a friend of Humphry Davy, and of Clarkson from the early days of his fight against the slave-trade. In 1814 he became a partner with Bentham and Robert Owen at the New Lanark Mills. His *Life* was published in 3 vols. in 1846.

NOVEMBER 1846

M. 1625. W. W. to C. W. (*jun.*)

Nov. 12. 1846.

My dear C.

The passage which you have been so kind as to comment upon in one of the 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets' was altered several years ago by my pen, in a copy of my poems which I possess, but the correction was not printed till a place was given it in the last edition, printed last year, in one volume. It there stands

Their church reformed!<sup>1</sup>

Though for my own part, as I mentioned some time since in a letter I had occasion to write to the Bishop of —, I do not like the term *reformed*; if taken in its literal sense, as a *transformation*, it is very objectionable.

Yours affectionately

W. Wordsworth.

MS. 1626. W. W. to Edward Moxon

K(—)

Nov. 13 [1846]

My dear Mr Moxon,

Your check for £61. 4. 1 has been duly received; I hope you will be able to dispose of the remaining Copies of the Early and Late in a satisfactory way.—The death of Mr Alsager<sup>2</sup> following upon that of poor Haydon has shocked me much; I became acquainted with him through Charles Lamb, in whose chambers I have not infrequently seen him, as well as in the City. I always looked upon him as a man of sober mind and sound judgement, and that he was so in other respects makes this Catastrophe the more deplorable.

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. We had a letter from Mr Robinson the other day; and as he says nothing to the contrary we hope to see him at Rydal

<sup>1</sup> *Ecc. Son.* II. xl. 4. Oxf. W., p. 438. The original reading was 'Their new-born Church!'

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Massa Alsager (1779–1846), writer of City articles and musical criticism for *The Times*, had committed suicide on Nov. 4 by cutting his throat. He had lately retired, and cessation from active employment was said to have unhinged his mind.

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before Christmas. I much regret you cannot join him. My going to Paris in the Spring is uncertain.

I find I have not alluded to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. I am glad I was not elected (I knew nothing of having been nominated) as I should have much disliked being compelled to go to Glasgow, and above all being obliged to make a public exhibition of myself, and to stumble through a speech, a work in which I have had no experience whatever.

*MS. 1627. W. W. to John Gibson Lockhart*

14<sup>th</sup> Nov.<sup>r</sup> 1846

My dear Mr Lockhart,

The intelligence conveyed to Mrs W. and myself, through Mr Quillinan, at your kind request, gave us much pleasure. Pray present our congratulations to your Daughter,<sup>1</sup> and our best wishes for her health and happiness through a long life. The connection, as you represent it to be, is one which I feel assured would have been highly gratifying to her Grandfather, Sir Walter, had he survived to see her settled so favorably in his own Country and yours. Mrs W. to whom as well as to myself it would give great pleasure to see your Daughter here, tells me that she once had a half promise from your daughter to visit Rydal Mount. Could you not manage to take us in your way southward for a day or two, and longer if in your power. Mr Quillinan lives only half a mile from us, and he and his Wife would be much gratified by meeting you here.

I hope you have good news of your Son, and that India agrees with his health. I remain faithfully yours Wm Wordsworth.

Be so good as to present my kind regards to your Brother who I hope is well. I have read in the proof the Article upon Gil Vicente:<sup>2</sup> it is well done and I think it will be a pleasing variety in the Quarterly.

<sup>1</sup> L.'s daughter Charlotte was engaged to James Robert Hope-Scott. She was married on Aug. 19, 1847.

<sup>2</sup> By Quillinan; 'a Portuguese poet who flourished about 100 years before our Milton'. W. W. to H. C. R. (v. C. R., p. 637).

NOVEMBER 1846

*MS.* 1628. *W. W. to Sir William Gomm*<sup>1</sup>  
*M(—) K(—)*

Novr 23—1846 Rydal Mount Ambleside<sup>2</sup>

Dear Sir William

Your kind Letter of the 4<sup>th</sup> of August I have just received, and I thank you sincerely for this mark of your attention, and for the gratification it afforded me. It is pleasing to see fancy amusements giving Birth to works of solid profit, as under the auspices of Lady Gomm<sup>1</sup> they are doing in your Island.

Your Sonnet addressed to the unfinished monument of Governor Malartie is conceived with appropriate feeling, and just discrimination. Long may the finished Monument last as a tribute to departed worth, and as a check and restraint upon intemperate desires for change, to which the Inhabitants of the Island may hereafter be liable.

Before this Letter reaches you, the Newspapers will probably have [I] told you that I have been recently put in nomination unknown to myself for the high office of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; and that there was a majority of 21 votes in my favor, in opposition to the Premier, Lord John Russell. The forms of the election, however, allowed Lord John to be returned; through the single vote of the sub-rector voting for his Superior, who, if I am not mistaken, was Mr Macaulay. To say the truth I am glad of this result, being too advanced in life to undertake with comfort any considerable public duty, and it might have seemed ungracious to decline the office.

Men of rank, or of high station, with the exception of the Poet Campbell who was, I believe educated at this University, have almost invariably been chosen Lord Rectors of this antient University, and that another exception was made in my favor by a considerable majority affords a proof that Literature independent of Office does not want due estimation. I should not have dwelt so long upon this subject, had any thing personal to myself occurred in which you could have taken interest.

As you do not mention your own health or that of Lady Gomm, I infer with pleasure that the climate agrees with you

<sup>1</sup> *Written* Gordon.

<sup>2</sup> For *W. W. to H. C. R.*, Nov. 16, *v. C. R.*, p. 637.

NOVEMBER 1846

both. That this may continue to be so is my earnest and sincere wish, in which Mrs Wordsworth cordially unites. Believe me dear Sir William

faithfully yours

William Wordsworth

My dear Nephew about whom you so kindly enquire, I grieve to say returned to England in bad health and after languishing more than two years died at Ambleside three months ago leaving his afflicted Mother and all who knew him intimately, to lament his loss. He was the only child of my eldest Brother long since deceased. He was thought highly of by Sir James Macgregor as a most promising Officer, and much beloved by us all—

*Address:* To Sir Wm Gomm Bart etc etc etc Port Louis, Mauritius

1629. *W. W. to the Editor of 'The Christian Keepsake'*  
MS.

Dear Sir

Rydal Mount Decr. 3<sup>d</sup> [1846.]

Accept my thanks for your valuable and elegant present, the Christian Keepsake; the purpose of the Work is excellent; and the execution, as far as I have seen, highly creditable to those concerned in it. I must confine my notice however, to the Memoir of that great and good Man, Thomas Clarkson: it is carefully compiled, and the matter, as a piece of Biography, judiciously proportioned; if your limits would have allowed, the narrative might have been profitably extended, but my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr Clarkson enables me to say, that *any* report of his labours and perils in accomplishing his part of that great Work, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, must on account of his modesty and humility of mind fall very far short of the truth.

It would have given me pleasure to comply with your request, by sending something to a Work that promises to be so interesting and beneficial, but I cannot do so, having found it expedient to decline being a Contributor to any periodical publication whatsoever.

With best wishes for the success of your Undertaking, I remain Sir, Your obliged

Wm Wordsworth

DECEMBER 1846

MS. 1630. *W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Monday Morning [Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> 1846]

My beloved Friend

While Mary and Dora are engaged in the melancholy office, for such I feel it to be, of opening out your Plate, I sit down to write to you a few lines. Notwithstanding the disposal you are making of these things, I cannot but feel sad upon the occasion. The reasons must suggest themselves to your own heart and mind, which spares me the pain of dwelling upon them, and I will turn to other subjects. First let me tell you that your Friends here the Fletchers, Mrs Davy and her family, and the Arnolds, with the exception of Edward who is suffering from a disease in his skin, are all well. Of the Roughsedges I am sorry to say so much cannot be said. Mr Roughsedge's carriage was overturned on driving towards Lancaster from Bentham and she was injured in the spine and had two ribs broken, and he himself did not escape without injury. Perhaps I told you this before.—Mrs Wordsworth is quite well, so is Dora, and I have nothing to complain of except that my skin continues to plague me more than a little, though not, thank God, beyond my patience. The severe frost which we have had for some days, has carried away the low fever by which many people were suffering, especially in Grasmere. The weather is beautiful of its kind. The sun has taken away the sprinkling of snow; only the mountain tops are still white.

I have nothing to say of our doings beyond the simple fact that we are reading Agnes Strickland's<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, who sinks more and more in one's esteem the more one knows of her private life, and the character of the Woman. A pretty Gloriana she was for the Poet Spenser, and 'Virgin of the West', for his greater Contemporary.—

John is coming to day by the Coach and on Wednesday the three Boys for one day. I shall make time to ascertain their progress in their Books. If it is only poor I shall not be disappointed. They will do better I hope in future; they had lost so much time. Mr Faber we hear is quite well though he had a

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland (1840–8).

DECEMBER 1846

frightful accident, having fallen down the mouth of a Coal pit.—Mr Moxon has behaved very liberally towards Dora; offering her two thirds of the profits of her Notices of Portugal and Spain, if any, and taking all the risk upon himself. I have written my dearest Friend with a discouraging feeling that everything contained in this sheet has been told to you before, if so pray excuse it, also this ugly blot which stared me in the face when I turned over the sheet; pray excuse also this bad penmanship—I have nothing but a metallic pen and can scarcely get it to mark the paper. I will conclude with heartfelt thanks for your last Letter, which was most welcome, we were so anxious to hear of your safe arrival. My dear Wife is a wonderful woman; she is so active, and never complains, God bless her, and you also my very very dear Friend—

Most affectionately

yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1631. W. W. to ?*

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1847

My dear Sir,

The Print of the Head of Burns which I owe to your kindness is hung up in the room where I am now writing.

I like it much—better upon the whole than either of the two others in my possession; one of which was given me by his Sons. He is in good company, for in the same apartment hang Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Ben Jonson, Cowper, and Southey, and others; but I regret to say not my friend Coleridge of whom I fear no Print exists, except a poor performance of Northcote done long ago.

Let me beg your acceptance of two Prints of myself—the one from a miniature by Miss Gillies, and the other from an oil painting by Boxall. That by Miss Gillies is more like as far as features go, but the other which was done many years before, has the advantage, at least, in the outline.

Believe me to remain, my dear Sir, faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Let me offer you the good wishes of the season. W. W.

MARCH 1847

MS. 1632. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

8 Queen Square Bath [March 1847]

My dear Mr Moxon,

I have to thank you for a Letter and the two Volumes of Mr Cary's Life.<sup>1</sup> The Publication I fear will scarcely repay you as the Incidents of a Scholar's Life can scarcely be of interest to the Public at large.

Mr C. Robinson is here moving about in his usual excellent health and spirits. I cannot say exactly the same of myself as I caught a cold upon my first coming here which is not inclined to leave me.

I hope you will not lose anything by my Daughter's notices of Portugal etc which you have kindly undertaken to publish—

We still think of taking London on our way homeward.

With very kind regards in which Mrs W. unites

I remain my dear Mr Moxon

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

K.<sup>2</sup> 1633. *W. W. to the Hon. C. B. Phipps*

Bath, 15<sup>th</sup> March, 1847.

Sir,—The request<sup>3</sup> with which through your hands his Royal Highness the Prince Albert has honoured me, could not but be highly gratifying; and I hope that I may be able upon this interesting occasion to retouch a harp, which I will not say, with Tasso, oppressed by misfortunes and years, has been hung up upon a cypress, but which has, however, for some time been laid aside.

I have the honour to be,

With sincere respect, faithfully

Your most obedient servant,

William Wordsworth.

The Hon. C. B. Phipps.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of H. F. Cary* (1772–1844, the translator of Dante) by his son, Henry Cary, 2 vols., 1847.

<sup>2</sup> First printed in *Life of the Prince Consort*, by Sir Theodore Martin. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875–7.

<sup>3</sup> The request was for an Ode, to be sung in the Senate House, Cambridge,



MARCH 1847

MS.

1634. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount March 27. 1847

Sir,

You do me justice; I never spoke with acrimony of Lord Byron, notwithstanding the noble poet's public poetical attacks—perhaps the worst, because the most enduring of all. His review of my poems was a very serious one, but Lord B. laughed at it, and thus disarmed me if I had been inclined to be angry—You say that Prof. Wilson declared 'that it was Wordsworth who first taught Byron to look at a mountain'—but I must disclaim the honour of being his lordship's poetical guide—notwithstanding the dictum of Christopher North.

I remain

Sir

truly yours

W Wordsworth.

MS.

1635. W. W. to D. W.

Hampstead Heath 9<sup>th</sup> April 47

My very very dear Sister,

Your few lines were most welcome, and I thank you most cordially for them. We left Miss Fenwick yesterday and reached this place in little more than three hours.

Mrs and Miss Hoare are both well—we found your Nephew Charles and his young wife.

You are aware that they are just returned from Rome. We expect to see Chris. and his wife, Susan, about one o'clock. Mr Moxon kindly met us at the Railway Station, yesterday, and will call here today—We are most anxious to hear that Dora is better. I need not say how glad I am to hear that you have a ride every day in your chair, as the weather permits.—And now my dear Sister farewell—I know you don't like long letters and in fact I have nothing to say but that I shall be most glad to see you all again.

[*Unsigned.*]

on July 6, at the first commencement after the Prince Albert's installation as Chancellor. Owing to Dora W.'s illness, ending in her death on July 9, W. was unable to complete the Ode, and it was chiefly written by his nephew, C. W.

APRIL 1847

MS. 1636. W. W. to T. Attwood Walmisley<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount 29<sup>2</sup> April 1847

My dear Sir

Here is the promised Ode corrected as well as under distressing domestic circumstances I was able to do it—

My Nephew Dr Wordsworth gave me hope that it would answer our mutual purpose, that is, that the words would suit your music.

Believe me

with much respect

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

I was glad to have been assured by you that you would not shew the Ode to any one till it shall be called into use.

K. 1637. W. W. to T. Attwood Walmisley

Rydal Mount, May 5, 1847.

My dear Sir,

I quite agree in most of your remarks. The alterations were made in the notion, mistaken as it seems, that they might better suit your music. Be pleased to understand that you may adopt or reject any alterations as they suit you or not, and whether the note you suggest for the printed Ode may be requisite we will leave to after-consideration. The only alteration that I wish to stand is *lore* instead of *path*, because it is intended to mark her *education* as a girl, the means by which she acquired a fitting knowledge of the manner in which she was to tread the path of peculiar duty when grown up. The alteration 'past' and 'clarion's blast' was to get rid of the word *trumpet*, which is required near the end of the Ode, but it may be repeated if you like. I will try to supply you with the sort of chorus you wish to conclude with. I felt the need of it, but I was willing to leave the matter where it was, till I was sure that you were desirous of an addition.

<sup>1</sup> Of Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., April 2, v. C.R., p. 456.

MAY 1847

The heavy domestic affliction that presses on me, the very dangerous illness of my only daughter, makes it impossible for me to exert myself satisfactorily in this task. I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

Wm. Wordsworth.

P.S.—Do not misunderstand the word *task*. I only feel it one in reference to the great anxiety that I have alluded to, for I was not called on to furnish the *Installation Ode* in my capacity of Laureate, but simply as a poet to whom His Royal Highness was pleased to apply on the occasion.

W. W.

1638. *M. W. to Lady Montague*

Sat. May 7<sup>th</sup> [1847]

My dear Mary Anne,

This sad week must not close without my telling you that your loving friend rec<sup>d</sup> your note with tender gratitude—she gave it to me saying put it into my dressing case, for I would not lose it for a great deal'. She was then in as hopeless a state, tho stronger far than she is at present. Since that time her lower limbs have lost their power,—the voice is gone—the cough and perspirations encreased—but happily her *suffering* from the cough is not so tearing as it had been. Her mind is clear—and her heavenward aspirations are, I doubt not, *tho' in silence*, her support. Excitement of any kind she strives to avoid—and hence we are all upon our guard—but our task is a hard one. Her dear tender-hearted and much oppressed Brother has paid a comforting visit to us of 3 days and left his only beloved Sister and early companion, apparently *for ever*, this morn<sup>g</sup> for his solitary home and his Parish duty.

You may believe we have had a trying season, and I know my dear friend we have had your sympathy and prayers—and we are rich in kind friends.

I have scarcely had heart to write to any one. Mr Q. spares me the overpowering excitement of communicating with our saintly friend at Kelston<sup>1</sup> and Jemima sends a daily bulletin

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Miss Fenwick.

MAY 1847

to good Mrs. Hoare from whom, dear Mary-Anne, you may be able to hear about us—should you become anxious. To all of your own belongings you will kindly give our affectionate remembrances—especially to those dear ones at Bath.

Ever my dear friend shall I look to you in times of trial as I sh<sup>d</sup> have done to your now blessed Mother<sup>1</sup>—do not feel that this, or any of these out-pourings of mine need a reply—to *feel* that you know how we are going on is my only motive for now writing—to *feel* we are in communion, as I shall do, is more congenial to me just now than to receive letters. You will understand this, and God bless you.

M. Wordsworth.

To those kind friends who enquire to you about us pray say all that is affectionate.

MS. 1639. M. W. to Sara Coleridge

25<sup>th</sup> May 1847.

My dear Sara,

From your note to Jemima rec<sup>d</sup> to-day I find the vague reports she gives, or indeed *can* give, little convey to you (from your expression 'if' it is proper to tell her so) that state of heavenly composure and preparation in which your early friend remains awaiting her dismissal—but at the same time with an increased love of, and drawing towards all that she has taken an interest in on earth. So that she has not only been told but has read to her, all the letters we receive, and her overflowing heart is in full sympathy with all the expressions of love and consolation which her many friends [ ? ] to her, and yet more *towards* us all. But she was afraid to trust herself to the excitement of seeing dear Mary Stanger the other day—for both their sakes; for her own, she dreads being drawn from that tranquillity which she has endeavoured to preserve ever since she was aware of her real state.—She has not even seen Coz. Dorothy Harrison—none but her Brothers. Her sisterly love of you, Kate, and Mary Stanger is very near her heart, and I am sure she rests in

<sup>1</sup> Jane Marshall, D. W.'s early friend, had died on Jan. 25 of this year.

MAY 1847

humblest hope that the broken tie will be, thro' our blessed Saviour, reunited in the kingdom of our heavenly Father.

Such, dear Sara, being her present blessed state, what may we not trust will it be after her removal—and selfish mortals should we be were we not to *try* to be resigned to the short separation. Yet alas human nature is hard to overcome, but we do our best, and I have cause for peculiar thankfulness that my strength allows me to participate in her present holy occupations, and attend to her—when we think it improper for dearest H. Cookson to be in her room, after it is closed for the night. H. C. is a treasure to us—being an incomparable nurse—so thoughtful—tender and such presence of mind! as under such circumstances is scarcely to be looked for in one whose heart and affections are so deeply interested. I remain with her till towards two o'clock.—then one of our own attached servants, who has had rest till that time, takes my place and remains with her till she has her windows opened abt 5 or 6 as it may happen. She can then occupy herself with reading, which is a blessing she was unable to enjoy at the commencement of her illness—her eyes not then being equal i.e. everything danced before them. Of late when I returned to her room between 7 and 8 o'clock. I have found her busy with her pen,—the same indefatigable mind will live to the last! She is now, thank God asleep (10 o'clock—May 26<sup>th</sup>) having had little or none the 2 last nights, the cough being so troublesome—but as she says does not hurt her. Her patience does not allow that she suffers any pain. Her frequent expression is 'How mercifully I am dealt with'.

Dearest S. I have felt this detail due to you as one if not her first companion-friend—you a babe were in the house when she was born. God bless you prays your old friend M. W.

*Address:* Mrs H. N. Coleridge, Post Office, Hearne Bay, Kent.

*MS. 1640. M. W. to Lady Monteaale*

June 1<sup>st</sup> [1847]

My dear, very dear friend,

It does seem unnatural that I should have restrained the expression of your sympathy which is such a comfort to me—

JUNE 1847

but when I did so, I did not think it possible our Treasure should have remained with us many hours. Weaker much she is now than she was then, still the experience we have gained tells us her end is not *so near*. Yet none of the wasting power is relaxed—but the spirit remains, and life is tenacious. The prayers of so many good friends *must* be availing and with all her humility, her repentance, resignation, faith, and hope which is unbounded there are times—(and one has occurred this morn<sup>g</sup> after an unusually comfortable night, I mean of natural sleep,) when the mind is overshadowed by some awful thought. These moments are bitter ones, which she calls the *pangs of death*, and on these occasions (two only have occurred) she requires the fervent prayers of her friends. Thank God these trials are followed by that joy and peace which passeth understanding.

We are thank God wonderfully supported. The afflicted Father, not having the consolatory *duty* of nursing to turn his thoughts from our deep sorrow—in this season of suspense, suffers most. But I trust he, as well as the rest of us, will be upheld to the close, by the sustaining will of our blessed Redeemer.

Thanks a thousand times for sparing our communicating with so many whose sympathy is so grateful to our feelings. Y<sup>r</sup> dear aunt and sisters especially—to all of whom give our united tenderest love, including our Darling who did she know I was writing would be able to send her thanks and blessings. You will hear from herself another time.

Ever dear M. A., your old and sorrowing, but I trust resigned, friend

M. Wordsworth

*MS. 1641. W. W. to Mr Dawson*

Rydal Mount Tuesday afternoon [June 8<sup>th</sup> 1847]

My dear Sir,

I grieve deeply to have to say that my only Daughter Mrs Quillinan has been for some time wasting away in a pulmonary consumption. Her mother and I think that the Water-bed which about this time last year, you kindly lent to her poor

JUNE 1847

Cousin when suffering in the same way would afford our beloved Child some relief. In the hope that the Bed may be at liberty and that you will most readily meet our wishes in this matter, I have sent a Man with a Horse and Cart to bring what we so much desire, to Rydal Mount.

Begging to be kindly remembered to Mrs Dawson in which wish Mrs W— sincerely unites as well as in good wishes to yourself, I remain my dear Sir

Your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*1642. W. W. to Charles W.*

Rydal Mount 9<sup>th</sup> July 1847

My dear Charles,

It is my mournful duty to announce to you that it has pleased God to remove from this world the Spirit of your dear Cousin Dora. She expired a quarter before one this morning. Her bodily suffering for some time past had been great; but were borne with true christian resignation—and she retained the possession of her faculties until the last moment. Of her Husband and your dear Aunt I need not speak; they know and feel what they have to bear, and God will I trust support them.

With kind love to Catharine I remain my dear Charles  
your affectionate Uncle

Wm Wordsworth

You will not fail to give us the benefit of your prayers. Sincere thanks for your interesting Letter, which would have been at once acknowledged but for our affliction.

*M.  
K.*

*1643. W. W. to C. W. (jun.)*

July 10, 1847

My dear Christopher,

Last night (I ought to have said a quarter before one this morning) it pleased God to take to Himself the spirit of our beloved daughter and your truly affectionate cousin. . . .

JULY 1847

I need not write more. Your aunt bears up under the affliction as becomes a Christian.

Your affectionate uncle

Pray for us.

Wm. Wordsworth

*MS. 1644. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Rydal Mount Monday Morning [July 1847]

We are much comforted beloved Friend by learning from your letter to Mr Quillinan that you are able to come to us. To no other quarter could we look for support so precious as we shall have in and from you.—Wm is here and will be able to stay till the end of the week—I enter into no particulars as you will soon hear every thing from our own mouths. Pray make all the arrangements you can to facilitate your remaining with us as long as possible—

God almighty bless you!—ever your most affectionate Friends  
William and Mary Wordsworth

You say nothing about your Brother—does he still think of coming to England? or rather is he able to encounter the journey?—

*MS. 1645. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 9<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>st</sup> 1847.

My dear Mr Moxon,

The Parcel has been received, containing the draft for 40£ 19s. 9 on account of the Excursion.

I enclose a Page to be inserted in a Copy of my Poems, the Volume to be strongly and handsomely bound—for the use of a School, a large one, and pray forward it as soon as is convenient in your Bookseller's Parcel, Fleetwood, if such there be, if not to Preston, Lancashire—directed to the Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Woolley Rossall near Fleetwood, Lancashire.

We bear up under our affliction as well as God enables us to do, but O my dear Friend our loss is unescapable.—

God bless you and yours

ever faithfully your obliged

Wm Wordsworth



AUGUST 1847

MS. 1646. *W. W. to Mrs. Bolton*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> [? 1847]<sup>2</sup>

Be assured dear Mrs Bolton that it is with great reluctance I make this representation, knowing what demands must be made upon you, as upon all Persons, who like yourself, are distinguished for humanity and benevolence.

This morning Mrs W. and I enquired of Mrs Robinson of York, who is upon a visit to her Son,<sup>3</sup> about Mrs Hale—our questions were put with the requisite delicacy, and Mrs R. said she was never heard to make any complaint—that she always appeared at Church dressed as a Gentlewoman, and that she had lately been ill—but Mrs R. was aware of her *poverty*—for so I must call it upon the statement of our Sister—tho as I have said her exact income I forget. You are probably aware that Mrs Hale is above fourscore years of age. It is fit I should state from Mrs Robinson that she does not know whether her sister Douglas be alive, having had no communication with her for some years—this is strange—and who is in fault I do not know, but I should think *not* Mrs Hale.

I have now dear Madam discharged a painful duty, which nothing but a knowledge of your goodness would have induced me to do; and in whatever light the matter strikes you, I trust I shall not appear guilty of an unwarrantable liberty in presenting this poor Old Lady to your remembrance.

I remain dear Madam, in kindest regards and best wishes in which Mrs W. unites; and with Com<sup>ts</sup> to Mrs Sunderland and the Young Ladies, Yours very faithfully

Wm Wordsworth.

MS. 1647. *W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

6<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>br</sup> [1847]

I ought to have written to you my very very dear Friend upon our return hither, and *perhaps* I *did*, for I really have no dis-

<sup>1</sup> The wealthy and benevolent widow of Mr Bolton, of Liverpool and Windermere (v. p. 509).    <sup>2</sup> The dating of the year is partly conjectural.

<sup>3</sup> A neighbour of the W.s, known by them as 'Roby' to distinguish him from H. C. R. For Mrs Robinson v. Letter to I. F. Sept. 21, 1843.

tinct remembrance of anything that passes.—The thing I have to say is that the Mother of our departed Child preserves her health and stirs about the House upon every occasion as heretofore. You kindly express a hope that Mr Quillinan and I walk together—this has not been so, I cannot bear to cross the Bridge and Field that leads to his Abode; and he does not come hither, so that except once on the highway, and once or twice at Church, and one evening when he dined here with Mr Scott, his Friend, I have not seen him at all.

It pleases me to hear that Mr H. Taylor is so actively employed. His health and strength not being better he has surely done right in declining Mr Steeven's Office.<sup>1</sup>

We expect Henry and Wm from School on Thursday—I shall carefully examine them. Henry, we are told, has more application than Wm; but I will do my utmost to impress Wm with the duty of being diligent.—

The weather here as is usual at this season is much broken, and as I have had a troublesome cold I have seldom ventured lately further than the walks of the Terrace and the Garden. Hannah Cookson has been staying with us a few days. No one can be kinder and she is very useful to me in many ways. I suffer most in head and mind before I leave my bed in a morning—Daily used She to come to my bedside and greet me and her Mother and *now* the blank is terrible. But I must stop. She is ever with me and will be so to the last moment of my life.—

We don't hear from Mr Robinson, but I suppose he intends to come here before Christmas.

Mrs Arnold is so kind as to call from time to time; she seems very well. Mrs Hornsby's eldest child has been poorly, but is recovering as I hear—The Mother endeared herself to me by the tears she shed, in her first interview with me after our loss.

And now my beloved Friend, I must bid you farewell with a prayer that our sorrows may, through God's mercy, prove a help to us, an unfailing help on our way to Heaven.

Again farewell, most faithfully and affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Stephen had just resigned his post of permanent under-Colonial Secretary.

DECEMBER 1847

MS. 1648. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

Rydal Mount 29 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1847

Dear Mr Moxon

Your draft for £109 11s. 7d. was duly received yesterday.

It seems from your Letter the Book trade is not flourishing, nor can one be surprized at that, the state of the times considered.

Mr Robinson is here still, he will leave us at the end of next week. He is in his usual good health and spirits. Yesterday he drank tea at Mrs Davy's, where he met Miss Martineau. She is busy in writing an account of her travels—She rises every morning at six—Takes a long walk before breakfast and after breakfast works until two o'clock.—You and your family have, we hope, escaped the influenza, of which one heard so much.

We bear up as well as we are able under our sorrowful bereavement. We see little of poor Mr Quillinan, Mrs W. seldom goes down the hill, and I have not courage to go to his House. Our sorrow, I feel, is for life—but God's will be done.—

Pray give our kind remembrances to Mrs Moxon, and to your Sister, and accept the same yourself.

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

R. 1649. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Rydal Mount: March 16 1848

My dear Friend,

I have just received the enclosed, which I hope you will be so kind as to peruse. It is from Mr Carrick,<sup>1</sup> a miniature painter, who took my portrait when I met him not long ago at his native place, Carlisle. If you could comply with his wish I should be gratified, and should deem it an honour to be associated with you in this way. You preserve your health, I hope, in this

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Carrick (1802–75), a famous miniature painter in his day. Besides W. W. and Rogers he painted Peel and Russell, Blomfield, Bishop of London, and Carlyle. From 1841 onwards he exhibited many of his portraits at the Royal Academy.

MARCH 1848

severe March weather. You and your dear sister have both the good wishes of those that remain of this afflicted family.

Believe me, my friend of nearly half a century, very affectionately and faithfully yours,

William Wordsworth

P.S. On second thoughts it is not worth while troubling you to read Mr Carrick's letter, which was simply that I might strengthen his application that you would be so kind as to give him a little of your time.

MS. 1650. *W. W. to Charles Knight*

Rydal Mount near Ambleside May 20<sup>th</sup> 1848

Dear Sir,

On returning home after an absence of six weeks, I have had the pleasure of receiving the third Volume of your Half-hours<sup>1</sup> etc, and thank you cordially for it and the preceding Volumes. The Selections appear to be judiciously made; though I regret to find that there are no extracts from the Works of Lord Bacon, one of the greatest Writers that our Country has produced.

Thanking you for these valuable marks of your regard, I rema[in]

dear Sir

faithfully

your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

K. 1651. *W. W. to John Pringle Nichol*<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, August, 1848.

. . . Mr Longfellow's poem<sup>3</sup> is obviously, in metre and in manner and matter, after the model of Voss's *Louise*, a poem which used to be as popular in Germany as the metre, which does not suit modern languages, would allow. In our own language

<sup>1</sup> *Half Hours with the Best Authors, selected and arranged by Charles Knight. Illustrated with Portraits.* 4 vols. London, 1847, 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Regius Professor of Astronomy at the University of Glasgow.

<sup>3</sup> *Evangeline*, published 1847.

AUGUST 1848

we have no spondees, and are therefore obliged to substitute trochaics, or to make spondees out of the end of one word and the beginning of the next. . . .

What a momentous obligation does the spread of the English language impose upon the persons who write in it. It has already taken the lead of the French, and will, I must hope, keep the precedence. . . .

K.                    *1652. W. W. to David Leitch*<sup>1</sup>

Sept. 18, 1848.

. . . It [Applethwaite<sup>2</sup>] is endeared to me by so many sacred and personal recollections that I much regretted the erection of that small mill when it took place; and had I known of the intention, the fulfilment of which so much impaired the privacy of the place, I should have done my utmost, by purchase or otherwise, to have prevented such an intrusion. Circumstances frustrated my original intention of building at Applethwaite, and at my advanced age I am not likely to do so, but that may not be the case with some of my family.

K.                    *1653. W. W. to John Peace*

Brigham [p.m. Nov. 18, 1848.]

My dear Friend,

Mrs Wordsworth has deputed to me the acceptable office of answering your friendly letter, which has followed us to Brigham, upon the banks of the river Derwent, near Cockermouth, the birthplace of four brothers and their sister. Of these four I, the second, am now the only one left. Am I wrong in supposing that you have been here? The house was driven out of its place by a railway, and stands now not nearly so advantageously for a prospect of this beautiful country, though at only a small distance from its former situation.

We are expecting Cuthbert Southey to-day from his curacy

<sup>1</sup> M.D., of Portinscale, near Keswick.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Beaumont had given W. a small property there in 1803 (*v. E.L.*, p. 338).

NOVEMBER 1848

seven or eight miles distant. He is busy in carrying through the press the first volume of his father's letters, or rather collecting and preparing them for it. Do you happen to have any in your possession? If so, be so kind as to let me or his son know what they are, if you think they contain anything which would interest the public. . . .

Mrs W. and I are, thank God, both in good health, and possessing a degree of strength beyond what is usual at our age, being both in our seventy-ninth year. The beloved daughter whom it has pleased God to remove from this anxious and sorrowful world I have not mentioned; but I can judge of the depth of your fellow-feeling for us. Many thanks to you for referring to the text in Scripture which I quoted to you so long ago. 'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done.' He who does not find support and consolation there will find it nowhere. God grant that it may be continued to me and mine, and to all sufferers! Believe me, with Mrs W.'s very kind remembrance,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 1654. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

Rydal 7<sup>th</sup> Dec. [1848]

Your affectionate Letter, beloved Friend, just received was most welcome to us both, notwithstanding its contents in what regards your health are far from what we wish—

It is a week to day since we reached home, having stayed one day with Mr and Mrs Joshua Stanger at their house near Keswick. We have now little to say about our Household but that our dear Sister is well, though she complains a little in her own way. Jemima and Rotha have been residing with us. They are gone home this morning in the expectation of their Father's arrival. He has been suffering from cold in his face, and also from having hit his foot against a trunk in his bedroom while he was walking quickly to and fro to get rid in part of his pain.

Mrs Lightfoot is here for a couple of days, I see her just returned from Ambleside where she has been to visit those

## DECEMBER 1848

Friends who were most kind to her Son, on whose memory she seems to dwell with unabated love and sorrow.

Our return home was most mournful, but Mary bears up with a religious resignation, which is in the true spirit of the Gospel of Christ. I wish I could come nearer her excellence in this and every respect.—

All that you wish Mrs Cookson and the rest to do will be carefully told her. I saw her and her family yesterday all well. They give a somewhat better account of George Hutchinson though far from what is to be wished. He is duly attentive to the duties of his sacred Calling, but moody often towards his own family. Mr Hutchinson continues wonderfully patient and even chearful.—Fanny W.<sup>1</sup> thinks the air of Rydal does not agree with her health, so we must reconcile ourselves to seeing little of her.—

Carlisle is to me a painful place, from a conviction in my mind that our Child hastened her dissolution by over-exertion there, in furnishing Wm's House. But alas! wherever she was, she sacrificed Herself to others, and the consequence is a deep sorrow to the remainder of our days. But God's Will be done!

Be assured that we sympathise with all you have to suffer in body and in mind. I will now with earnest blessings give up the pen to Mary—ever your devoted Friend

Wm Wordsworth

We see Mrs Arnold from time to time. She has been unwell but is recovered—Mrs Davy expects her Husband to day or to morrow. W. W.

*MS. 1655. W. W. to William Wilkie Collins<sup>2</sup>*

Rydal Mount, 10<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1848

Dear Sir,

I hope to receive in a few days the Memoir of your Father which you announce as having been left for me at Mr Moxon's—My Son is at present in the south and will bring [it] down to me.—It will I am sure interest me in no small degree. The last time

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mrs W. W. (junior).

<sup>2</sup> Wilkie Collins's life of his father was published in 2 vols. in 1848.

DECEMBER 1848

I saw your Father was at Rome, the evening before he set out from that place for Naples<sup>1</sup>—

With kind wishes

I remain

My dear Sir

sincerely your's

Wm Wordsworth

1656. *W. W. to John Gibson*<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount Dec. 1848.

My dear Sir,

Accept my cordial thanks for the beautiful apples which were received yesterday.

There is a French Poet now living by name Beranger who would do justice to the Poems of Burns as far as that is possible. He is a man of extraordinary genius, and the french language under his management seems equal to any thing which Lyrical Poetry requires.

I remain

my dear Sir

faithfully

your much obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Gibson Esq. Post Office, Whitehaven.

*MS.*

1657. *W. W. to John Gibson*

Rydal Mount 14<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1848

My dear Sir,

You have gratified me much by your kind remembrance of me; and I shall be happy to receive whatever you have to send me from your American parcel. Believe me to be my dear Sir

sincerely yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Gibson Esq<sup>re</sup> Post Office, Whitehaven.

<sup>1</sup> *v.* p. 852.

<sup>2</sup> The Postmaster at Whitehaven. The Rev. C. J. Steel, to whom I am indebted for this letter, informs me that Mr Gibson had in his possession a French version of *Burns* by Léon de Wailly (Paris, 1843); W.'s letter may refer to some query about the value of this version.



DECEMBER 1848

MS. 1658. *W. W. to Edward Moxon*

[? 1848-9]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Mr Moxon

Your communication came at a bad time, one of my eyes being inflamed, besides I really am tired with getting up these Poems, as you witnessed when you were here. When we were together at Rydal we agreed upon what was to be done, and I have no fear of entrusting the work to your superintendence. Should you think it would be better to refer the sheets to Mr Carter you can do so, directing to him, Stamp Off. Carlisle.

I approve of our arrangement, the Excursion to stand last. As a new Title page will be necessary, the volumes being 7, it would be well to add—with such abbreviations as are usual on like occasions

Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and  
of the Royal Irish Academy etc etc

You do not mention whether the last edition continues to go off. I am aware that its time of publication is as unfavourable as possible.

ever faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth

My son Wm sets off tomorrow as Miss Fenwick's escort to London, where he hopes to arrive on Friday. He means to take his bed according to promise, at Mr Robinson's, and will take with him the volume you sent. He will remain in Town a fortnight or so, and may bring down anything you may have to send me. The Text to be printed from, you will bear in mind, is that of the last Edition in one Vol: because there are some corrections and some errata of the printer also, corrected.

K. 1659. *W. W. to John Taylor Coleridge*

Rydal Mount, Feb. 19<sup>th</sup>, 1849.

... It must be gratifying to dear Hartley's<sup>2</sup> friends that from the beginning of his illness until his decease every possible care was taken of him. The affectionate kindness of his hostess and

<sup>1</sup> n.d., but the 1849 ed. is the only one in which *The Excursion* stands last.

<sup>2</sup> Hartley Coleridge died on Jan. 6.

## FEBRUARY 1849

host was admirable ; and for medical advice he had all that could be wished in frequent—I might say constant—attention from Mr Fell (his old friend), Dr Green (recently from Dublin), Dr Day, and Dr Holliforth who was twenty years in full practice at Dover. Derwent took away all his books and papers and will probably write a memoir of him. . . . Hartley used to write a great deal, but rarely, I suppose, finished anything.

I cannot speak of my departed child further than to thank you, in my own name and that of her mother, for the affectionate expression of your sympathy ; ‘Thy will be done’ is perpetually in my thoughts. Upon that rock our consolation is built. . . .

*MS. 1660. W. W. to Isabella Fenwick*

7<sup>th</sup> April 1849

I was sitting down to write to you, my beloved Friend, a few lines upon my entering, this day, my eightieth year, when your affectionate Letter was brought me. Pray accept my heart-felt thanks for the good wishes which it breathes. I wish I could add that I was more at ease in the recesses of my own nature, but God’s will be done.

It will be a great comfort to us to have you again under our roof.

We are all deeply impressed by Baron Rolfe’s<sup>1</sup> conduct in the course of his trial of that audacious Criminal, Rush. What a miserable Man must he be, if he has a grain of human feeling in his composition.

The Inmates of this House, Mrs Hutchinson, Wm and Fanny included, are all well.

I now give up my pen, with overflowing Love, to dear Mary,  
most affectionately

yours

Wm Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> Robert Morsley Rolfe, afterwards Baron Cranworth—Solicitor-General, 1834, and Lord Chancellor in 1852. He had great experience as a judge in criminal cases. In 1848 James Blomfield Rush, a tenant farmer on the Stanfield Hall Estate, the property of Isaac Jermy, Recorder of Norwich, shot Jermy in the porch of the Hall, then entered the house, shot Jermy’s son, and wounded his son’s wife and a servant. Rush was tried at the Shire Hall, Norwich, on March 29, 1849, and hanged on April 14. The trial lasted six days and caused great excitement throughout the country.

JULY 1849

*1661. W. W. to Edward Moxon*

*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1849

Dear Mr Moxon,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of the Laureate's Salary, for which I thank you.

We arrived safely at home and found all well on Sat. even<sup>g</sup>, leaving all well at Mathon, but alas my nephew Thos. (who with his wife and babe had arrived there on the day you left) reached Rydal on the Monday even<sup>g</sup> with the sorrowful intelligence of the sudden death of my much beloved Brother, his Father, who having attended Church twice and received from the hands of his two Sons the holy Communion the previous day, went to bed in his usual spirits (his last act being to pat his little grandson) and fell asleep—waked at 2 o'clock and feeling unwell rang his bell which of course brought his family instantly to him. Before or about 3 o'clock he was no more!

This brief detail to you who so lately saw my Brother cannot but be interesting, and you will be able to judge of our feelings on the astounding announcement, to me especially who for many years before our several marriages was his sole companion—we two out of a large family left by our parents, lived together.<sup>1</sup> Mrs Wordsworth joins in best regards. Your parcel arrived before it was expected at Mathon. Will you please discharge the enclosed bill.

Ever yours sincerely

W. Wordsworth.

*MS.*

*1662. W. W. to Lord [?]*

Rydal Mount, Ambleside 7<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1849.

My Lord

I much regret being obliged once again to throw myself upon your good offices by requesting you, if it be possible, to gain

<sup>1</sup> I have not seen the MS. of this letter and feel that some part of this sentence must have been misread. There is no record that W. ever lived with T. H. He may possibly have lodged with him during part of the Long Vacations of 1787 and 1788 (though he is generally supposed, when at Penrith, to have lived with the Cooksons) and in part of the summer of 1794, but no other period of his life is unaccounted for. W. may have meant to write 'who for a time, many years before etc. . . . lived together'.

SEPTEMBER 1849

for my Grandson the indulgence of the Master-general of the ordinance to allow his examination to be deferred until May next. For his not being sufficiently prepared to present himself in November, I blame, as much as his own slackness, his Father, whose objection to the 'cramming' system has prevented the Youth from going to Woolwich; but now as the time of trial approaches, we find, unless the indulgence I solicit be granted that He has forfeited the hope of being admitted a Member of the College, which we shall much regret, He being a fine spirited Youth, and I doubt not would make a good Soldier. My Grandson will not have completed his sixteenth year until the end of next July. If his appearance can be dispensed with till May next, without forfeiting his chance of admission, He will be sent without delay to one of the Woolwich Schools, and I trust that He may do himself credit at the following examination.

Begging You to excuse this long Letter I remain my Lord,  
very sincerely your Lordship's<sup>1</sup>

Obliged Ser<sup>vt</sup>

Wm Wordsworth

MS. 1663. W. W. to Edward Moxon

8<sup>th</sup> October 1849

Dear Mr Moxon

Your communications were regularly received, and I thank you for them. When you see Dr Wordsworth or any of his family pray give my love to them.

ever with very kind regards to yourself Mrs Moxon and your Sister

I remain

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

We should be very glad to see you here whenever it happens to suit you.

<sup>1</sup> *The letter is endorsed in pencil*—Mr Wordsworth was called up for the Examination in May last, and allowed to defer—He now asks for a second postponement; the rule is to grant only one, except in the case of proved Sickness—the Writer is Wordsworth the Poet. *And in another hand, only partly legible*—If the Precedent absolutely in [?] let the request be complied with. [*This is initialled R.*]

DECEMBER 1849

*Pearson.*      1664. *W. W. to William Pearson*

Rydal Mount 1<sup>st</sup> Dec. 1849.

Dear Mr Pearson,

Pray accept my cordial thanks for your kind remembrance of Mrs Wordsworth and myself, and for your acceptable presents of the Print from that interesting object in Switzerland,<sup>1</sup> and for the basket of apples, an article in which we were very poor.—The Swill shall be returned according to your directions; you would have been thanked sooner, but we did not receive the Basket of Apples until this morning.—My Sister joins Mrs. W. and me in the best wishes of the approaching season.—I need not say how happy we should be in seeing you and Mrs Pearson at any time. We are all in good health, and very sorry to hear that it has not been so with you, and the more so because Winter has yet a long course to run. With every kind and good wish, I remain,

My dear Friend,

Faithfully yours,

William Wordsworth

*MS.*              1665. *W. W. to Fred Westley*<sup>2</sup>

[1849]<sup>3</sup>

Dear Mr Westley,

We are glad to learn that you are coming among us;—and thank you for your offers of bringing down any parcel for us. I did order lately a few copies of my Vol: to be sent from Mr Moxon's; but I believe it will be already on its way; nevertheless I should be obliged if you would call, and take charge of any thing that might happen to be waiting for us.

Believe me,

my dear Sir

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Mrs W desires her kind remembrances.

<sup>1</sup> The church on the Rigi-Kulm—'Our Lady of the Snow'.

<sup>2</sup> The book-binder—*v.* Letter 1585.

<sup>3</sup> Undated; a later hand has pencilled it 1849.

JANUARY 1850

MS. 1666. *W. W. to Lady* [?]

Rydal Mount 18<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1850

Dear Madam,

Your kind Present, the Print of her Majesty, was received at Rydal this morning, and Mrs Wordsworth unites with me in returning thanks for this Memorial, such it will be to us, of your Visit; which we hope may be repeated; and that you will approve of the position which her Majesty occupies under our humble roof—Will your Ladyship be so kind as to inform the Gentleman who forwarded the Print (we have unfortunately mislaid his address) of the safe arrival. He was anxious to hear about it; and will you take the trouble to let him know that all of us in the family are much pleased with the Work.

I have the honor to be your Ladyship's much obliged

Wm. Wordsworth.

1667. *W. W. to R. P. Graves*

Rydal Mount, 8<sup>th</sup> March 1850

My dear Mr Graves

I have just received your letter. It gives me great pleasure to hear that your health is improving; but we much regret that you do not give the same favourable Report of Mrs Graves. Though I am not versed in music, I can have no possible objection to receive the honour intended to be conferred upon me by your Friend.

Mrs W. and I are glad to hear of the well doing of Madame Ranke.<sup>1</sup>

With kind remembrances to Mrs Graves in which Mrs W. unites, I remain my dear Sir, faithfully yours

William Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> R. P. G.'s sister, wife of Leopold von Ranke, the historian.



APPENDIX  
ADDITIONAL EARLY LETTERS

*MS.*                      *43a. W. W. to Richard W.*

Keswick, October 10<sup>th</sup> [1794]

Dear Brother,

I set off yesterday in company with Raisley Calvert who thought of going to Lisbon for his health; but as he found himself worse he returned to Keswick to day from Penrith, and has given up the idea of going. I wrote to you some Days since requesting if you thought of coming down you would stay till we arrived as I had to speak to you on business of importance. The business is what I will now lay before you. Raisley Calvert meant to make a will in which it was his intention to leave me six hundred pounds, to secure me from want if not to render me independent, but upon my representing to him the state of our affairs, particularly that we owed to my aunt Wordsworth upwards of 400£, I believe about 460£, the greater part of which was money advanced for my education, he says that she or her heirs will come upon me for that sum, and that consequently the view, with which he would leave this legacy to me in case of his death, would be entirely defeated. He would leave me this sum to set me above want and to enable me to pursue my literary views or any other views with greater success or with a consciousness that if these should fail me I would have something at last to turn to.—In the present state of our affairs he cannot do this, for he says he would not leave his money to be seized immediately by people that he knows nothing of. This is natural enough. Now what I have to request of you is that as you have my welfare at heart you would enter into a bond or engagement that this six hundred pound which I must else lose shall not be responsible for that debt to my aunt but that you will rather pay it yourself, than by refusing to make such an engagement deprive me of such an opportunity of being so well set forward in life; when I request you to do this I at the same time most solemnly assure you that if ever I am worth more than this six



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hundred pounds thus left to me, should not my father's effects satisfy this demand, that I will appropriate the money to paying such part of the debt to my aunt, as you and my brothers shall think belongs to me. All that Raisley wishes for is to be assured that I shall have the benefit of the money so as to set me forward in life, or secure me from want, but he cannot think of leaving it me for it to go immediately, if he should die, amongst people he cares nothing for—so that unless you will satisfy him on this head, that rather than that this six hundred pound should go to the above mentioned purpose you will yourself be responsible for the debt, I must go without the legacy. This you will scarce refuse when you consider that by refusing to do it I shall be six hundred pounds poorer, and so deprived of the most effectual means of getting money to pay my share of the debt to my aunt; when you consider also what I have promised above; viz. that whatever money I am enabled to earn further I will appropriate to pay my share of the debt. All that Raisley wishes for is to be assured when he leaves me this money that it is effectually doing me service, and that it may be kept for me to secure me from want. I have now stated the matter and request an answer by return of post, as these are matters in which no time is to be lost. I have said nothing at all on the hardship of my case, if I should be deprived of this legacy, merely from the circumstance of my not having inherited a farthing of my father's property, which will be the case, if you will not engage to secure me from this debt to my aunt as far as relates to this six hundred pound. The moment I am worth more than this six hundred pound I assure you, I will devote the sum to the purpose of paying what appears to be my just share of the debt. Pray write immediately as no time is to be lost—I had other business but I have not time.

Your affect.

Br. W. Wordsworth

I have used much repetition in this letter from a wish [to be] perspicuous and from writing in a hurry, love [to] John, and pray if he is in the way if you think proper lay before him this business; but on no account mention it to any body else. It

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would not satisfy Raisley to say that there will be effects of my father to answer all demands; in this he says you may be deceived; he insists on this condition that you engage to protect me in the possession of his legacy as above specified.

*Address:* Mr Wordsworth, Attorney, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*

*43b. W. W. to R. W.*

[Oct. 20, 1794]

Dear Brother,

I received your Letter yesterday and wrote an answer to it immediately; but was informed at the post off: you would get it as soon if not sent off till to-day. I am happy to say that the contents of yours are completely to my satisfaction. Raisley C: authorises me [to] assure you of the same on his part, and begs that the bond may be immediately made out in the penalty of 400£ to secure any sum he may bequeath to me from the claims of my late Uncle's representatives.—I am now going to state to you my situation. I am very sorry to inform you that by what I can observe myself and the report of the apothecary, it is very much to be feared I shall soon lose my worthy and good friend R. C. He evidently grows worse and worse every day though without being aware of it himself. It is his wish that the will should be made immediately and yet he is naturally of a dilatory disposition; and one does not wonder that he seizes any opportunity to defer it, though at the same time it is his wish to have it done immediately. His inducements to put it off are of two kinds; first the want of your bond, not that he has any distrust of your intention but it serves as an apology to his procrastination, and next an aversion to employ Lightfoot the attorney of this place whom he utterly dislikes. He wishes himself Lough to make the will if any body, but then he says Lough would charge a guinea and a half for coming over; besides he says he can make the will himself as well as any body else. And he talked to me this morning of so doing, to this I should have no objection but then I am afraid his inexperience may draw it up in an irregular manner.—Now what I have to request of you is that the bond may be executed immediately so as to secure any sum he may leave me from my late Uncle's heirs. I have said

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any sum because on further consideration R. has determined to leave me nine hundred pounds instead of six hundred. I wish the bond to be made out immediately not from the smallest distrust of your intentions but that R. may not lean towards that circumstance as an inducement to defer his intentions. What I have further to say is to ask whether it would not be proper for you if possible to come down immediately, so as to see that the will is executed according to form; as I have my apprehensions on that head.—As to his brother R. did inform him of his intentions to leave me six hundred, and I have no doubt will tell him he has changed that sum to nine hundred.—At all events no time is to be lost as he is so much reduced as to make it probable he cannot be on earth long.—I have further reason to wish you would come down in order that my sister and I might have some conversation with you on our affairs particularly as they concern Wm. Crackanthorp. If you do come pray set off the first moment you can after the receipt of this and come straight here. Your other business you can settle afterwards. I wrote thus far this morning. I have since seen R. C. he is determined to make his will himself, and as far as I learn he may easily do it without risk. I retract then what I have said about your coming down and think there can be no occasion for it. As soon as it is in your power I should wish for the satisfaction of Dorothy you would let us know what you mean to do about our affairs.—I am dear Br Yours affectionately

W. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mr Wordsworth, Attorney at Law, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*

*48a. W. W. to R. W.*

Bristol, Monday afternoon [p.m. Sept. 16 1795]  
Dear Br.

Montagu has written to me that a friend of his a Mr Galway of Norfolk would be glad to let me have a rent charge on landed estates of his; for 500£ if it could be procured by the 10<sup>th</sup> of October. Perhaps you know the difference between a rent charge and an annuity; I am told the former is much better; certain rents being appropriated to the payment of the sum, and in the

SEPTEMBER 1795

other case the security being merely personal.—I can procure immediately 300£ from Calvert, and the rest he will do all in his power to get for me as soon as possible, but most likely he will not be able to succeed before that time. Perhaps now that you are in Cumberland you might have it in your power to borrow 200£, so that this business may be accomplished by the 10<sup>th</sup> of October; if you could do this it would contribute highly to my satisfaction. Calvert tells me he will do his utmost to procure the money as soon as possible. Pray write to Montague at Lincolns Inn upon the subject; if you approve of the plan I have no doubt of your exertions to bring it about. I am, I am afraid, too late for the post—I expect Dorothy in a week at the farthest.

Your affectionate Br

W. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mr Wordsworth, Att<sup>y</sup> at Law, at Mr James's, Penrith, Cumberland.

*MS.*            48b. *W. W. to William Mathews*

Sat. 24 Oct [1795]

Racedown Lodge

My dear Mathews,

I have been indebted to you for some time, not that I feel myself able to say anything which is likely to be particularly interesting; but it was my duty to assure you of the liveliness of my regard and of the strength of my esteem for you.—I stayed at Bristol at least five weeks with a family whom I found amiable in all its branches, the weather was delightful, and my time slipped insensibly away. I heard much of Mr Clon and his wife your Lisbon friends. They were both spoken highly of. I think I have heard you mention the latter in terms not the most respectful. I had not the pleasure of seeing either the one or the other.—Coleridge was at Bristol part of the time I was there. I saw but little of him. I wished indeed to have seen more—his talent appears to me very great. I met with Southey also, his manners pleased me exceedingly and I have every reason to think very highly of his powers of mind. He is about publishing an epic poem on the subject of the Maid of Orleans. From the specimens I have seen I am inclined to think it will have many

beauties. I recollect your mentioning you had met Southey and thought him a coxcomb. This surprizes me much, as I never saw a young man who seemed to me to have less of that character.—We are now at Racedown and both as happy as people can be who live in perfect solitude. We do not see a soul. Now and then we meet a miserable person in the wood or an accidental traveller. The country people here are wretchedly poor; ignorant and overwhelmed with every vice that usually attends ignorance in that class, viz. lying and picking and stealing &c &c. Yesterday I walked over to Lyme not without a hope of meeting Leader, but I was disappointed. I therefore returned home to dinner. Nota bene. Lyme is at least eight miles and a half from Racedown. My walk over the hills was charming. I could hear the murmuring of the sea for three miles, of course I often stopped 'listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar of the wide weltering waves'. This is from the Minstrel and has reminded me of a request I have to make to you, which is that you would accept of my edition of Cato's Letters, and in return make me a present of that Vol: of Bell's forgotten poetry which contains the Minstrel and Sir Martyn.<sup>1</sup> I know you are possessed of it; so was I once, but one of my brothers lent it to a person who valued it so highly as to deny himself the pleasure of returning it. You will write your name in it as presented to me. If you chuse to take the trouble of inserting my name in the Cato's Letters, here it is; you may cut it out and paste it in.

From W. Wordsworth

to

W. Mathews

This letter was commenced three or four days ago. I have since had the pleasure of seeing Leader. He rode over to dine with me, and I am afraid would be sadly wet in returning. He means to be in town in about three weeks. I could not prevail upon him even to stay all night, I should have been glad of his company for as long as he would have made it convenient to stay.—I remember requesting the evening before I left town

<sup>1</sup> By William Julius Mickle (1735–88), the translator of *The Lusiad*. The poem remained a favourite of W.'s, and when he visited Langholm, M.'s birthplace, in 1803, he was able to quote it from memory.

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that you would be so good as to take a catalogue of the books belonging to me which were left at Montagu's. I should be much obliged to you to send me a copy of it in order that I [? may] make a selection of such as I could wish [? to be] sent after me. We have a very toler[able] library here. Machiavel, Boccaccio, Davila and several other italian Books. Remember me affectionately to Myers and tell him I should be very happy to see him at any hour. We have already got every thing quite comfortable. I need not repeat the same invitation to you; I am afraid however the straitness of your finances will prevent you availing yourself of it. How are you for money now; or have you anything coming in. I have a request to make to you which is when you are at Lincoln's Inn or that way, you would be so [*deletion*] kind as to call at my shoemaker's for me. He lives just as you enter Staple Inn by the footway from Southampton buildings, on the left hand side of [ ? ] next door to Sergeant Cockle's, and beg of him to make for me immediately six pair of shoes, 4 of the very strongest kind double soles and upper leathers, and 2 common London street shoes. He must recollect my measure, he made two pair of shoes for me while I was at Lincoln's Inn for which Mr Wordsworth of Staple Inn will pay him. And beg he would send them as soon as possible to me directed to me at Racedown [? Lodge] near Crewkern, Somerset to be left at Mr Wills', Crewkern. I should not have troubled you with this commission, but I dared not trust it to my brother, for fear he should have neglected it. Adieu.

Your affectionate

friend W. Wordsworth

Forget not to remember me respectfully to your father and mother.

*Address:* Mr W. Mathews, at Mr Mathews, Bookseller, No 27 Strand, London.

*MS.*

*57a. W. W. to R. W.*

Racedown 7<sup>th</sup> May, [1797]

Dear Richard

Your shirts are begun today and shall be dispatched as fast as possible. We shall not be able to make as good as we could

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wish as the whole house is indisposed. Dorothy has been very ill upwards of a fortnight and I cannot say that she is much better. As to the money of mine which Montague and Douglass have in their hands, it amounts to 500£, 300£ secured upon annuity, as you know, 200£ was lent to Douglass in January 96. Of this 200£, 100£ was paid to Montague about the month of December last by Douglass. It was at that time Montague was to have it in readiness for me as I expected the rest of the legacy to be paid to me by Calvert, and it was my wish to have the whole laid out in annuity about that time. The other 100£ continues in the hands of Douglass. For the whole 200£ I have no other security but a promissory note of which I will give you an exact copy. It is upon a two shillings stamp.

London July 2<sup>nd</sup> 1796

On the First day of January 1797 We promise to pay to William Wordsworth Esquire, or his order, the sum of two hundred and twenty pounds value received.

Witness our hands Charles Douglass

£220

Basil Montague

I suppose in a court of justice this note would have no other effect but that of exposing me to a prosecution for usury, as I could shew no valuable consideration for this note but the 200£ lent at such a time. I have a note from Douglass, letting me know that I shall be repaid the 100£ which he has on the 1<sup>st</sup> of January next. Montague pays me interest for the one in his possession. It was continued there from an expectation of the rest of the legacy immediately being forthcoming.

The interest of the above 500£, including 30£ for the annuity, and 20£ for the 200£, I have received, the former up to the 1<sup>st</sup> of October last, the latter up to the first of January last, exclusive of 13£ which I am to receive in a few days. So that you will see I have received no interest since the annuity took the shape that it now has, that is, since [it] was secured as it now is. To state it again. From October 95 to October 96 Montague had 300£ of mine in a sort of an irregularly secured annuity for which I have received ten per cent. This new bond of annuity is dated the 17<sup>th</sup> of August, that is more than a month before the interest would have become due according to the terms of the old agreement.

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The other security which *you* have, namely Mr Montague's bond dated the 20<sup>th</sup> of Jan<sup>ry</sup> 96 for the payment of 200[£] and interest on demand relates to the same 200£ for which I have the note signed by Montague and Douglass, dated July 2<sup>nd</sup> 96, of which I have given you a copy. Upon consideration it appears to me that this joint note of which I have been speaking is of an usurious nature, therefore the only security to be depended upon for the payment of this 200£ is the bond of Montague dated 20<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 96 in your possession. Let me have your opinion upon this subject. If it is as I state it will be proper to have a promissory note from Douglass for 100£ with interest to be paid the 1<sup>st</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 98, and another note from Montague for the 100£ in his possession to the same purpose. In this case I trust to the honour of each, (if there can be any honour amongst usurers) for the payment of the additional interest. As for the 7. 10. 6, the annual premium for the insurance, which you have paid, it must be repaid you by Montague, the annuity being 37. 10, of which I calculate upon only 30£ being paid to me. At any rate you must be repaid. I beg particularly that you would read thus far of my letter to Montague.

As to the other sums which you have advanced on my account for the linen etc you should have been repaid immediately if I had not been disappointed in my settlements with Calvert, which has reduced my income much lower than I had reason to expect. If it were all properly settled my expenses would fall within my receipts. Every thing has been very dear for house-keeping this season; we can get no meat under 6d. and Tea and sugar, our only luxuries, are rising.

I have just received a letter from Robinson Wordsworth. He states that he had applied to my uncle's trustees to supply him with 250£ to prepare house &c as he is going to be married. They replied to him that his request could not be complied with as his father's money is secured in the funds, but they recommended it to him to apply to me. These are his words 'I therefore request that you will have the goodness to use your utmost endeavours to procure the above sum and either pay it into the hands of our Trustees or remit it to me, and they will give you a receipt therefor as part of what is now owing by you to our



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family.' I do most ardently wish that these matters were settled. Has anything been done with respect to my Uncle Crackanthorpe? This claim of Robinson certainly must be attended to. Do let me know what is the best that can be done. Do not fail to write to me upon this subject. Were you at Whitehaven when you were in the North? Did you see my Uncle Crackanthorpe? Could 150£ or 200£ be paid by way of pacifying them for the present and shewing that we have a disposition to be just? This would not interfere with our settling with Richard Wordsworth. Tell Birtwistle I have received his letter and will take care that he shall be paid for his newspapers within three weeks. The sum is larger than I expected. Desire him also to be so good as to consider if this new tax be not laid upon newspapers whether he cannot contrive to send me a daily paper (I care not if it is five days old provided it come regularly) for five and twenty shillings or a guinea and a half at the most. John did not give us his address when he wrote nor say that he expected to hear from us, so that we concluded he was sailed. We will write to him at Portsmouth.

Poor little Basil has been very ill. Dorothy has got a very bad cough and I a terrible cold.

Do be so good as to write soon.

Dorothy begs her love. Believe me dear Richard

Your affectionate Brother

W. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mr Wordsworth, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*

*77a. W. W. to R. W.*

Alfoxden Saturday May 5<sup>th</sup> [1798]

Dear Richard,

Enclosed I send you the release of the legacy. The sums which I have received are as follows

Within two or three months of R. Calvert's death	5£
a Bill dated 25th August 1795 due one month after date	250£
Bill dated 25th August 95 due two months after date	50£
Bill dated 9th December 95—one month after date	220£

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About the 1st or 2nd of July 1796 . . . . . 30£

May 23rd 1797 . . . . . 10£

July 25 1797. . . . . 20£

This is all—the interest of course to be paid till the time the Bills become due. The stamp upon the receipt is very expensive. If it is in consequence of any taxes imposed since the time the legacy became due of course it will, I should suppose, fall upon Calvert—otherwise I suppose it must be paid by me, but of this I know nothing. You will receive the money. I should wish to have it all at my disposal about ten weeks from this time. 30£ I shall want in six weeks. From Montagu I have received the interest of the annuity up till last November, including the Insurance for the last year. Insurance for one year is yet due to you from him and for one year from me. As for the remainder of the money which Calvert will owe me I know not what to advise—I should like to know when it will be convenient to him to pay it. If I cannot dispose of it advantageously in annuity I should like it to remain in his hands. As to the money which you receive you will make the best use you can of it, with safety, for the short time. Dorothy sent off your shirts last Thursday but one. You will have received a letter from her by the post, ere this, which informs you of the reason why they were not sent sooner. Dorothy begs her love to you.

I am, dear Richard,

Yours affectionately,

W. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mr Wordsworth, Attorney, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*

78.<sup>1</sup> *W. W. to Joseph Cottle*

*Cottle, K.*

Alfoxden, 9<sup>th</sup> May, 1798.

Dear Cottle,

We regularly received Charles Lloyd's works, three volumes of Massinger, and the money 13. 6. 6 for which you have our best thanks. The poems we return with Darwin. We have read them with pleasure. The volume contains some excellent passages.

<sup>1</sup> An incomplete version of this Letter is printed in *E. L.*

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Of the novel I can say nothing as I have not yet read it. Dorothy has read it through, she thinks it contains a great deal, a *very* great deal of excellent matter but bears the marks of a too hasty composition.

We look for you with great impatience, we will never forgive you if you do not come. I say nothing of the Salisbury plain till I see you. I am determined to finish it, and equally so that you shall publish. I have lately been busy about another plan, which I do not wish to mention till I see you: let this be *very, very* soon, if you can bring one of your Sisters over with you she will be very welcome, but at any rate come soon and stay a week if possible, as much longer as you can. God bless you, dear Cottle,

Yours sincerely,

W. Wordsworth.

Dorothy's kind remembrances.

Be so good as to remember to send all the numbers of the Economist by the next opportunity. We had intended sending Lloyd's poems, but we cannot do it as they are at Stowey.

*Address:* Mr Cottle, Bookseller, High St., Bristol.

*MS. 93a. W. W. and D. W. to R. W.*

May 23<sup>rd</sup> [1799]

Dear Richard,

I thank you sincerely for your long Letter. I need not express how greatly I am concerned that you should have had so much trouble and anxiety on my account.

In Cottle's letter I see nothing to blame but his use of the word purchase. As I expressly told him that I made no mention to Johnson of any *positive* agreement between him and me, out of delicacy *he* ought not to have mentioned this to Johnson.—I must add that I entirely disapprove of his not surrendering his claim to Johnson because as he repeatedly assured me that he published the work for my benefit (and as I only suffered him to have it on this account) he ought to have resigned his claim

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when I had so much better prospect before me than<sup>1</sup> I possibly could have if the work continued in his hands. Besides, (what I had almost forgotten) in his letter to Johnson he says that I wish to take the work out of his (Cottle's) hands because I see that it will not answer for him. Now in my Letter I told him plainly that I wished him to give up his claim for *my advantage* and mine alone—. This business does not seem to me of much consequence except as far as it may have prevented the sale of the work or broken my connection with Johnson.

As to Montague's *at present* I can only say what you must know well without my saying it that nothing shall be omitted by me which may tend to put this business in a regular train. I have to day written to Montague fully on this head. In the meanwhile I must request your patience till I receive his answer. I have also written to Cottle and expect his answer either to day or to morrow, if not satisfactory I shall write again. I have also written to Mr Wedgewood. As to Douglas I can say nothing but that I believe him to be a man of honour. His connections I know are opulent. I do not despair of procuring the money though perhaps not as soon as I might wish. Did Douglas say anything to you how the interest was to be paid? what was his address &c. My present security is a joint promissory note of himself and Montague.

I shall write at great length and more legibly as soon as I have received answers to these Letters. I have directed to Montague at Brampton near Huntingdon—Dorothy and all the family here are well.

Your affectionate Br.

W. Wordsworth

I beg you would be so good as to send me an account of all the money you have paid on my account which has been set off against what you received from Calvert. As to the items, the 6£ 6s I have always considered as belonging to Montague. The others are mine as he paid me for the last year's insurance—for one year's insurance he is your debtor—We have no penknife in the house and I cannot procure a pen which will make a

<sup>1</sup> *written that*

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legible stroke—in future direct at Mr Hutchinson's, Sockburn near Northallerton Yorkshire (To be left at Entercommon).

[*D. writes*]

Your last letter did not arrive till three or four days after it ought to have come. God bless you!

D. Wordsworth

[*W. writes*]

I have just received your second Letter, you complain of not understanding what I mean by the sentence in which the word mismanagement occurs. I think it proper to say that whatever mismanagement there might be no part of it could possibly lie at your door.

[*D. writes*]

The books Wm. left at Windy Brow in a box—he does not doubt but they are still there—those two books were most likely loose ones—he will enquire after them.

*Address:* Mr Wordsworth, Attorney, Staple Inn, London.

*MS. 143a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Tuesday morning [Early June 1803]

My dear Friend

You will rejoice with wonder, at my strength when I tell you that I reached home [*etc., as E. L., pp. 323–4, l. 1*] she is not so much plagued with the heart-burn and is, indeed, I think growing fat again, William is tolerably well except that he cannot get rid of the ear-ache.—They both rejoiced with me heartily that you were so much better than I expected to have found you. This made our meeting quite a cheerful one, yet I wished that you had been more comfortable at the time I parted from you. I am very anxious to hear how you go on. I guess you have now begun to talk as if you were really going to leave your home, and that a time has been mentioned for your departure. I shall be very glad to hear that it is so, for I trust that the journey will do you no harm, that the sight of your friends will do you a great deal of good, that the disorder may be ascertained, and that we may all then see clearly before us the way

by which you are to be restored to health. I said I should be *glad* to hear that the time of your departure was fixed, but that was saying far too little, for I shall *never be easy* till it is fixed.—When are we to see your Brother Robert? Yesterday was a glorious day and I thought we were going to have fine weather and I rejoiced in it for his sake, but today it has hardly ceased raining, yet the rain falls so gently and the air is so mild, and all living and growing things seem so much to rejoice in it that one can hardly find in one's heart to wish it over. Our garden is in great beauty, the Brooms are covered with Blossoms, and we have a fine stock of flowers—I wish you could see it at this moment—then I *should* wish the rain to stop so that you might sit on the orchard-seat by the hour. I brought some of Luff's lettuces which we have planted and they flourish nicely. Mr Clarkson would tell you that neither Luff nor his Wife were in good spirits.

Coleridge has not been to Grasmere but we hope to see him this week—he writes to us that he is in tolerable health. Old Molly has a very sore toe to which I wish very much to apply your favourite medicine. Pray by the first opportunity be so good as to send us a bit that she may try it.—We hope to get into our new house next week, then we are to have an enormous wash, which I expect will be the last, before Mary's confinement. We are now working very hard to put the last finishing stroke to our work that we may have nothing to do when the dear Baby comes but to take care of it and its mother,—or, as we say, *her* and *her* mother, for we always speak of it as if it were as plain to us that it would be a little Girl [? as if] we had seen it. Sara H is anx[ious] about your health.—She had desired [*seal*] Monkhouse to ride over to inquire after you and to write to her all particulars about you. I am very sorry I did not write to her when I was at Eusemere, as I talked of doing, but I shall write today. She begged we would give her very kindest Love to you, and said that she would have written to you but that she was afraid of giving you the trouble of answering her Letter.—William is waiting for me to take a [? walk], the rain is over.—and oh! My dear Friend [*etc., as E. L., p. 324, l. 5*]. Give my kind Love to your Husband and Tom, and my

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best Respects to your Father, in which William and Mary join me, and they bid me say how glad they shall be to see him. Let us know how [you] are regularly but only one or two lines to tell us that—no more—God bless you again and again.

D. Wordsworth

Will you be so good as to get for us two pounds of green [ ? ] the same as Betty Ritson got for us, also the proper quantity of Ivory Blanck for making the [ ? ] and also will you send us word how much treacle and hot [torn]ch milk. If these things are sent [torn]n Monkhouse he will forward [torn] I am very sorry to give you the [torn] even of thinking about and sending for these things.

Pray when you write to the Luffs or see them give my Love to them and tell them I got well home.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Eusemere Hill, near Penrith.

*MS.*      *154a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> November [1803]

My dear Friend,

Your Husband left us yesterday afternoon to go to Charles Lloyd's, he was to be at home to-day. I cannot help writing to you just to tell you that we have seen him, and that he looks well, and seems chearful and happy in the thought of being with you soon. He was in his usual bustle when he entered the house, telling us he had but ten minutes to stay. This was in the first Breath before he had time to explain himself. Luckily however we were just going to dinner, and in the course of dinner time we hoped he would resolve upon some thing better—but we could not prevail upon him to stay longer than till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 o'clock—we were exceedingly sorry to part with him—If he had been going directly to you I should have thought less, very little of it, but to give him up to spend the evening with *Charles Lloyd!* was very mortifying and I did all I could to persuade him to stay; he felt it his duty to go, I believe, and was very unwilling, but as he means to spend a day at Birmingham he thought it quite necessary to see C. L. We were surprized to hear that

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Mrs Smith was still at Eusemere and indeed sorry as Mr Clarkson has been able to get on so ill with his Book—it is a great pity on *your* account as well as for the delay of the work. It would have been pleasant for both of you if the first inlaying of the whole had been done before your meeting, it would have set Mr C's mind more at ease, and you might [have] been more free and quiet, if there had been nothing to do but to correct and improve, which is indeed an amusement. God send you a happy meeting: We shall wait anxiously for a letter. It is bad weather for travelling, but Mr C is a good Traveller. Here it is intensely cold, frosty winds, snow upon the hills, and all the trees leafless but the low oak coppices. We lament that Mr C did not see Johnny with his best looks, (indeed he has never seen him look well) that he might have given you as pleasing an account of him as possible, but poor thing! he looked very puny yesterday, he had had a bad night with his teeth and he screamed violently from [? pain] while Mr C was with us! The darling is sitting upon my knee—how I wish you could see him with his serious face tracing my pen, and now his bonny eyes are lighted up by a smile, and now the little darling sends out his voice into every corner of the house—I often give him a kiss for you and would give him one at this moment but I have parted with him to his Mother who has been breakfasting at the same table with us; he is sucking and he must not be interrupted, for if one gives him a kiss or takes hold of his hand—it is all over. He is now sucking nothing but play. He has this moment turned his head aside to look at old Molly opening the door and nothing will serve him now but he must laugh and scream. William has written two little poems on subjects suggested by our Tour in Scotland—that is all that he has actually done lately, but he is very well and I hope will soon be more seriously employed—It would do you [good to see] him with John upon his knee, he is a very nice nurse and a very happy Father. It made me very happy to see Mr Clarkson and him looking at the Child while he was in my Arm their Countenances were so gentle and affectionate.—Mary is now walking about the room with him in her arms and I am going to take him out. I am afraid this letter is hardly worth the postage, and yet I think when we are so far from you



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the sight of our handwriting alone would be worth a shilling. I find I have cheated Mr Clarkson of the pleasure of telling you that James is to be your neighbour, I am not sorry for it however, for the pleasure of seeing him will be enough, and it is something good for you to think about—God bless you. Farewell! I can write no more.

William is calling to me every instant to hear some lines he is writing—May god bless you for ever my very dear Friend.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

All our best love. I have just given Johnny a kiss for you. Poor Coleridge is ill with Rheumatism.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at the Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Lowell's, Bristol.

*MS. 161a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Sunday February 26<sup>th</sup> 1804

My dear Friend,

This is the first day since Mr Clarkson left us that I have been well able to write—Most unfortunately, (poor dear Man! he tells me it is always so) I was taken ill on the first night after he came into the house, and have spent most of my time in bed since. I began, as usual, with sickness, followed by a complaint in my Bowels with a violent looseness that lasted four days. I am now quite recovered, and though thinner, do not look much the worse for what I have suffered.—But enough of myself.—My dear dear Friend!

What chearful, yet what melancholy tidings has your husband brought us! I never heard anything more affecting than his recital of your sufferings—But God be praised! you are better—and are going to get well, and I will not talk about them. I shall bless you as long as I live for the example of courage and fortitude which you have shewn us. It is indeed, next to a miracle that you did not die of pain alone, and add to that the heaviness of obscurity and doubt, the dreadful uncertainty where the malady lay.—Spring is coming on, and then Summer—and then you will come and see us again and though you cannot live

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always among the Mountains yet still you may come hither summer after summer, and I trust may spend happier days than you have ever yet enjoyed. The care of your Farm and your large household (which is indeed but a care) will be gone, and, best of all, your Husband's health both of Body and Mind are seriously improved by the important Work in which he is engaged. You will, I hope, have learnt to manage yourself so as to guard against future attacks, and your dear Son improves in every good thing and is all that your heart can desire. I cannot express the comfort I have in thinking of these things. Do write to us as soon as you can if it be but merely one sentence. A single line to tell us how you are. William thinks of you with the tenderest affection, and often talks of you with tears in his eyes. We say to each other, What comfort would a sight of the dear Baby give to Mrs Clarkson, and we can none of us contain our longings that you should see him. Mr Clarkson will tell you what a noble and sweet fellow he is, what a mild dignity there is in his countenance with *infantine*, mingled up strangely I know not how with *manly* sweetness—Perhaps he will laugh at this—but tell me—does not he say something like it?

Mary has been very far from quite well and is thin, but she now seems perfectly well again, and her appetite is good. I began to be afraid that she was suckling Johnny too long. At present, I trust, all is going on well, as the Child thrives the best possible, and she has nothing about her like *unwellness* except being thin. As for me, I have been so well that my dear Brother's heart has overflowed with joy in looking at me for some time past. I have been able to bear John about in my arms for hours every day, and instead of being exhausted by our walks I have returned invigorated—but this last was a sad attack and I know William will be angry with me if I do not ask you (if you should find a convenient opportunity) to learn from Dr Beddoes what is proper to be done when I am attacked again. I began with sickness, violent head-ache, yellow and pale looks, afterwards came on the [ ]ness<sup>1</sup> with pains in the Bowels, thirst, and want of appetite—I had then no sickness, but what seemed to come from weakness and pain.

<sup>1</sup> MS. badly torn.

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Five of my Uncle Cookson's six Children have had the Scarlet Fever, and one, a sweet Girl, 8 years old, is dead—the first great affliction that has been in their Family, but indeed it has been a heavy one—Six weeks of dreadful anxiety! We pray for the King's Life, for we think that we shall be having a peace with a new Ministry before we have drubbed the French. Your Husband delighted us much with Mrs Leroo's letters about Tom. I almost loved her when I saw what a treasure of comforting Mother's thoughts you would lay up out of it.—It is  $\frac{1}{2}$  past nine o'clock,—William has been walking and is now writing down the verses which he has composed in his walk. I have been up all day and am quite well, but I feel weak at my stomach so I must give over. By the bye if it seems to be worth while, you may tell Dr Beddoes that at all times when I am not in uncommon strength (as I was before the last attack) after writing for any length of time or doing any thing that exercises my thoughts or feelings, I have a very uneasy sense of want and weakness at my stomach, a mixture of emptiness, gnawing, and a sort of preparation for sickness—eating always removes it for a time. Do not be anxious if you have no opportunity of speaking of these things, for my part I see no necessity for it at all—but William insists, and I dare say Mary wishes it very much. We are just going to supper—Mary is our Cook, she is broiling some sausages. John is asleep below Stairs—old Molly gone home. She fails sadly—poor soul!—God bless you, my very dear Friend

Believe me ever your most affectionate  
and faithful Dorothy Wordsworth

The Hutchinsons will be at Park House in 5 weeks [*torn*]

William after reading over my letter is not half satisfied with what I have said of myself—he bids me add that I *always* begin with sickness and that any agitation of mind either of joy or sorrow will bring it on—if any thing puts me past my sleep—for instance—also being in much company and hot rooms—Ever since I can remember going into company always made me have violent head-achs. Again my dear Friend I entreat you to give yourself no concern if you do not find it easy and convenient to talk about me to Dr Beddoes.

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William (like Mr Clarkson) almost thinks that Dr Beddoes can cure any thing.

Monday morning—I am quite well and going to carry Johnny out.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Nelson House, Down Parade, Hot Wells, Bristol.

*MS.*            *161b. W. W. to William Hazlitt*<sup>1</sup>

Grasmere March 5<sup>th</sup> [1804]

Dear Hazlitt

I have been very much to blame in not answering your Letter sooner: it came at a time when my Sister was confined to her bed by a violent illness; which prevented me from replying to it immediately, and put it out of my thoughts for several days.

As to the Picture we will deal, as I know you like, frankly with you. In the first place we are quite set against what you propose to do, as we value the picture, from the life and character about it, as representative of a Child whom we wish to remember. Therefore taking away the legs &c would to our minds entirely undo it.—Having said this, it must be superfluous [to] add that we do not consider this as a refusal to let you have<sup>2</sup> it, by no means, but simply that knowing this fact, you may lay by the side of it, your knowledge of our wish to promote your interest, and act accordingly, if after what I have said, thinking that the Picture might be of considerable advantage to you, you wish for it you shall have it sent immediately.

No body durst venture to seize your clothes or box, therefore [     ]<sup>3</sup> be looked after: We mean to go to Keswick as soon as the weather improves, and I shall take particular pains to hunt after it. In the meanwhile it shall be mentioned to Mrs Coleridge.

I was sorry to see from the Papers that your Friend poor Fawcett<sup>4</sup> was dead; not so much that he was dead but to think

<sup>1</sup> This letter is important, as it proves that W.'s dislike of Hazlitt was not due to H.'s escapade at Keswick in 1804, but was of later growth.

<sup>2</sup> have: written twice in MS.

<sup>3</sup> MS. torn.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Joseph Fawcett, the famous Dissenting preacher of the Old Jewry, and an enthusiastic advocate of the French Revolution in its early years. W. had known him in 1793-4, and later took him as part-model for the Solitary in *The Excursion*. He died on Feb. 24, 1804.

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of the manner in which he had sent himself off before his time.

I have been tolerably busy this last month having written about 1200 Lines of the Poem on my own life.

I should have liked to shew you 200 yards or so of mountain Brook scenery which I found out yesterday above Rydale. They are some of the finest old stumpified staring trees I ever saw, with a small waterfall, rocks of all shapes &c &c. I pass'd also under Nab scar at Rydale which you sketched a part of: it is infinitely finer in winter than<sup>1</sup> summer time; and indeed is a noble place.

We are all pretty well—and desire best remembrances;

I am very affectionately yours

W Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mr William Hazlitt, Wem, Shropshire.

*MS.*            174.<sup>2</sup> *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K—*

[p.m. June 4, 1804]

My dear Friend,

We received your letter a few days ago, and if I had not been obliged to turn aside to some other duty, my feelings would have prompted me to take up the pen that very moment to write to you. We had thought about you continually, and with very great anxiety, poor Mrs Luff, because you had not written to her, fancied that you were offended that *she* had neglected to write—You will guess that such an idea found no entrance into our heads, but indeed we both wondered and grieved at your silence, not that you yourself should not write, but it puzzled us that we heard nothing from Mr Clarkson. God be thanked it is no worse with you! I trust you are to get the better in this long struggle, but indeed my dear Friend, I do not wonder that at times your spirits have sunken under the labour of such an up-hill Journey—It is the best comfort, however, that the Liver complaint is so much alleviated, and surely as you have an appetite and gather flesh you will become stronger and those

<sup>1</sup> than: *written* that.

<sup>2</sup> A few lines of this Letter, taken from K., were printed in *E. L.*

other ugly feelings will leave you. What a good Man, and good physician Dr Beddoes is! I shall reverence him as long as I live, and love him for his excessive kindness to you—It is a blessed thing you went to Bristol—I wrote to you from Park House directing to your Father's at Bury,—In that letter I told you that I had been at Eusemere, and seen Ellen. We drank tea with her, were in your own Room, the drawing room, and the two parlours.

[ 'I have always', *etc. as E. L.*, p. 394.]

I trust you will be able to come into the North next summer, but I hope before that time that you will have found a purchaser for the estate, for it cannot be right that you should keep it, and it will be a struggle for you to resolve on the spot to part with it, above all if your health should seem to be restored. The trees look likely for life, and I dare say for thriving after a little time, but I do not think they are much grown, but I (perhaps unjustly) compare their growth with that of trees at Grasmere which is so uncommonly sheltered a place—The house was neat, the gardener had been in the kitchen garden, peas and beans were up—your own speckled hens were pecking upon the grass—Poor Ellen complained that it was lonely, and was very sorry that you were not to come down this summer. I believe it was in the letter I wrote to Bristol that I told you of Aggy Fisher's Death and Molly's promotion. It is a third life to her. She is happier than ever she was, proud of her independence she tells of the number of cheeses she will make, the butter she will churn &c &c. John keeps but one cow, just enough for Molly to manage, and they seem to go on very comfortably, she has put a new outside on the inside of the house which in Aggy's life time was the dirtiest in Grasmere. She has made it look so bright and clean (thanks to my endless lessons) that every Body wonders and stares. We all drank tea with her on Monday, and she was, as you will guess, a proud woman. Such piles of toast! tea and coffee! and as to poor little Johnny she overloaded his stomach with Cream porridge, which he sucked in [*deletion*] most greedily. We have got a Servant from S<sup>t</sup> John's Vale—her parents and she were very desirous that we should take her—She is only fifteen, and has never been at a place before,

but we think she will do well for us in a little time—She is uncommonly stout for her age, active, desirous to learn, and quiet in her motions, also remarkably fond of Children—: John takes to her very nicely. The Eruption upon his forehead comes and goes as he suffers or not from cutting his teeth, he has it very bad at present, and a few days ago his face was as smooth as marble—perhaps in a couple of days more he may be quite well. He is a very passionate Child—and so strong that when he opposes either his Mother or me we can hardly hold him in our arms—he can walk by himself along the window side, or with hold of one hand—he is not like his Father now except in the forehead and shape of his head—he is very like my Uncle Cookson's eldest child, he has cut eight teeth. William, Mary and he are to go to Park house as soon as the weather is fair. It has rained every day for the fortnight past—Mary is tolerably well, but far from being as strong as during her last pregnancy—she worsened sadly during my absence, having no servant but Sally Ashburner she had too much fatigue, I think, for she looked very ill when I came home. She expects to be confined in September. Mary and John are to stay three weeks. William will stay a week at Park House—In the mean time I shall be very lonely—at home without John—home without him will seem more lonely than it could possibly have been before his Birth. I saw the Luffs on my Road over Grisdale Hawes, Mrs Luff was recovering but very poorly. Luff himself was unwell—a slight touch of the gout—Let us know how you go on—but do not think it necessary to do any more write no letter but just a few words to tell us how you are—We have heard of Coleridge's safe arrival at Gibralter—his health but middling. He wrote the day after an attack in consequence of a rainy day.

I do believe that care and regularity would do much for him, but alas! I am sure not every thing.—Tranquillity of mind, care of himself, and a warm climate I think would cure him, but without these two climate nothing permanent.

Farewell—may God bless you my dear Friend. William's and Mary's kindest love. William goes on with his poem.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson at James Harford's Esq<sup>re</sup>, St Augustine's Place, Bristol.

JUNE 1804

MS. 175a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> June 1804

My dear Friend

William arrived at home yesterday evening—he has been about twelve days with Mary and John at Park House and has left them there. They will perhaps make out their stay a month, but it will certainly not be more. Mary is plagued with a lameness which she persuades herself is the Rheumatism, because she would fain indulge the hope that it will soon be removed, but I am afraid it will abide with her till the Child is born—It is a troublesome and disheartening thing, though no great pain and particularly forces itself upon her notice now that she would wish to walk about and see something of the neighbourhood of Parkhouse—(it is the neighbourhood of Eusemere too!)—William has heard that Lord Lowther *has bought* Eusemere—I hope it is so for the sooner the last parting with it is over the better. William was at the house and saw Ellen, but he did not learn whether Mr Clarkson was expected. I wish you could have stayed all the summer at Bristol for I have such a faith in the eye of Dr Beddoes that I feel assured that you cannot possibly do as well when he does not daily overlook you. What a good Man he is! how very good he has been to you! I shall be grateful to him for it as long as I live. I hope [ ? ] you are still under his Care, if so perhaps you may have seen the letter I wrote to him a few days ago from which you would learn how grievously we had mismanaged about the medicines he was so kind as to prescribe for me—You know how inconvenient it is in such cases to be so far from the Apothecary, and how easily one is persuaded to delay from time to time because there is a little trouble in sending, else when we did not get the Scales, though I *was* so well, we should have certainly sent the medicines back to be weighed by Mr Edmundson. I have been quite well ever since I wrote to you, as if the very name of Dr Beddoes had acted upon me like a charm—that is, I have had no vomitings or Bowel complaints—but my weakness and faint feelings at my stomach still continue to trouble me when I am overwrought or want food. John's Birthday was the 18<sup>th</sup> of this



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month—perhaps you might remember it, and think of us all—It was a pity it was not passed at home,—the more so as two days after he walked across the floor alone:—William and Mary both regretted very much when they went away that I should not see his first going off, for we were assured he would walk before his return—I would give many of the best things I have that you could see him: he is certainly the noblest Child I ever beheld, he has so fine a countenance—his figure too is thoroughly beautiful except his legs which I think will be very like his Father's. William was at Capt<sup>n</sup> Wordsworth's last Sunday, poor Mary did not like to go on account of her lameness—they called at Park house on Tuesday and were delighted with Johnny.—I went with William and Mary to Keswick we stayed all night at Greta Hall, and parted at Threlkeld—I came home through St John's Vale. Mrs Coleridge, Mrs Southey, Mrs Lovel were all in raptures with John he was much stouter than they expected, but his countenance impressed them as very remarkable. Mrs Southey who is not of very warm feelings said she never could forget it, and they were all sure he could not look more sensible more full of thought if he were six years old—Derwent, little affectionate creature! was overjoyed to see us, but he was in sad distress that Johnny did not love him, because the Child was frightened both of Derwent and every Bod[y] Sara is a pretty Creature, her eyes are beautiful, and her whole figure is very elegant—but she is such a *little little* thing beside our Johnny—her motions are remarkably quick, much more resembling those of Hartley than Derwent. Mrs C. is to bring them all as soon as Mary returns. We shall make a Nursery of Fletcher's house and borrow a Bed at Thomas Ashburner's. We like our Servant very much. I assure you it is a great comfort that we have got Molly so nicely disposed of, she is as happy as possible, and very busy with her one cow. She is continually bringing us in a little present, a pound of Butter, a few curds, a Bason of goosberries, &c. &c.—I wish you could see our Garden—we shall be grown up presently the plants thrive so—we have a Broom under one of the Yew trees that is quite a wonder. William I find has not written to Dr Beddoes, but he intends writing in a few days.—Tom Hutchinson has been

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very poorly since he came to Park house but he is now growing strong again. Sara is very thin—George has left his Farm having been unfortunate and sold up—he is gone to a place in a Compting House at Newcastle—Joanna is come to Park house. Miss Joice is there with Bessy and little Jane, so they are a houseful. You have never told me where you intend to spend the summer, whether at your Father's or your Uncle Hardcastle's—

Do write as soon as you can—Mind a short letter. God grant that you may feel yourself stronger! Williams tender remembrances—God bless you my dear Friend! Believe me yours  
evermore Dorothy W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at Dr Beddoes's, Clifton, Bristol

*MS. 185a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Grasmere 9<sup>th</sup> December 1804

My dear Friend,

It is so very long since we have heard from you that now when I address myself to you again, after a long silence also on my part, I am oppressed with a feeling of uncertainty; and my anxiety about your health gathers afresh upon me—We have indeed heard of you, of letters written by Mr Clarkson giving favorable accounts, but we want to be assured from yourself that you bear the winter's cold stoutly, in order to be quite at ease about you—I have reproached myself a thousand times over for not having written to you before—you I know will have attributed my not having written to the true cause, that I was at first waiting to hear from you because at first I naturally expected a letter in answer to mine, and latterly that I waited in the hope of writing with cheerful confidence that [*deletion*] your health was better. God be praised we are all well—Our Summer bustle of visitors has been over these two months and one month ago, having finished all our sewing and mended every thing in the house that needed it we [*deletion*] began to look towards a winter of quiet and leisure, this we had just begun to taste of when Mrs Southey who with Southey and her Child had been staying ten days at Lloyds, prevailed upon me to go with her to Keswick. I was absent four days and at my return I found poor John unable to set his feet on the ground, he had *sprained* his ancle,

as M. supposed, the night before—he grew no better so we consulted Mr Simpson of Ambleside who told us that the smaller bone of his leg had been broken but that it was knit again and the main bone would support it—we were not satisfied with his judgement he being drunk, so William and I went the next morning to Keswick with John to consult Mr Edmundson who convinced us that it was only a sprain and the child would soon be well—it has proved so, for he is now able to run about, though not the day through as formerly and he limps a little. For ten days he could not stand by himself, so we had two Babies to nurse. He is grown very delicate but much handsomer with his confinement—it has made a perfect pet of him—he cannot endure to be with any body but his mother or me—this will wear off, we hope, as he gets the free use of his limbs—He is now a lovely Boy—not so fat as he was which makes him look often really beautiful—he is backward in talking, but a most eloquent converser with eyes hands and lips—he understands every thing and can make every thing he wishes to express understood. Dorothy is a little merry creature, very pretty, like John but small and feminine. Mary is perfectly well grows fatter and makes an excellent Nurse—William is well and works hard—Alas! we have no news of dearest Coleridge—we trust he is out of the way of the fever and that his letters have come on Board ships that are performing quarantine. Mrs C. and Derwent have been at Park House, Hartley is to be there at Christmas. Sara Coleridge is a very pretty sweet little Girl. Hartley seems much stronger than he used to be. When I was at Keswick I saw Mrs Railton at Mrs Calvert's. She talked much about you and Mr Clarkson and Son—

Your Friend Robert Forster has been at Grasmere to buy wool—We chanced to call at the publick House while he was there, he introduced himself to us and said he would come and see us, and accordingly he came the next Evening after tea and stayed till Eleven o'clock, and a very pleasant conversation we had—he is a very sensible and entertaining Man and seems to have an independent Manly Mind, intended for something better than bartering for wool—We were very much pleased with him, wished him to come again but he was too busy—My Brother

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Christopher and Priscilla are not far from being neighbours of yours—I wish any chance may carry you to Norwich, in which case no doubt you will see them—It is a pity for their sakes that my Uncle Cookson's family are going f[rom] Fornsett. We had a letter from Sara Hutchinson today—she complains bitterly of 'this cold country' but I think she mistakes it is 'this cold park House' she ought to complain of for a house so high on an hill must be cold in any country—How does Mr Clarkson get on with his Book? Southey's *Madoc* is printed and will be published very soon—We have had a very mild winter—it is quite warm at Grasmere frequently—We long to hear from you again—remember that we only wish to know how you are, and that we earnestly desire you will not fatigue yourself with writing a long letter—Our friend Basil Montague has been here who has talked much to us of *your* Friend Mrs Taylor whom he thinks I believe the first woman in the world—I was stopped in the last word by a cry from little Dorothy from the bed behind me—I am writing in the parlour—where we have a constant fire and now make a kind of nursery of it for the Children—we want a larger house very much for every cry is heard in every part of the house and John has a thundering voice when he roars—Much however as we want a house I think we should be almost sorry to leave this for the best in the neighbourhood we love it so dearly and we have a better reason for not being anxious for one that we may fix where it best suits Coleridge at his return. By the Bye Mrs Coleridge has been sadly distressed—Mr Jackson had made a bargain with White and sold his house. After the deed was done, Mr Jackson himself, the Southneys and the whole house were in trouble, but luckily Mr White repented and all were glad, and I daresay Mr Jackson will never forget himself so far over any Glass or Bottle as to sell it again—Do write, my dear Friend, May God bless you for ever—William and Mary join in kindest Love—I hope Tom does not forget us—Give our Love to him and Mr Clarkson—Remember me kindly to your father and Brother Robert Fare Well yours ever and ever

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at Mr Buck's, Bury, Suffolk

APRIL 1805

MS. 211a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere 2<sup>nd</sup> April [1805]

My dear Friend,

I write merely to tell you that you may have Robert Newton's house if you will engage it for three or four months which we think will contribute much more to the comfort of all of us (your [*deletion*] household and ours) than your being at Ambleside or in that neighbourhood—You know the house, I believe,—it consists of one large bed-room with two beds, another bed-room, places for lumber, pantry, good kitchen and a very small parlour—but this we do not think would be any great inconvenience to you, as you yourself could often sit up stairs when you had company, and the kitchen is really such a nice one that Mr Clarkson would often like to sit in it. The terms are 14/ per week—You may have the use of a garden with plenty of gooseberries—this Garden Robert is to cultivate and stock with seeds.

NB the Garden is included in the 14/- per week  
—One thing I must mention that if we can gather up spirits we think of making a Tour of a few weeks at some time in the latter end of the summer—William thinks it will be of service to us all.

Wm thanks you for your letter—we rejoiced at the good news it brought us of your health—God grant it may so continue! We are tolerably well, but oh, my dear Friend! in spite of resignation, and hope in a future state, and all our many consolations we have much to endure—Sara Hutchinson is with us. Coleridge is well, he wrote to Southey on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of February and intended leaving Malta for England in March—

I have time for no more—God bless you

Believe me ever yours

D Wordsworth

Pray write by the first post, as we wish to give an answer to Robert Newton as soon as possible that he may put the garden into order—again adieu excuse haste and write to let us know about the house.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Joseph Hardcastles Esq<sup>r</sup>, Hatcham House, Deptford.

NOVEMBER 1805

MS. 234a. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Sunday Afternoon 24<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> [1805]

We had heard of your not being so well when you were at Kendal as when you parted from us, therefore we had anxiously wished for a letter from you, and most happy were we to see your hand-writing; and upon the whole when we came to the end of your letter we were happy; for almost any thing is better than your old complaint in its old shape—and you say you were less weakened than you could have expected—It was a merciful escape if you really were preserved from a bad cough for to your weak inside a cough would be dreadful, not to speak of other consequences—but it is a long journey you have yet before you, and rejoiced indeed shall we be to hear that you are housed under your father's roof.—My dear Friend let us have a single line to give us assurance of this as soon as possible— —I never see the white window Curtains as we pass through the Church-yard without strange feelings—or your room window propped half open as it used to be—I have once been in the house since you left it—but not in the parlour. I do not know how, every thing was almost the same—but yet it seemed very different—

Many a time should we wish that you were yet there, if we could know that you would not be the worse for it— — — Monday Mornng. I was interrupted yesterday—John Hutchinson from Stockton came, and this morning he and Mary are going to Park House—While they are in the bustle of preparation I snatch a moment to finish my letter. We received yours a week ago—Since that time I have been very poorly—but I am now quite well, at least I have only the *remains* of my complaint, as you will suppose, or Mary would not be about to leave me. On Monday I had a slight pain in my left side, which became very bad on Tuesday. We sent for Mr Sympson, who bled me, but I grew worse, and could not stir an inch in bed lying on my back continually—I had then a large blister applied which relieved me and after lying in bed four days I was better—I thought often of you,—I may say continually when I was suffering. Mr Sympson says the complaint is not more likely to attack me again because I have once had it, which is a comfortable

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thing—we all think, as does he, from symptoms and Dr Buchan that it was a slight attack of *Peripneumony*.—I laugh at the hard name, and while we have been discussing, I often wished for you, to throw light upon the subject for I reckon your skill worth half as much as a good Physician's—I was loth to attempt to write to you till I could tell you I was quite well.

William and I spent three days at Luff's and three at Park house. We went the Wednesday after you left us—walked with Thomas Wilkinson through the Lowther woods—a marvellously beautiful walk, Dined at Richard Rowmains, were waited upon by Lile Hannah and most kindly welcomed by the Greater Hannah—We talked of you— —We rode to Park House under Styborough Crag, and the day before we were also in Martindale with the Luffs—crossing over the mountain back to Patterdale. I hope this letter will not be too late for your address— —We all join in kindest Love and most tender remembrances—Ever your affectionate Friend  
Dorothy Wordsworth

Mary will stay a fortnight at Park House—If I am quite well, and quite strong William joins her there on Thursday and will return to me in a few days the Children well—

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at The Rev<sup>d</sup> I Charlesworth's, Ossington, Tuxford, Nottinghamshire.

*MS. 251a. W. W. to Thomas Hutchinson*

Grosvenor Square, Thursday [p.m. May 9, 1806]

My dear Tom,

I am extremely sorry to hear of your unfortunate accident: I have taken the earliest opportunity to consult Mr Carlisle upon it, one of the ablest Surgeons in London.—His advice is as follows: 1<sup>st</sup> You must live very abstemiously; that is, abstain from all fermented liquours and from animal food; living as much as possible on vegetables, to which you may add occasionally a little milk; but your diet must be as much as may be vegetables and nothing else. Of course this plan will reduce you, but you must not be afraid of that.—Also you must take half an ounce of Epsom salts *twice a week* and ten grains of nitre three times

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a day, and pursue this plan for 3 weeks. You will perceive that the object of the above, is by keeping you low to prevent inflammation.

I have been disappointed with respect to Mr and Mrs Clarkson, who were to have been in town last Monday when I should have heard of the result of his application concerning the farm of Mr Montague. Yesterday I had a short note from Mr C. mentioning that his wife had had a relapse and that she could not come to town. I shall therefore be obliged to go down to [Purfleet?] and will then urge Mr C to do his utmost if he has not done so already.

I applied to Sir G. B. but unluckily all his farms were engaged, which both he and Lady B. seemed greatly to regret.

I have not yet had any opportunity of applying to anybody else with likelihood of success—I have asked of Sir G. B. if any of his Friends had farms to dispose of, but he knows of none. Would it answer any purpose to write to the Wedgewoods? a Letter from Grasmere told me not. I shall however continue to look about. Give my best love to Joanna and to George, and believe me dear Tom

Your very affectionate friend

Wm Wordsworth

I hope to be *home* in about 17 days from this time at latest.

*Address:* Mr Hutchinson, Park House, Penrith, Cumberland.

279a. *W. W. to S. T. Coleridge*<sup>1</sup>

Nov. 7, 1806.

Dearest Coleridge

I write now to entreat that you would not on any account entangle yourself with any engagement to give Lectures in London, and to recommend your coming hither where you may sit down at leisure and look about you before you decide. You might bring Hartley with you and live here as long as you liked free of all expense but working, you would be altogether un-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Griggs, *Letters of S. T. C.*, p. 348.



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interrupted and might proceed as rapidly as you liked with your Book of Travels, which would be certain of a great sale. Other things might be planned when we are together. Do write immediately.

*MS. 449a. W. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

Sir George Beaumont's,  
Grosvenor Square.  
Corner of South Audley St.  
Thursday eleven o'clock.  
[p.m. June 4, 1812]

My dear Sir,

I fear that this note will not arrive in time to answer the purpose for which it is written. If you could carry me to Hampstead this afternoon in your gig, where I am under engagement to drink tea with Miss Baillie, I should be very happy to have so much of your company; and could you accommodate me with a bed I would return with you to Town to morrow morning. Any time from three to 7 would answer my purpose, or if it suited you to take dinner with your friends, I should be happy to be of the party this day. If this note is not in time for the above purpose, I shall not go to Hampstead at all. Most sincerely yours

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thomas Monkhouse, Esq., 21 Budge Row.

*MS. 523a. W. W. to Robert Southey*

Friday evening. [March 1815]

Dear S——

Mary Bell the Bearer of this returns to Rydal Mount on Thursday next, and on Wednesday evening will call at the Hill. Would you be so kind as to send me by her Humboldt's (is that his name) books upon South America and Montgomery's World before the Flood— — —All the world here is in dejection—for my part I shall think that B—— will not succeed even should he get possession of Paris, provided the Legislature retire with the King towards the Frontiers, or perhaps even to any of the

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great Cities of France. I am further of opinion that if [he] be reinstated in his imperial seat he will not long continue to hold it—But what a wretched foppery of magnanimity and generosity &c &c has been exhibited towards him!—

We shall here have no more news till Sunday evening, it seems long to wait at such a moment—

Affectionately yours

W. W.

MS. 535. *W. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Rydale Mount Nov<sup>br</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 1815

My dear Friend

We were wholly ignorant of the death of our dear and lamented Friend, 'till your Letter informed us of it. Sarah is on a visit to Kendal, but Mary and Dorothy were sitting by me when I opened your Letter, which seeing how short it was, I was sure, conveyed some bad news—We are truly afflicted by the event; as he was much valued by us all; and we looked forward to their settling themselves in our neighbourhood as one of the pleasantest hopes that this Family entertained. Many, many times has he been present to my mind;—in the course of last week, particularly; for my Sister has just made a little scarlet Spenser for Willy out of a uniform Jacket which dear Luff left for the use of any of the Children; it has been worn every day with great pride by the little Boy, and to the no small pleasure of my heart, in seeing the memorial of my absent Friend, employed in a way that he would have delighted to witness.— I am happy to learn that he has left enough behind him to make his Widow independant. I hope and trust that she will draw towards her Husband's Friends, both from the inclinations of her own mind; and from a desire to fulfill his wishes. We shall all be most happy to render her any support in our power, both for her own and her departed Husband's sake.—This news has made me more dejected and melancholy than I can express; Luff's death is truly a loss to me; as it has cut a pure and innocent hope out of my life; a hope founded upon long-lived remembrances. And at the

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age of forty-six which is almost mine, there is little reason to give the future credit for new acquisitions of this kind of possession, to supply in some sort what is taken from us of the old.

We thank you for having communicated this Intelligence. I know my dear Friend that you will have felt upon this occasion much as we have done—and that your mind will not have overlooked the consolation which we all feel in being assured, that, though it was [not] allowed to him, to realize the pleasant dreams which he had formed of returning to these hills, and passing here the remainder of his days, he lived long enough to place his Widow in a state of independence by his virtues; and to prove to his Friends, as well as to be satisfied within his own mind, that he had conquered the rebellious part of his nature, and was capable of persevering in a rational course.—

I am sorry that dear Sarah is not here; as she will be much distressed, and will stand in need of the company of those who can best sympathize with her.—

[*Here follows that portion of the letter printed in M. Y., pp. 684–5.*]

With affectionate remembrances to yourself and Mr Clarkson

I remain

Your faithful Friend

W. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

*MS.*

*576a. W. W. to Henry Parry*

Rydale Mount Ambleside Jan<sup>y</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

I am almost ashamed to present myself before you after having suffered the favour of your last to remain so long unacknowledged. Your Letter and the Portrait of Bonaparte which it enclosed were both very acceptable; but being from home at the time when they arrived, I did not receive them till it was too late to give you a line of acknowledgement while you were on your Tour of Inspection: and this having been impossible I deferred writing with a hope that I might have something to say that would make my Letter worth Postage.—I have now

occasion to write but on matter not very pleasant. Hall my Sub: at Kirby Lonsdale has been playing the Rogue; and has brought nearly £300 of *[deletion]* money due from me to Government into Jeopardy. On the 4<sup>th</sup> Instant I was apprized that he had been arrested for a debt of upwards £100 and was on his way to Appleby Gaol. I met him at Kendal; I could not learn from him what he owed to Government; *[deletion]* but I gathered that he had no property except Household furniture and Shop goods to cover the demand: and that his Furniture was advertised for Sale. Upon this, I was professionally advized to procure a Bill of sale from him—he granted me one with power to collect his debts—But for greater safety, as it was in the Power of one of Hall's Creditors to make him a bankrupt, I made an affidavit of Hall's *[deletion]* debt at £300 and forwarded it to Mr Hanson Solicitor of the Stamp Office to ground the issuing of an extent, if there were a possibility of setting aside my Bill of sale, in case the Creditor who had it in his power to make him Bankrupt should think it adviseable to do so, in that case I prayed that an Extent might be issued immediately. I begged an answer to know *[deletion]* what was proper to be done—This Letter was despatched *[deletion]* Monday before last (it is now Thursday) and to my extreme surprize and vexation I have not yet heard from Mr Hanson, or the Board whom I begged him to consult, a syllable upon the subject. How is this to be explained?—I put the Letter with my own hands into the Post Off: at Kendal in the presence of Witnesses; and it is yet taken no notice of; and in the meanwhile I cannot but be under great uneasiness lest the Creditors knowing that an ex[?] has not been issued should proceed to make Hall a Bankrupt, and the money which I have raised to cover the debt to me as Agent of the Crown, be recalled for the benefit of the Creditors; and all my pains and trouble (I was ten days about the business) be entirely thrown away.—You will wonder how Hall could owe so much so soon after balancing the annual account: the fact is that he had withheld and secreted the Legacy Receipts to a large amount; and it was not till after a long search I found them in an obscure part of his House, in what is called in this Country a *Swill*—I had no sureties for Hall—unluckily for me! And if

the Board by neglect or other wise, [*deletion*] suffer the money which I have raised to be lost, or if I have been ill advized in the mode of proceeding mine will be a very hard case. For the debt has arisen from [*deletion*] a rascality on the part of Hall which no vigilance of mine could prevent; and after I discovered it I did every thing in my power to repair the loss, proceeding in all things by the best professional advice which I could procure.— —By the bye among Hall's effects were two or three old Books *with Heads* which I have lain aside, meaning to bid for them when their turn came to be sold; I had designed the Heads for you—But while [*deletion*] my back was turned they were handed to the Auctioneer; and unluckily I missed them.—

There is a point relating to the emoluments of my Office in which I wish for the benefit of your [*seal*] Two coaches run between Leeds and Kendal and one or two between Kendal and Liverpool, none of these are licensed at Kendal, but several of the Proprietors (to whom the matter is of course indifferent) are very willing that one half of their duties should be paid at Kendal. I am at a loss what method to pursue to have this effected—The proprietor at Leeds who pays the duty of one of them has been written to on the subject, and he spoke to the Distributor himself but was told that it was usual to pay the duties where the Coach was licensed. This may be usual, but that it was not the invariable practice I have an instance in my own district; for there is a Coach which runs between Wh<sup>en</sup> and Carlisle which pays half at one place and half at the other.— Now it has struck me that if you would furnish me with the address of the Inspector of Coach Duties with an introduction, or leave to mention your name, he would point out to me the best manner of proceeding to effect this just and reasonable purpose; which would be a considerable object to this poor District——

There is yet another point in which you might serve me—I am desirous of Knowing the value of the several Distributions in the Kingdom; this might easily be effected by procuring a Copy of a List which I saw in the Stamp Off: of the [?] sums paid by them on account of the income tax. Could you procure me

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- a Copy of one of these Lists, or point out how I might acquire it? It is of consequence to facilitate my attaining the object which, you know I have in view—I hope you and your Sisters continue well—It is not unlikely that I may be in Town early this Spring, if I am I shall certainly find you out— —You will perceive how much I rely upon your friendly disposition, when I trouble you with the above tedious account, and these requests. But I know you will be glad to serve me, and be assured if on
- my part I can make any return I shall be glad to do it. My sisters are from home. My Wife is well and begs her kindest regards and best to yourself and sisters. Most truly yours

Wm. Wordsworth

Henry Parry, Esq [*in W's hand*]

Hamden Street  
Somers Town  
London

} [*in a school-child's  
round hand*]

MS.<sup>1</sup> 577a. W. W. to B. R. Haydon

Rydale Mount, Ambleside. Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> 1817.

My dear Sir,

Your last came when I was absent, on irksome business which detained me from home a considerable time. I am sensible of the honour done me by placing my head in such company and heartily congratulate you on the progress which you have made in your picture<sup>2</sup> adding my earnest wishes that neither weak health nor any other cause may prevent the completion of your noble work in due season. Be assured that I shall set as high a value on any present from your pencil as a man so imperfectly skilled in your glorious art as I am is capable of; and whatever deficiency may be found in me on this score will be made up by personal regard.—Your account of young Keats interests me not a little; and the sonnet<sup>3</sup> appears to be of good promise, of course neither you nor I being so highly complimented in the composition can be deemed judges altogether

<sup>1</sup> 'Copy by Mrs Turner of a letter of Wordsworth, the original of which I gave to Mrs Turner—B. R. Haydon.'

<sup>2</sup> *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.*

<sup>3</sup> 'Great spirits now on earth are sojourning', &c.

impartial—but it is assuredly vigorously conceived and well expressed; Leigh Hunt's compliment is well deserved, and the sonnet is very agreeably concluded.—Your account of Scott<sup>1</sup> causes me deep concern—I am sorry that he is about to publish upon so melancholy an occasion—His verses I fear will have too large an infusion of pain in them to be either generally pleasing or serviceable whatever degree of genius they may exhibit.—Thelwall<sup>2</sup> the Politician many years ago lost a Daughter about the age of Scott's child. I knew her she was a charming creature. Thelwall's were the agonies of an unbeliever, and he expressed them vigorously in several copies of harmonious blank verse, a metre which he wrote well for he has a good ear. These effusions of anguish were published, but though they have great merit, one cannot read them but with much more pain than pleasure.

You probably know how much I have suffered in this way myself; having lost within the short space of half a year two delightful creatures a girl and a boy of the several ages of four and six and a half. This was four years ago—but they are perpetually present to my eyes—I do not mourn for them; yet I am sometimes weak enough to wish that I had them again. They are laid side by side in Grasmere Churchyard. On the headstone of one is that beautiful text of Scripture 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' And on that of the other are inscribed the following verses,

Six months to six years added, he remained  
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstain'd;  
 O blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed  
 A Child whom every eye that look'd on loved,  
 Support us—teach us calmly to resign  
 What we possess'd—and now is wholly Thine!

These verses I have transcribed because they are imbued with that sort of consolation which you say Scott is deprived of. It is the only support to be depended on, and happy are they to whom it is vouchsafed—Like you I am glad that Scott has got rid of his Champion, I hope he has sold it well—at any rate it

<sup>1</sup> i.e. John Scott, *v. M.Y.*, p. 668.

<sup>2</sup> *v. Letter 1281.*

was advisable to sell for it was impossible that it should go on to his satisfaction while he was at such a distance from the spot. Now that Scott has nothing more to do with it I have given it up; besides to tell you the truth the politics of the few last numbers have been what I cannot approve of. They fall in with the humour of the violent and unthinking and that may answer by procuring a fresh set of Readers and subscribers for the work, but I am certain that many of its old supporters, will like myself abandon it if it goes on in this outrageous strain—I should like much to come to Town this Spring; but I dread the expence. My family consists only of three Children but their education is becoming more costly every year; and my income is barely sufficient for my outgoings. I have no extraordinary supplies—for my writings bring me no profit; nor do I look for any from them. Under these circumstances I fear I must remain at home from prudential considerations—Southey will be in Town in March—and I will take care that you shall meet.—I have had two letters from Sir George B. His pencil is not idle—but I am sorry to say that he has suffered in health from a severe cold. The younger Westall he met with at Keswick last summer is at present with him.—

Bloomfield the Poet<sup>1</sup> has been and I believe is, in considerable distress, probably owing to the failure of his Bookseller, by whom he has lost several 100 pounds. A subscription was set on foot for his benefit. You know perhaps that he is a native of Euston the Duke of Grafton's parish, his Grace's principal Seat and Residence. This Spot, and its neighbourhood are the scene of the Farmer's Boy; from this bond of connection something was expected from the noble Duke, nor was that expectation wholly fruitless—for he has given—five Pounds!!! This same illustrious person sold the Library which his Father had collected—God help the Literati of England if his Grace of Grafton be a fair specimen of the Patrons of the Day. But I know that he is not so.

O may the man who has the muses scorned,  
Alive or dead be never of a muse adorned.'

<sup>1</sup> Robert Bloomfield (1766–1823), author of *The Farmer's Boy*.

<sup>2</sup> Spenser: *The Ruines of Time*, 454, 5, misquoted.



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Miss Hutchinson is not at home, but my wife joins me in very affectionate regards. Believe me my dear Sir with great respect and admiration

most truly yours  
W. Wordsworth.

*MS. 595a. W. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

Rydal Mount

Nov<sup>br</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 1817

My dear Friend,

Your Letter was duly received for which and the kind and judicious exhortations it contains, I return you my best thanks—They fall in with my own determination, and I hope to act as you wish.—But I am now unsettled again.—My late Brother's affairs are in such a state as seems to render it adviseable that I should repair to London to confer with my Brother respecting them. Unless therefore I change my mind I shall be in Town about the middle of next week, God willing—Mary and Sarah purpose coming along with me—We go to Lambeth, and from that place Sarah will proceed to Bury.—Sunday intervening, I do not think we shall be able to start before Monday, with comfort; our journal will then be—Kendal Monday—Leeds Tuesday—London, Thursday Noon—And as we have some reason to fear that Christopher may be at Sundridge we will drive to your lodgings, to give you a call by the way.

Should this journey be dropped the Background will be sent along with some blank Legacy forms to be filled up according to the tenor of the Testator's will. You will observe that the Stamp Office does not require Legacy duties to be paid till a year after the Testator's decease, unless the will directed the Legacies to be paid within less than that time.—I mean to furnish you with the above mentioned Forms, because if procured at the Stamp office or elsewhere it would be expected that the money should be paid in there.—*When* you receive the Forms you will fill them up according to the directions of the will, procuring the requisite signatures from the several Legatees, and forward the forms to me, for my signature, and that I may transmit them to the Stamp Office, to be registered.

I am glad to hear so good an Account of Haydon. I could not

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help smiling at his friendly zeal in proposing to pay the expenses of my journey to Town, knowing as I do his circumstances. But he is a Despisers of money—too much so—I shall be very glad to see him.

I wrote to Mr Tilbrooke according to your wish, sometime since.

Whatever you decide upon, take care that your inclinations do not bias your Judgement—

Believe me very affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Thomas Monkhouse, Esq., Budge Row, London.

*Collier.*<sup>1</sup>      595a. *W. W. to J. Payne Collier*

Wednesday [late 1817]

My dear Sir,

Coleridge, to whom all but certain reviewers wish well, intends to try the effect of another course of lectures in London on Poetry generally, and on Shakespeare's Poetry particularly. He gained some money and reputation by his last effort of the kind, which was, indeed, to him no effort, since his thoughts as well as his words flow spontaneously. He talks as a bird sings, as if he could not help it: it is his nature. He is now far from well in body or spirits: the former is suffering from various causes, and the latter from depression. No man ever deserved to have fewer enemies, yet, as he thinks and says, no man has more, or more virulent. You have long been among his friends; and as far as you can go, you will no doubt prove it on this as on other occasions. We are all anxious on his account. He means to call upon you himself, or write from Highgate, where he now is.

Yours sincerely

W. Wordsworth.

*MS.*      603a. *W. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

My dear Friend,

[March 1818]

The latter member of the sentence in Mr A's letter begins with a 'Perhaps'. I cannot consent to be in uncertainty as to this

<sup>1</sup> From the Preface to *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, by the late S. T. Coleridge, ed. by J. Payne Collier, 1856. There is no other authority for this letter, and its authenticity is not, therefore, above suspicion.

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point: my wish is to stand as a *specially credited* [ ]<sup>1</sup> against the Estate, as far as I incur responsibility respecting this Mortgage. Be so good as to show Mr Addison this. Under that circumstance, I shall thank you to advance the money, and I will be co-security with my Brother to you.

We have had frightful doings here—I send you the Kendal papers—it is a very softened account—at some other time you shall hear particulars. One Address to the Freeholders in the Ken. P. is by me, but don't mention it.

I have been here since Wednesday. Lord L [w]as addressing the Town yesterday without meeting any obstruction.

If the other side of the county is as staunch as this, we shall beat them hollow—notwithstanding their success in this Town they have no chance whatever.

Be so good as to send back this Letter<sup>2</sup> when you can get a frank. I return this day to Rydale my dear Friend ever faithfully yours

W. W.

*Address:* Thomas Monkhouse, Esq., Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS.

640a. D. W. to Dora W.

[p.m. London, June 23, 1820]

My dearest Dorothy

Your Father and Mother brought me your nice letter this evening. They came to tea, and you will find by my letter to your Aunt, I expected them. It was a great pleasure to me, and though it is now past eleven o'clock and the Watchman has twice gone his rounds I cannot be easy to go to bed without telling you my dear Girl, how happy your letter has made me, and that I am pleased to find that you take pains to improve yourself, and are a good girl; and therefore growing in the love of all your Friends. May God bless every good resolution that you form! and may you, in this happy season of your youth, lay up

<sup>1</sup> Word omitted.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the *Address to the Freeholders*.

stores for contentment and comfort through life!—I am very glad that you obtained the French prize; this proves to me that you have taken great pains; for Miss Dowling would not have adjudged it to you had you not deserved it. Your Father and Mother were both in good spirits this evening—your Father's eyes a little better. He has consulted a Physician; and on Tuesday he is to see him again, and he will then he says be able to decide whether travelling is likely to be injurious to his eyes or not. I did not finish my sentence last night, being anxious to go to bed, when, however, I did not lie down till half past twelve o'clock. I am very solitary here—much more so than if I were alone at Rydal Mount, having neither care, business nor anxiety in the house beyond the room where I sit. I walked with your Father and Mother last night by moon and lamp light to the square of Westminster Abbey where we parted, and they went home. We talked about you when we stood under the trees of the Palace gardens by the water side, which your Aunt will remember, and looked upon the brilliant moonlight water scattered over with Boats and adorned with hundreds of golden pillars—the reflection from the lamps. It was most beautiful indeed—and I have no fear of walking alone in London at that time of the night, as nobody has ever spoken to, or even seemed to look at me. To-day I am going to Sir G. Beaumont's to meet your Father and Mother at a Family dinner. Tomorrow I shall be in Queen Ann Street with Willy—and on Sunday they will all dine with me—[ ] will go to school with Willy in the evening, and your Father and Mother will sleep here, and we expect Mrs Clarkson to spend Monday with us; but in the morning we intend to look over your poor Aunt's clothes and pack up a trunk or box. On Tuesday I am to breakfast with Mrs Richard Twining—your Father and Mother will call for me to go to the Charter House—and at night will sleep here; and if the Bp. of London will be at home on Wednesday, we shall go by water to Richmond and call at Fulham and Twickenham on our way. I shall, probably, at the end of next week, go again to Hampstead to see your good Uncle; and if he is much better than when I last saw him shall then prepare for our long journey; but if he is not, I cannot think of leaving England; and will go with him to

Sundridge. When I next go to Hampstead I expect to see my Nephew Charles. All these Boys are very fond of William, as indeed is every one else. I am glad he has got to school again; for though I humoured him as little as possible he now and then, before his departure, was rather difficult to manage. By taking no notice of him, however, at these times, and by never yielding in the smallest degree I always conquered him. He was delighted at Hendon where he played among the Girls as carelessly as if they had all been his sisters—They ran after him and he jumped out of the window and seriously declared that he could not find a quiet place from<sup>1</sup> them in all the House. The young Ladies who were in the North were truly rejoiced to see us, and all inquired most kindly after you. Miss Larkins and Mrs Prince will be in town on Saturday, we hope, and we shall see them. This is a delightful summer's day, and for the first time I have been without a fire, but strange to say, after breakfast I was obliged to put on my Bonnet to walk  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour to warm myself—and am now quite warm for the day; but not hot—It is time to turn to the commissions left for me last night. You must give your Father's kind regards to John Carter, and tell him that Maryport, Cockermouth, and Workington are to be added to his District—and that he will write to J. C. as soon as it is settled.

Are John's pony and the Bank<sup>2</sup> sold? Is your Father's great coat come back from Kendal? Has your Aunt got the Applethwaite and Patterdale Rents? Mrs Wheelwright has, unfortunately, been ill, and will go by another road, so, probably, you will not see the party, but no doubt they will send the shoes.

On Monday night I am going to Miss Kelly's Benefit with Mr and Miss Lamb, and I shall not wish to go to another play unless (which your Mother wishes) we go with Willy on Saturday night—

And now, my dear Dorothy you must excuse me if I write no more at this time; for I have to write a most unpleasant letter to Miss Barker. Tell your Aunt Sara that I did not give Miss B. any of *her* comments upon Pearson's conduct, I only transcribed that part of her last letter which related simple facts.

<sup>1</sup> *Written for.*

<sup>2</sup> This word might be 'Bark' or 'Buck'.

JUNE 1820

I have also two or three other letters and notes to write before I dress to go out.

My dear Dorothy, this is a very nice quiet place and there is plenty of amusement out of doors. I often wish I could have had you here: but I hope you are better employed and are preparing yourself in mind, manners, and principles to be a comfort to your Uncle when you *do* visit him—I often think what a pleasure it will be for me to spend a while with you and your cousins and William at Sundridge.

Give my kind Love to John—I think much of him and am glad he goes on well at school.

My best Love to Betty and Mary Bell, and Mary Anne—I shall send them each a piece of black *Mode*<sup>1</sup> (Aunt Sara will tell you what it is) to make them a Bonnet—Go down to Mrs Gee's when you have read and *re-read* this letter, so that you have made it thoroughly out, and read such parts as will interest her and all the rest aloud to them. You must not give them the letter it is so sadly penned—and take it as an example of what is to be avoided yourself.

My love to Miss Smith and Miss Anstie. I shall have much talk with them of Hendon when I return, but that will not be till Christmas, I think, if I go abroad, as I shall most likely spend a few weeks with Mrs Clarkson at my return.

You will tell Mr Gee that your Father has nothing new to say of politics. The fact is, that he, like all of us, think of those matters much less than in the North. He will write when his eyes are a little better.

My love to Miss Eliza, and tell your Aunt that her letter was delightfully interesting. How you must be enjoying yourselves on this beautiful day! *My* walk to Grosvenor Square will not be very delightful; but I have never once been distressed with heat since I left home.

God bless you both! and believe me ever my dear Dorothy

Your affectionate Aunt

D. Wordsworth

*Address:* Miss D. Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal.

<sup>1</sup> *Mode* = *alamode*, a thin glossy black silk (O.E.D.).

FEBRUARY 1834

1075a. W. W. to George Crabbe

MS.

[Feb. 1834]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir,

My communication with Mess<sup>rs</sup> Longman is so unfrequent that your letter sent thro' them, and dated Nov<sup>r</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> only reached me last night. This delay I regret very much, as my silence may have been attributed to inattention on my part, and you may have consequently repented of having made an application that I assure you I consider as an honor. The Prospectus informs me that the first Vol. of the Work was to appear the beginning of Febr<sup>y</sup>—and therefore is probably out already; but neither you nor I have, on this account, cause to regret that your letter was so long detained, as my opportunities of seeing your excellent Father were rare, and I never was in correspondence with him. Some 3 or 4 times I have met him at Mrs Hoare's on Hampstead heath—and once or twice at Mr Rogers's but upon none of these occasions was I fortunate enough to have any private or particular conversation with him. I first became acquainted with Mr Crabbe's Works in the same way, and about the same time, as did Sir Walter Scott,<sup>2</sup> as appears from his letter in the prospectus; and the extracts made such an impression upon me, that *I* can also repeat them. The two lines

'Far the happiest they

The moping idiot and the madman gay'<sup>3</sup>

struck my youthful feelings particularly—tho' facts, as far as they had then come under my knowledge, did not support the description; inasmuch as idiots and lunatics among the humbler Classes of society were not to be found in Workhouses—in the parts of the North where I was brought up,—but were mostly

<sup>1</sup> So dated by G. C., who quotes a passage from the letter ('I first became acquainted . . . made their appearance') in vol. ii, p. 83 of his *Life and Works* of his father, 8 vols., 1834. But vols. ii and iv of this edition bear the date 1835.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter dated Oct. 21, 1809, Scott had told Crabbe that, more than 20 years before, he had met with copious extracts from *The Village* and *The Library* in a volume of Dodsley's *Annual Register*, and that he had 'committed them most faithfully to memory'.

<sup>3</sup> *The Village*, i. 238-9.

## FEBRUARY 1834

at large, and too often the butt of thoughtless Children. Any testimony from me to the merit of your revered Father's Works would I feel be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as Poetry and Truth full as long as any thing that has been expressed in Verse since they first made their appearance.

I remain dear Sir  
respectfully your's  
Wm Wordsworth

P.S. In the year 1828, upon the application of Miss Hoare y<sup>r</sup> Father was so obliging as to write in my daughter's Album the following Verses, accompanied with a note in his own hand writing, which shall also be transcribed

'Beside the Summer Sea I stand  
Where the slow Billows swelling shine  
How beautiful this pearly Sand,  
Be this delicious quiet mine:  
Beneath this Cliff my Sheltered Seat,  
To watch the entangled Weeds ashore  
To hear the dimpling Waters beat  
And dream as I have dreamt before.<sup>1</sup>

Geo Crabbe'

'Mr Crabbe having ceased, long since, to compose Verses, is compelled to have Recourse to some written at so early a period, that it was not without full proof, he was convinced they were justly imputed to him. Having no other he reluctantly troubles Miss W. with these.'

And I may add that she prizes them highly, as I, her Father do, they being evidence of that quietness of Spirit, and gentleness of feeling which marked his manners and conversation, as far [as] we had opportunities of intercourse with him.

*1129a. W. W. to Dr J. Davy<sup>2</sup>*

*MS.*

My dear Sir,

[Autumn 1835]

Many thanks for your kind enquiries.

My Daughter is at Mr Parry's, Grasmere, I saw her yesterday

<sup>1</sup> *Occasional Poems*, 'The World of Dreams', stanza XIII. The text of the published version differs considerably from the version here given.

<sup>2</sup> John Davy (brother of Humphry D.), a medical officer stationed at



## AUTUMN 1835

and thought her something better. Mr Parry however tells me that her breakfast this morning did not remain upon her stomach. Mrs Wordsworth is going to see her and will report to-day to Mr Carr.

I feel much obliged by your account of Mrs Curwen, and am truly thankful that she has had the benefit of your advice.

My poor Sister is in a sad state when the action of the opium is not upon her. She takes it twice in the 24 hours. This morning of her own accord she refused to take her pills, and although she had moaned a good deal, I do not think that she has been at all worse than when the pill was taken, after the action of it was somewhat abated.—I should see Mr Carr this afternoon, and am not wholly without hope from this trial, by her own choice, that the quantity may be reduced.—Let me repeat my sincere thanks for your attentions to these Sufferers. It is most unlucky that my Horse has caught an ugly distemper, otherwise I should certainly have called at Keen Ground tomorrow. I was unable to go over the other day, nor was I at Coniston as you learned I believe from Mr Marshall.

With kindest regards to yourself, Mrs Davy, and all your Party

believe me my dear Sir

Your very much obliged

Wm Wordsworth.

*1172a. W. W. to Dr J. Davy*

*MS.*

41 Upper Grosvenor Street.

Thursday, June 16<sup>th</sup> [1836]

My dear Sir,

A few days ago I availed myself of your permission to forward to you the account of the injurious effects of carriage motion on my poor Daughter and other particulars of her case. And now

Malta: in 1830 he had married Margaret Fletcher, daughter of Eliza F., the widow of an Edinburgh lawyer. Mrs F. (1770–1858) was a woman of a wide culture and great charm, the friend of Brougham, Jeffrey, the Arnolds, and Mazzini. She and her family were frequent visitors to the Lake District, and during this summer were living at Keen Ground, a small house near Hawkshead, and became intimate members of the Wordsworth circle. In 1839 she bought the farm of Lancrigg, in Easedale, Grasmere (v. p. 1381).

JUNE 1836

I cannot forbear sending you a Transcript of a Letter just received from her.—She says, ‘Tell Dr Davy that the acid has been applied to my side but I don’t think it does any permanent good. While it acts, it certainly removes the aching in the side, but I think it only sends it to the back (under the shoulder) and when I lay it aside the aching comes back again as fresh as ever. I have been better since the bleeding, and my appetite is much improved.’

The necessity for having recourse to bleeding, as stated in her former letter, was brought on by persisting in carriage-motion.

Believe me my dear Sir

gratefully

Your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth

On Monday I go to Mr Moxon’s, Dover Street.

A thousand thanks for your most kind and considerate Letter, received since the above was written—it will be forwarded by this day’s post to Rydale.—I shall go to the Continent and as far as Rome if possible, if I do not receive unfavourable accounts from home.

As your Letter slightly alludes to shampooing, I have enclosed a slip of a Letter written some little time ago, in consequence of an account I had sent her in a Letter from a female Friend of successful treatment in that way, by a Miss Walker who lives at Barton in Westmorland.

I cannot conclude without adding that it would give me sincere pleasure to profit by your most friendly[? invitation] at any time, and I much regret my inability. Do not trouble yourself to return this slip of paper.

*Address:* Dr Davy, Fort Pitt, Chatham.<sup>1</sup>

*MS.*

*1176a. W. W. to ?*

Rydal Mount, Kendal, Sep<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> [1836]

Dear Sir

In remembrance of a few days pleasant intercourse with Members of your family some years ago, at the Lakes, I venture

<sup>1</sup> Dr Davy was now chief medical officer at Chatham.

SEPTEMBER 1836

to address you on a Matter in which I think you possibly have the power to be useful to me, as I feel assured you will have the *inclination* provided my request does not interfere with your own views or convenience.

One of my two Sons, encouraged by his friends at Birmingham has offered himself as a Candidate for the Secretaryship to the Birmingham and Derby Railway—and knowing your influence in the latter Place to be of the first importance, it has struck me that by timely application for your interest, you might be inclined to put it forth for the benefit of my Son. If I am mistaken in this conjecture, or if my wish interferes with your engagements, I can only hope that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and with kind remembrance to your family, in which Mrs W. begs leave to join

believe me to be faithfully

Your's Wm Wordsworth

*1305a. W. W. to Dr J. Davy*

*MS.*

Rydal Mt Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> [1839]

My dear Sir,

By this time my Nephew<sup>1</sup> will have presented himself to you—and upon this occasion I cannot but repeat my acknowledgements for the great service you have rendered him. His principles are sound, his conduct as far as I know has been exemplary, and his dispositions are truly amiable. If there should be, as I fear there may, some deficiency in his attainments, it may partly be imputed to a cause which his constitutional modesty may prevent his mentioning to you—I mean a severe and dangerous illness which attacked him about this time last Autumn, and left him in a state that made relaxation for the recovery of his health the necessary object of his almost exclusive consideration—throughout the winter and spring. He seems now perfectly recovered—and encouraged by your exhortations and advice, which I venture to request you to bestow upon him, I trust he will do no discredit to those who have befriended him, or may do so in future.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. John, son of Richard W.

An inflammation in one of my eyes prevented me from seeing so much of Miss Fletcher<sup>1</sup> and her friend Mrs Arnold, as I wished to do, while they were in our neighbourhood.—I am now recovering gradually from that attack, and beg that Mrs Davy, when she writes to her sister, will let her know that I have not been inattentive to her request about the small Estate, in this neighbourhood, in which she took an interest. I should have written to Miss F. myself—but she left no address—the Land has been separately valued by two judicious friends of mine whose estimate agreed within £30—I mean the value of it as a Farm: £720 and £750 were the respective valuations. The extent something less than 20 Acres—the Timber, which is but little, was not included—nor any allowance for the house and out-buildings. If Miss F. and her Mother should be inclined to proceed in this business—let me beg, as their friend, that the negociation may be entrusted to me, and I will do justice between both parties—which I say with an apprehension that their good nature and generosity might subject them, to say the least of it, to rather a hard bargain. I learned from my Clerk—one of the valuers, that a small coppice wood in front of the house Miss F. did not wish for—allow me to say this is a great mistake; the wood is now of 17 years' growth, and the felling of it would much disfigure the spot—indeed, I reckon the command of that coppice indispensable for the beauty of the situation.

With kindest remembrances to yourself and Mrs Davy, in which Mrs W. cordially unites, I remain my dear Sir faithfully  
your much obliged

Wm Wordsworth.

*MS.* 1543a. *W. W. to M. W.*

Underley Park<sup>2</sup> 12 o'clock, noon Tuesday.

[last week in Sept., 1844]

My dearest Mary,

Your letter most anxiously expected did not reach me till this moment. I rejoice that Dora appears to be recovering. I did not write earlier because not hearing either from yourself or Mrs

<sup>1</sup> Mary F., later the wife of Sir John Richardson, the Arctic traveller.

<sup>2</sup> The seat of the Bentinck family, near Kirkby Lonsdale.

SEPTEMBER 1844

Howard I was at a loss what to say or do. The way is now plain before me. I shall take Wm to Kendal to-morrow and wait for you, to convey you to Levens where we can arrive in time for dinner.

I should recommend that you go to Ambleside before the arrival of the Mail to-morrow and bespeak a car to take you to Kendal, should there not be a place in the Mail. I nevertheless expect the car on that condition, and should there be no room in the Mail must then come on in your car.—We have passed our time very agreeably here except that on Sunday soon after coming out of Church I was seized with a violent attack in my bowels which were greatly disturbed all that day and part of yesterday; as you may recollect they were at Whitehaven a few years ago. I had a quiet night last night but I fear the [ ? ] off. I long to see you again and also to be at home. Yesterday we went to Mr Green's, two miles below Thursby, and to-day we shall drive further; to Hornby Castle. Wm is out shooting, as he was all yesterday. He seems very well. Since my attack I live as plain as possible, meat and rice, as to drink but two glasses of sherry and two small cups of tea.

God bless you and Sister and Dora, and dearest love to all. Ever your affectionate Husband, W. Wordsworth.

Bad news from America. Mr Thompson is a creditor upon a large scale. His agent in America tells him that [ ? ] the Taxes imposed for paying that interest, which payment was expected to be resumed next February [ ? ]; for the act of Congress did not authorize enforcing payment of the Taxes in case the person liable refused; so that it is in vain to look for their voluntary payment, and if an act be not passed next Session empowering the Tax-gatherers to enforce payment, things will be as bad as ever. In fact there is no honesty in the matter.

*ms.*        654a. *W. W. to [? William Myers]*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount

Friday Evening [early Jan. 1821]

My dear Sir,

I condole with you most sincerely on the distressing tidings which I have just heard, and pray that God will support [you] under this sudden shock.

<sup>1</sup> Undated and without name of addressee, but written at the beginning

JANUARY 1821

As the nearest Relation (by the Mother's side) of the Deceased resident in this part of the Country, and at the earnest request of his worthy Servant in which the Bearer has also joined, I have determined to go over to morrow to Pow-House, where I shall await your coming if health permits; if not, which I shall much regret, I shall be glad to act upon any directions you may give; and I need not add how great would be my satisfaction if I could be of service on this melancholy occasion.

Julia is at school, and the loss she has sustained will be communicated to the poor child to morrow, as gently as possible.

[Repeating my good wishes that the Almighty may support and protect you, I remain my dear friend, truly and faithfully yours, Wm Wordsworth]<sup>1</sup>

*MS. 1069a. D. W. to Julia Myers*

[p.m. Jan. 3 1834]

A wee bit of news from this far countree will be worth twopence, therefore dear Julia I gladly seize the opportunity of a Friend's departure for London to send you my heartfelt thanks for your kind remembrance of me and my solitary sick room at this season of merriment and good cheer. The oysters arrived in the best condition possible—indeed I thought I had never eaten any that were so good. You will be glad to hear that Elizabeth Cookson enjoyed your gift no less than myself—but dear Julia when are we to see you in your own proper person? Surely you will not spend another summer in London? but I must hasten to tell you the little news I have—good and bad—for I have already written one short letter and am tired even when I begin with you. You will forgive my brevity—knowing that the will is good, though the power tottering and crazy—yet I am wonderfully well compared with last year at this time.—All the Robinsons are well and thriving—and the Norths and Newtons. Mr and Mrs Carr in great spirits. He has an ear trumpet which makes his visits to the feeble-voiced doubly cheering. Both

of Jan. 1821 on the death of John Myers, and probably addressed to William Myers (v. p. 23). Julia, the daughter of J. M., was at Miss Dowling's School at Ambleside (v. p. 46).

<sup>1</sup> Cut away from the letter and added in pencil by an unknown hand.

greatly enjoyed their continental Tour. Mrs Dowling is surprisingly well; and Miss Eliza has not a complaint to trouble her Friends with, though it is rather hard she will have to be much confined during the holidays, as poor Miss Jane is very unwell; she is, however, one of those persons who do not spread much alarm being so subject to oppressive and tedious illnesses. E. Cookson is as well as could possibly be hoped, considering her late sad affliction. Her widowed mother is still in the Isle of Man, and will remain there a prisoner till the storms abate; never was there such a season by land and by sea. Edith S. and Bertha and Mr Warter left us on the 17th in a post-chaise after spending a few days here, to the great satisfaction of all parties. The morning was stormy and we would gladly have detained them another day; but they were resolute, fearing their Mother would be uneasy if they did not arrive at the appointed time. Alas! when they got to Dunmail Rays they bitterly repented, for Chaise and horses were blown to the edge of a precipice and the 3 had hard work to get out and trust to feet and hands for 4 miles till they reached Matthew Jobson's,—crawling and clinging to walls and stones. Edith's arm was much bruised—and they lost a muff—combs—and other articles. They were most thankful at finding themselves alive at their own home, the next day no worse for their fears and sufferings. On Christmas Eve Dora had a letter from Edith telling her that Warter was to be presented to a living by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the marriage *must* be very soon. D. had fixed to go to her Friend on Thursday but Christopher Wordsworth unexpectedly arrived last Sunday and we are expecting John from Moresby, so she must put off her journey yet a few days. Cuthbert will soon follow the new-married pair, as Mr Warter has undertaken the charge of Cuthbert's education till fitted for one of the Universities. What a dull house Greta Hall will be for a while after the two are gone. We all liked Mr Warter much.—Mrs Luff is in London with Lady Farquhar (but perhaps you have seen her)—and Lady F. is soon to be married to Mr Hamilton. We are all well pleased, thinking the parties most suitably joined together.—Poor old Betty is very ill, and I fear we shall soon lose her—indeed I ought not to say *I fear*, for her sufferings are great and there is no prospect of

JANUARY 1834

recovery.—Dear Julia excuse me for an abrupt conclusion. Accept a thousand good wishes from myself and all in this house, and believe me ever your affec.<sup>te</sup> D. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Miss Myers, Mrs Boyce's, Langford Place, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

*1464a. W. W. to Aubrey de Vere*

*Recollections of Aubrey de Vere,*  
*pp. 126-9*

Rydal Mount, Nov. 16, 1842

My dear Mr de Vere,—Every day since I received your kind letter, I wished to write to you, and most days have resolved to do so; but in vain, so inveterate is the habit of procrastination with me in these matters. I have only, therefore, to throw myself upon your indulgence, as I am so often obliged to do with all my other friends. First, let me express my pleasure in learning that I had been misinformed concerning the article in 'The Quarterly'. The thing I have not read, nor probably ever shall read; but it grieved me to think, from what I heard of it, that it should be written by any friend of mine, for whom I have so much regard, and whom I esteem as highly as yourself. And I was the more concerned upon these occasions because the only disparaging notices which I have ever cared the least for, unfortunately have ever come from persons with whom I have lived in close intimacy. And this occurred in several remarkable instances. Now, though I am far from supposing that everyone who likes me shall think well of my poetry, yet I do think that openness of dealing is necessary before a friend undertakes to decry one's writings to the world at large. But too much of this. Not till a couple of days ago did I hear of the volume of your poems which you designed for myself, lying at Mr Taylor's for several months. But Mr Quillinan will be down here in a week or ten days, to join his wife, who is here with us, and will bring the book with him. Miss Fenwick, who is now under our roof for the winter, has read the volume with much pleasure, especially the Hymns. Upon her coming here she lent it to Mr Faber, as we have all been paying visits up and down as far as Halsteads and Carlisle. But then we are settling down in quiet for the winter,



and your poems will be among the first I shall peruse. But, alas, the state of my eyes curtails my reading hours very much in these short days. Your father's 'Sonnets', and Mr Taylor's 'Tragedy', are the only verse I have read for many months. If the expression, especially in point of truthfulness, were equal in your father's poems to the sanctity and weight of the thoughts, they would be all that one could desire in that style of writing. But in respect to your father's poems, your own, and all other new productions in verse, whether of my friends or of strangers, I ought frankly to avow that the time is past with me for bestowing that sympathy to which they are entitled. For many reasons connected with advanced life, I read but little of new works either in prose or verse. Rogers says of me, partly in joke and partly in earnest, as he says of himself and others as frankly, and has avowed in one of his letters written when he was an old man, 'I read no poetry now but my own'. In respect to myself, my good old friend ought to have added that if I do read my own, it is mainly, if not entirely, to make it better. But certain it is that old men's literary pleasures lie chiefly among the books they were familiar with in their youth; and this is still more pointedly true of men who have practised composition themselves. They have fixed notions of style and of versification and their thoughts have moved on in a settled train so long that novelty in each or all of these, so far from being a recommendation, is distasteful to them, even though, if hard put to it, they might be brought to confess that the novelty was all improvement. You must be perfectly aware of all that I have said, as characteristic of human nature to a degree which scarcely allows of exceptions, though rigidity or obtuseness will prevail more in some minds than in others. For myself, however, I have many times, when called upon to give an opinion on works sent, felt obliged to recommend younger critics as more to be relied upon, and that for the reason I have mentioned. It is in vain to regret these changes which Time brings with it; one might as well sigh over one's grey hairs. Let me, with Mason, the poet, say: '

'As my winter, like the year's, is mild,

Give thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow.'

You enquire after my MS. poem on my own life. It is lying, and

NOVEMBER 1842

in all probability will lie, where my 'Tragedy', and other 'Poems' lay ambushed for more than a generation of years. Publication was ever to me most irksome; so that if I had been rich, I question whether I should ever have published at all, though I believe I should have written. I am pleased that you find some things to like in my last volume. It has called out a good deal of sorry criticism, as in truth happens to all my publications in succession and will do so as long as anything of mine comes forth. With respect to my last volume I feel no interest but that those who deem it worth while to *study* anything I write would read the contents of that volume, as the prelude hints, in connection with its predecessors.

Throwing myself upon your kind indulgence for having deferred this letter so long, I remain, with high regard,

Faithfully yours,

William Wordsworth.

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA

### EARLY LETTERS (1787-1805)

- p. 13: Mr. Caygill's Walk: I am informed that this was a favourite walk in Halifax till about fifty years ago, when it was destroyed for road-improvement. A picture of it will be found in A. Ling Roth's *Yorkshire Corners*.
- p. 129: *for* promise *read* premise.
- p. 142 (middle): *for* brought *read* bought. Mr. T. W. Hanson of Halifax informs me that Edwards kept a famous bookshop in the town, and was especially noted for bookbinding.
- p. 148, l. 7: *for* in 7 miles *read* is 7 miles.
- p. 156-7, Letter 55: Professor Arthur Beatty has pointed out to me a postmark, Feb. 27, 1797, on this letter, which fixes its date nine months later than I had done.
- p. 192, Letter 78: the full text of the letter, printed from the MS., will be found on p. 1339 of this volume.
- p. 278 *note*: *for* de Quincey's *read* De Quinceys.
- p. 335, Letter 145: Sir E. K. Chambers points out to me that this letter is wrongly dated: it should be June 26, 1801, and follow Letter 122, on p. 279.
- p. 410, Letter 180, misdated. The full text under correct date, Sept. 8, 1806, will be found in *M.Y.*, p. 62.
- p. 496: Your most acceptable present of Coleridge's portrait: Mr. H. C. Minchin has sent me the following interesting quotation from the *Farington Diary* for March 26, 1805. 'Northcote showed us a head of Coleridge, which he began yesterday and finished to-day. It is for Sir G. B., and is very like. C. is going to Malta for his health.'
- p. 546 (10 ll. from bottom): I hope we shall not see him this winter: Many readers have queried the word 'not': it is in the MS., but it is quite possible that it is a slip of D. W.'s.
- p. 570: *for* Clarkson, William *read* Clarkson, Thomas.  
*Additional Letters, which have come under my notice since the publication of the Early Letters, will be found in the Appendix to this volume, pp. 1329-60.*

### THE MIDDLE YEARS (1806-1820)

- p. 47, l. 5: *for* Gell's *read* Gill's
- p. 95, l. 4: *for* of *read* or
- p. 97 (6th l. from bottom): *for* climate only, *read* climate, only
- p. 140, l. 2: *for* conjecture *read* conjecture [from]
- p. 841 *note*: *for* Aikins *read* Aikin
- p. 921: Greens, The, 576-7]. This should be a separate entry: Green, Mrs. (a neighbour), 576-7.

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA

p. 928: Wordsworth, John (of Keswick)] *for* 744 *read* 743.

*Additional Letters, which have come under my notice since the publication of the Middle Years, will be found in the Appendix to this Volume, pp. 1360-75.*

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### LAST YEARS (1821-1850)

p. 505 (last line but 1): *for* met *read* met with

p. 506, l. 27: *omit* or may be



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